UNIVERSITY of
PENNSYLVANIA
LIBRARIES

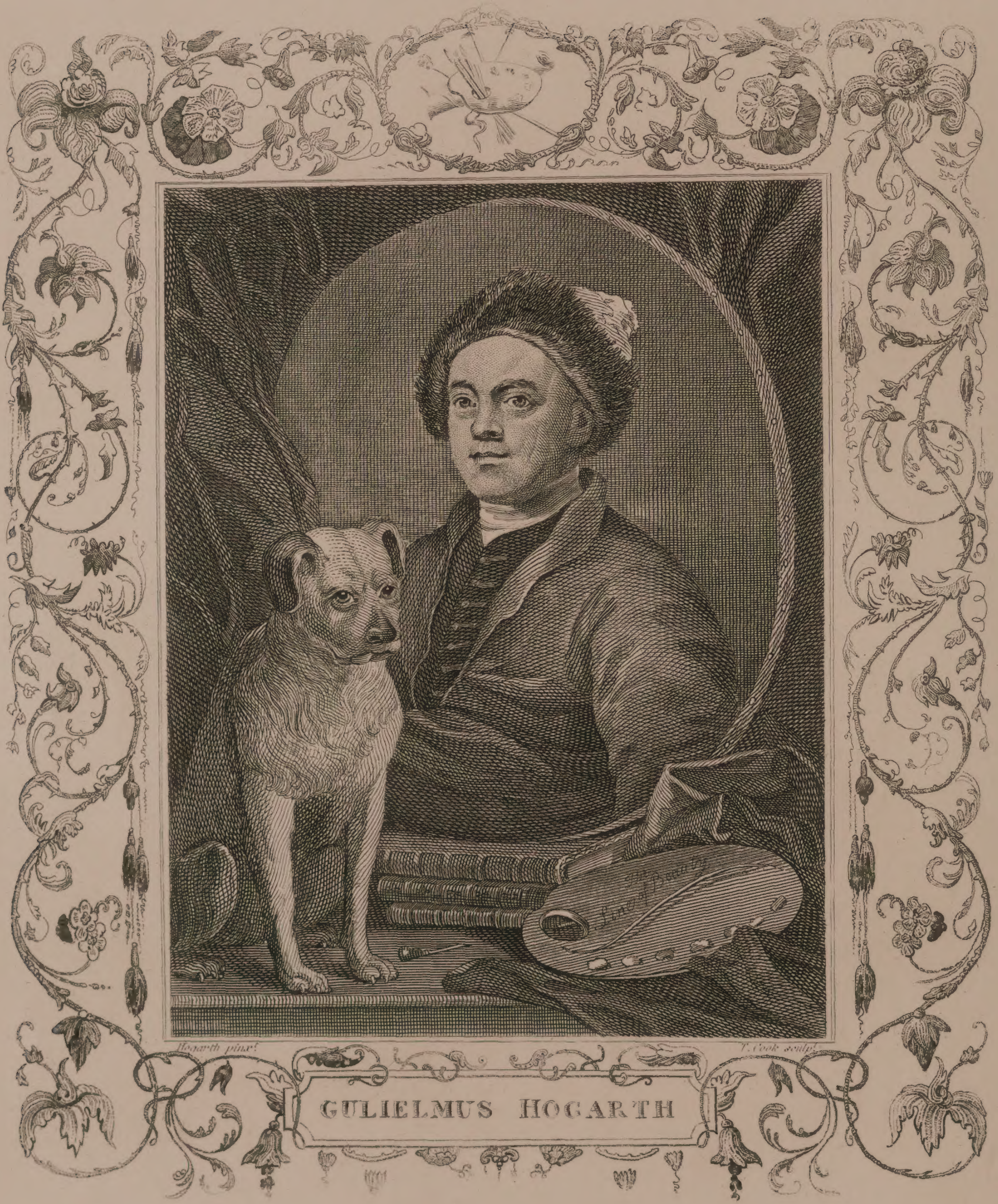
Rittenhouse Orrery

A759.2
H676.9

GIFT OF
Robert Hill

H
495

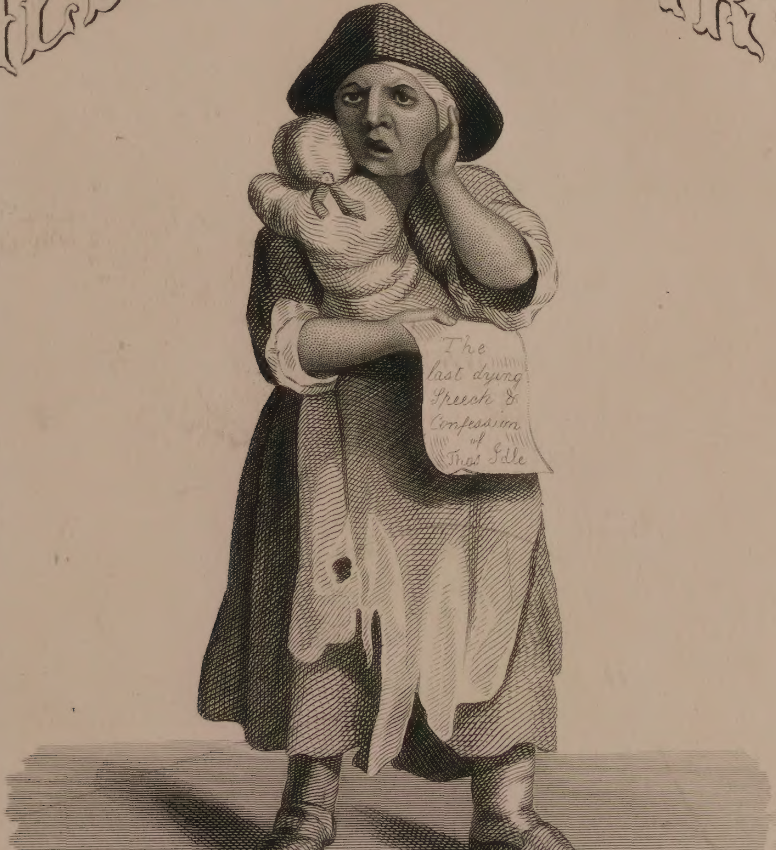
Reference



Hogarth pinx^t T. Cook sculp^t

GULIELMUS HOGARTH

The WORKS of
WILLIAM HOGARTH


The last dying Speech & Confession of Thos Idle

VOL I.

LONDON

ORIGINAL EDITION.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM HOGARTH,

IN A
SERIES OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN ENGRAVINGS,

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES,
INCLUDING

Many of the Author's Minor Pieces,

NOT IN ANY OTHER EDITION,

WITH DESCRIPTIONS AND COMMENTS ON THEIR MORAL TENDENCY.

BY THE
REV. JOHN TRUSLER.

ACCOMPANIED WITH THE COMPLETE LIFE AND NUMEROUS ANECDOTES
OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORKS.

BY
J. HOGARTH, IRELAND AND OTHERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

"The anchor which held Hogarth fastest to the public favor, was the sincere and deliberate belief, prevalent among the more serious of the substantial orders, that his works were in the highest degree moral, and that they contributed to the inculcation of Virtue and Piety. . . . . The Philosopher who ever preached the sturdy English virtues that have made us what we are."—CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
CARSON & SIMPSON.
1890.

CONTENTS.

(Directions to Binder for placing the Plates.)

VOLUME I.

No. 1.—*Frontispiece.* Portrait of Hogarth and his Dog.

No. 2.—*Vignette.* The Ballad Singer.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

No Page

3 Plate I. Heir Taking Possession.................. 13

4 — II. Surrounded by Artists.................... 15

5 — III. Tavern Scene...... 17

6 — IV. Arrested for Debt........................... 19

7 — V. Marries an Old Maid..................... 21

8 — VI. Gaming House................................ 23

9 — VII. Prison Scene................................ 25

10 — VIII. Mad-House................................ 27

MISCELLANEOUS.

11 Distressed Poet.. 29

12 The Bench.. 31

13 The Laughing Audience.................................. 33

14 The Gate of Calais.. 35

15 The Politician 37

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

16 Plate I. Ensnared by a Procuress................ 39

17 — II. Quarrels with her Protector............ 41

18 — III. Apprehended by a Magistrate......... 43

19 — IV. Scene in Bridewell.......................... 45

20 — V. Expires while the Doctors are Disputing..................................... 47

21 — VI. The Funeral................................... 49

MISCELLANEOUS.

22 The Lecture.. 51

23 The Chorus—Oratorio of Judith..................... 53

No. Page

24 Columbus Breaking the Egg............................ 55

25 The Modern Midnight Conversation................. 57

26 Consultation of Physicians............................... 59

27 Portrait of Daniel Lock, Esq.............................. 61

28 The Enraged Musician...................................... 63

29 Masquerades and Operas—Burlington Gate....... 65

TIMES OF THE DAY.

30 Morning.. 67

31 Noon.. 69

32 Evening.. 71

33 Night.. 73

MISCELLANEOUS.

34 Sigismonda.. 75

35 Portrait of Martin Folkes, Esq........................... 77

36 The Cockpit.. 78

37 Captain Thomas Coram...................................... 81

38 Country Inn Yard... 83

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

39 Plate I. Fellow Apprentices at their Looms... 85

40 — II. The Industrious Apprentice Performing the Duties of a Christian....... 87

41 — III. The Idle Apprentice at Play in the Church-yard during Divine Service.. 89

42 — IV. The Industrious Apprentice a Favourite, and Intrusted by his Master... 91

CONTENTS.

No. PAGE

43 PLATE V. The Idle Apprentice turned away and sent to Sea........................ 93

44 — VI. The Industrious Apprentice out of his Time, and Marries his Master's Daughter........................ 95

45 — VII. The Idle Apprentice returned from Sea, and in a Garret with a Common Prostitute 97

46 — VIII. The Industrious Apprentice grown rich, and Sheriff of London....... 99

47 — IX. The Idle Apprentice betrayed by a Prostitute, and taken in a Night-cellar with his Accomplice........ 101

48 — X. The Industrious Apprentice Alderman of London; the Idle one brought before him, and Impeached by his Accomplice........ 103

49 — XI. The Idle Apprentice Executed at Tyburn.................................. 105

50 — XII. The Industrious Apprentice Lord Mayor of London.................... 107

MISCELLANEOUS.

51 Southwark Fair.. 109

52 Garrick as Richard III.................................. 111

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

53 PLATE I. France.. 113

54 — II. England.. 115

THE ELECTION.

No. PAGE

55 PLATE I. The Entertainment.......................... 117

56 — II. Canvassing for Votes.......................... 119

57 — III. The Polling.. 121

58 — IV. Chairing the Members.......................... 123

MISCELLANEOUS.

59 The Strolling Players.. 125

60 Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter.......................... 127

61 Arms of the Foundling Hospital.......................... 129

62 Several Children of the Foundling Hospital..... 129

63 The Sleeping Congregation.................................. 131

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

64 Beer Street.. 133

65 Gin Lane.. 135

MISCELLANEOUS.

66 Paul before Felix.. 137

67 The Bruiser, Charles Churchill.......................... 139

68 Hymen and Cupid.. 141

69 Impression from a Tankard.......................... 143

70 House of Commons.. 145

71 March to Finchley.. 147

72 Portrait of Bishop Hoadly.......................... 149

FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

73 First Stage.. 151

74 Second Stage.. 153

75 Cruelty in Perfection.. 155

76 Reward of Cruelty.. 157

THE LIFE OF HOGARTH.

William Hogarth is said to have been the descendant of a family originally from Kirby Thore, in Westmoreland.

His grandfather was a plain yeoman, who possessed a small tenement in the vale of Bampton, a village about fifteen miles north of Kendal, in that county; and had three sons.

The eldest assisted his father in farming, and succeeded to his little freehold.

The second settled in Troutbeck, a village eight miles north-west of Kendal, and was remarkable for his talent at provincial poetry.

Richard Hogarth, the third son, who was educated at St. Bees, and had kept a school in the same county, appears to have been a man of some learning. He came early to London, where he resumed his original occupation of a schoolmaster, in Ship Court in the Old Bailey, and was occasionally employed as a corrector of the press.

Mr. Richard Hogarth married in London; and our artist, and his sisters, Mary and Anne, are believed to have been the only products of the marriage.

William Hogarth was born November 10, and baptized Nov. 28, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, in London; to which parish, it is said, in the Biographia Britannica, he was afterwards a benefactor.

The school of Hogarth's father, in 1712, was in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate. In the register of that parish, therefore, the date of his death, it was natural to suppose, might be found; but the register has been searched to no purpose.

Hogarth seems to have received no other education than that of a mechanic, and his outset in life was unpropitious. Young Hogarth was bound apprentice to a silversmith (whose name was Gamble) of some eminence; by whom he was confined to that branch of the trade which consists in engraving arms and ciphers upon the plate. While thus employed, he gradually acquired some knowledge of drawing; and before his apprenticeship expired, he exhibited talent for caricature. "He felt the impulse of genius, and that it directed him to painting, though little apprised at that time of the mode nature had intended he should pursue."

The following circumstance gave the first indication of the talents with which Hogarth afterwards proved himself to be so liberally endowed.

During his apprenticeship, he set out one Sunday, with two or three companions, on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house; where they had not long been, before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room; from words they soon got to blows, and the quart pots being the only missiles at hand, were sent flying about the room in glorious confusion. This was a scene too laughable for Hogarth to resist. He drew out his pencil, and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous pieces that ever was seen; which exhibited likenesses not only of the combatants engaged in the affray, but also of the persons gathered round them, placed in grotesque attitudes, and heightened with character and points of humour.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life: but in this his proficiency was inconsiderable; nor would he ever have surpassed *mediocrity* as a painter, if he had not penetrated through external form to character and manners. "It was character, passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy."

The engraving of arms and shop-bills seems to have been his first employment by which to obtain a decent livelihood. He was, however, soon engaged in decorating books, and furnished sets of plates for several publications of the time. An edition of *Hudibras* afforded him the first subject suited to his genius: yet he felt so much the shackles of other men's ideas, that he was less successful in this task than might have been expected. In the meantime, he had acquired the use of the brush, as well as of the pen and graver; and possessing a singular facility in seizing a likeness, he acquired considerable employment as a portrait painter. Shortly after his marriage, he informs us that he commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches in height; the novelty of which caused them to succeed for a few years. One of the earliest productions of this kind, which distinguished him as a painter, is supposed to have been a representation of Wanstead Assembly; the figures in it were drawn from the life, and without burlesque. The faces were said to bear great likenesses to the persons so drawn, and to be rather better coloured than some of his more finished performances. Grace, however, was no attribute of his pencil; and he was more disposed to aggravate, than to soften the harsh touches of nature.

A curious anecdote is recorded of our artist during the early part of his practice as a portrait painter. A nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, sat for his picture, which was executed in his happiest manner, and with singularly rigid fidelity. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, was not disposed very readily to pay for a reflector that would only insult him with his deformities. After some time had elapsed, and numerous unsuccessful applications had been made for payment, the painter resorted to an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to *Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man;* Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his lordship's refusal." This intimation had its desired effect; the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames.

Hogarth's talents, however, for original comic design, gradually unfolded themselves, and various public occasions produced displays of his ludicrous powers.

In the year 1730, he clandestinely married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the painter, who was not easily reconciled to her union with an obscure artist, as Hogarth then comparatively was. Shortly after, he commenced his first great series of moral paintings, "The Harlot's Progress:" some of these were, at Lady Thornhill's suggestion, designedly placed by Mrs. Hogarth in her father's way, in order to reconcile him to her marriage. Being informed by whom they were executed, Sir James observed, "The man who can produce such representations as these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after, however, relented, and became generous to the young couple, with whom he lived in great harmony until his death, which took place in 1733.

In 1733 Hogarth's genius became conspicuously known. The third scene of "The Harlot's Progress" introduced him to the notice of the great: at a board of treasury (which was held a day or two after the appearance of that print), a copy of it was shown by one of the lords, as containing among other excellencies, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson, a celebrated magistrate of that day, well known for his rigour towards women of the town. From the treasury each lord repaired to the print-shop for a copy of it, and Hogarth rose completely into fame.

Upwards of twelve hundred subscribers entered their names for the plates, which were copied and imitated on fan mounts, and in a variety of other forms; and a pantomime taken from them was represented at the theatre. This performance, together with several subsequent ones of a similar kind, have placed Hogarth in the rare class of original geniuses and inventors. He may be said to have created an entirely new species of painting, which may be termed the *moral comic;* and may be considered rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age, *living as they rise,*—if general satire on vices,—and ridicule familiarized by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit,—and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions,—be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth resided at South Lambeth; and being intimate with Mr. Tyers, the then spirited proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, he contributed much to the improvement of those gardens; and first suggested the hint of embellishing them with paintings, some of which were the productions of his own comic pencil. Among the paintings were "The Four Parts of the Day," either by Hogarth or after his designs.

Two years after the publication of his "Harlot's Progress," appeared the "Rake's Progress," which Lord Oxford remarks, (though perhaps superior,) "had not so much success, for want of notoriety: nor is the print of the Arrest equal in merit to the others." The curtain, however, was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre.

The Rake's Progress was followed by several works in series, viz. "Marriage à la Mode, Industry and Idleness, the Stages of Cruelty, and Election Prints." To these may be added a great number of single comic pieces, all of which present a rich source of amusement:—such as, "The March to Finchley, Modern Midnight Conversation, the Sleeping Congregation, the Gates of Calais, Gin Lane, Beer Street, Strolling Players in a Barn, the Lecture, Laughing Audience, Enraged Musician," &c. &c., which, being introduced and described in the subsequent part of this work, it would far exceed the limits necessarily assigned to these brief memoirs, *here* minutely to characterize.

All the works of this original genius are, in fact, lectures of morality. They are satires of particular vices and follies, expressed with such strength of character and such an accumulation of minute and appropriate circumstances, that they have all the truth of nature heightened with the attractions of wit and fancy. Nothing is without a meaning, but all either conspires to the great end, or forms an addition to the lively drama of human manners. His single pieces, however, are rather to be considered as studies, not perhaps for the professional artist, but for the searcher into life and manners, and for the votaries of true humour and ridicule. No *furniture* of the kind can vie with Hogarth's prints, as a fund of inexhaustible amusement, yet conveying at the same time lessons of morality.

Not contented, however, with the just reputation which he had acquired in his proper department, Hogarth attempted to shine in the highest branch of the art,—serious history painting. "From a contempt," says Lord Orford, "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, or indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted (as is true) that time gives a mellowness to colours, and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther: he determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda of Sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino."—"It is impossible to see the picture" (continues his lordship), "or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth at last produced *his* Sigismonda,—but no more like Sigismonda than I to Hercules."

Notwithstanding Hogarth professed to decry literature, he felt an inclination to communicate to the public his ideas on a topic connected with his art. His "Analysis of Beauty" made its appearance in one volume quarto, in the year 1753. Its leading principle is, that beauty fundamentally consists in that union of uniformity which is found in the curve or waving line; and that round swelling figures are most pleasing to the eye. This principle he illustrates by many ingenious remarks and examples, and also by some plates characteristic of his genius.

In the year 1757, his brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill, resigned his office of king's serjeant-painter in favour of Hogarth, who received his appointment on the 6th of June, and entered on his functions on the 16th of July, both in the same year.

This place was re-granted to him by a warrant of George the Third, which bears date the 30th October, 1761, with a salary of ten pounds per annum, payable quarterly.

This connexion with the court probably induced Hogarth to deviate from the strict line of party neutrality which he had hitherto observed, and to engage against Mr. Wilkes and his friends, in a print published in September, 1762, entitled *The Times*. This publication provoked some severe strictures from Wilkes's pen in a North Briton (No. 17). Hogarth replied by a caricature of the writer: a rejoinder was put in by Churchill, in an angry epistle to Hogarth (not the brightest of his works): and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect the painter had not caused, and could not amend—his age; which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit; much less had it impaired his talents: for, only six months before, he had produced one of his most capital works. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill, under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter.

During this period of warfare (so virulent and disgraceful to all the parties), Hogarth's health visibly declined. In 1762, he complained of an internal pain, the continuance of which produced a general decay of the system, that proved incurable; and, on the 25th of October, 1764 (having been previously conveyed in a very weak and languid state from Chiswick to Leicester Fields), he died suddenly, of an aneurism in his chest, in the sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year of his age. His remains were interred at Chiswick, beneath a plain but neat mausoleum, with the following elegant inscription by his friend Garrick:—

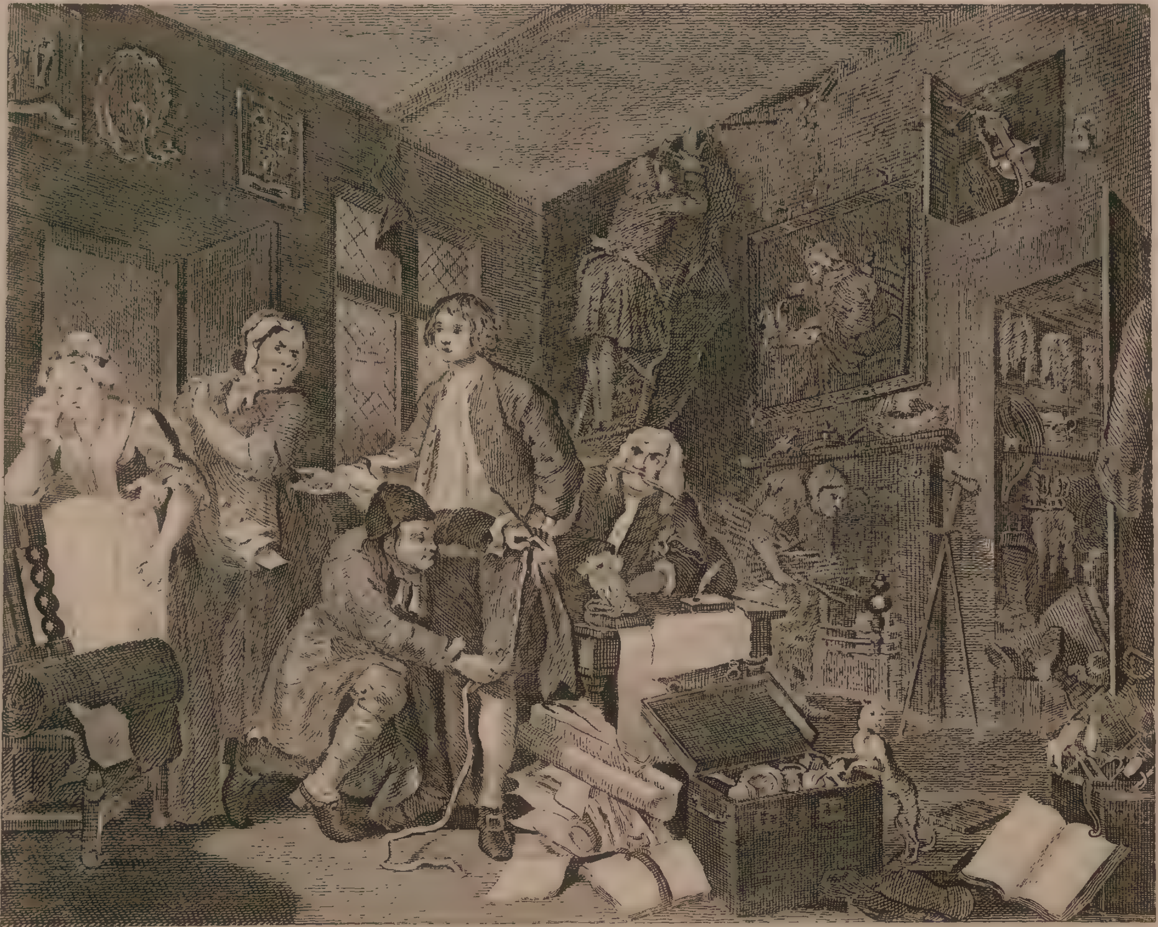
"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

HOGARTH'S WORKS.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Of all the follies in human life, there is none greater than that of extravagance, or profuseness; it being constant labour, without the least ease or relaxation. It bears, indeed, the colour of that which is commendable, and would fain be thought to take its rise from laudable motives, searching indefatigably after true felicity; now as there can be no true felicity without content, it is this which every man is in constant pursuit of; the learned, for instance, in his industrious quest after knowledge; the merchant, in his dangerous voyages; the ambitious, in his passionate pursuit of honour; the conqueror, in his earnest desire of victory; the politician, in his deep-laid designs; the wanton, in his pleasing charms of beauty; the covetous, in his unwearied heaping-up of treasure; and the prodigal, in his general and extravagant indulgence.—Thus far it may be well;—but, so mistaken are we in our road, as to run on in the very opposite tract, which leads directly to our ruin. Whatever else we indulge ourselves in, is attended with some small degree of relish, and has some trifling satisfaction in the enjoyment, but, in this, the farther we go, the more we are lost; and when arrived at the mark proposed, we are as far from the object we pursue, as when we first set out. Here then, are we inexcusable, in not attending to the secret dictates of reason, and in stopping our ears at the timely admonitions of friendship. Headstrong and ungovernable, we pursue our course without intermission; thoughtless and unwary, we see not the dangers that lie immediately before us; but hurry on even without sight of our object, till we bury ourselves in that gulf of woe, where perishes at once, health, wealth, and virtue, and whose dreadful labyrinths admit of no return.

Struck with the foresight of that misery attendant on a life of debauchery, which is, in fact, the offspring of prodigality, our author has, in the scenes before us, attempted the reformation of the worldling, by stopping him, as it were, in his career, and opening to his view the many sad calamities awaiting the prosecution of his proposed scheme of life; he has, in hopes of reforming the prodigal, and at the same time deterring the rising generation, whom Providence may have blessed with earthly wealth, from entering into so iniquitous a course, exhibited the life of a young man, hurried on through a succession of profligate pursuits, for the few years nature was able to support itself; and this from the instant he might be said to enter into the world. till the time of his leaving it. But, as the vice of avarice is equal to that of prodigality, and the ruin of children is often owing to the indiscretion of their parents, he has opened the piece with a scene which, at the same time that it exposes the folly of the youth, shows us the imprudence of the father, who is supposed to have hurt the principles of his son, in depriving him of the necessary use of some portion of that gold he had with penurious covetousness been hoarding up, for the sole purpose of lodging in his coffers.



RAKE'S PROGRESS.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

THE YOUNG HEIR TAKING POSSESSION.

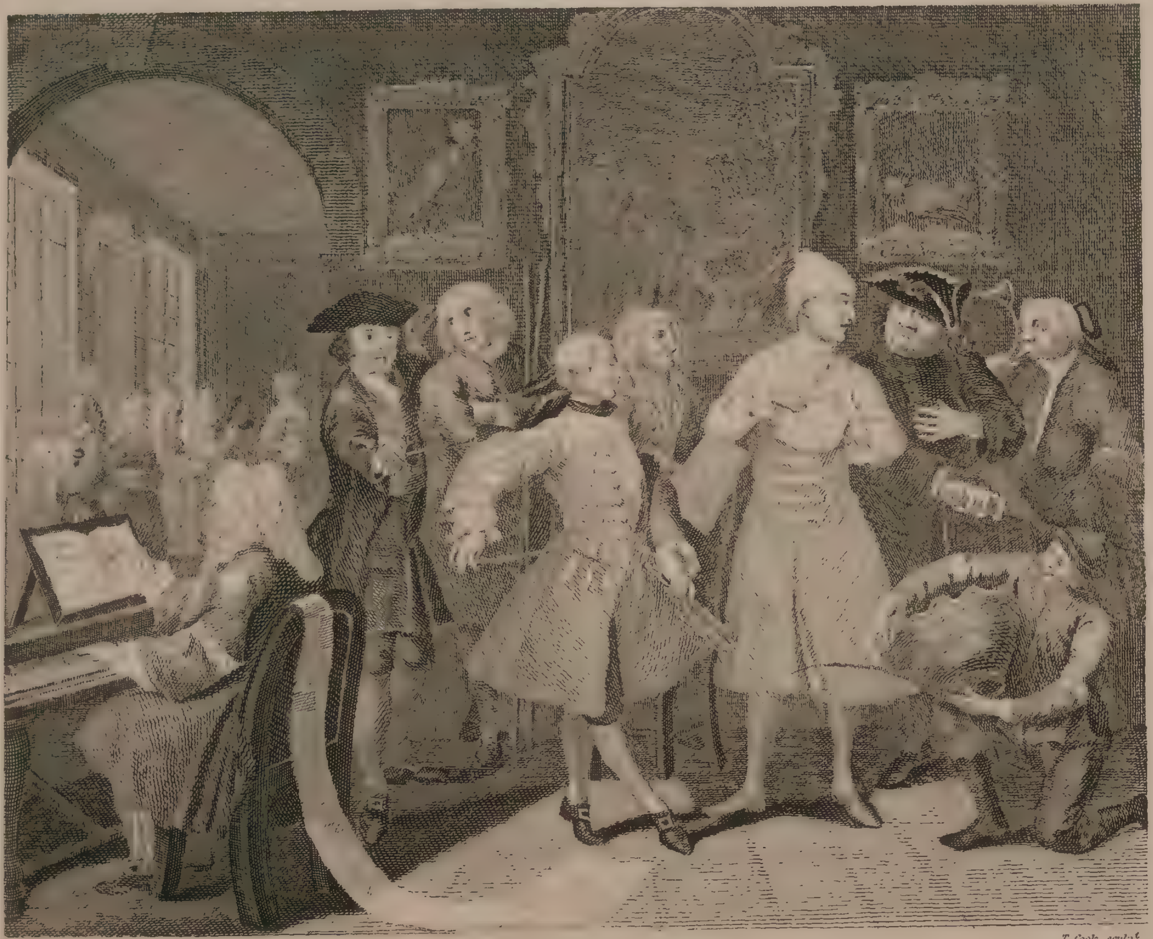
Oh, vanity of age untoward!
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Why these bolts and massy chains,
Squint suspicions, jealous pains?
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
Lay'st thou up an useless store?
Hope, along with *Time* is flown;
Nor canst thou reap the field thou 'st sown.
Hast thou a son? In time be wise;
He views thy toil with other eyes.
Needs must thy kind paternal care,
Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there?
Whence, then, shall flow that friendly ease,
That social converse, heartfelt peace,
Familiar duty without dread,
Instruction from example bred,
Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
And with the *father* mix the *friend?*
Uncircumscribed by prudent rules,
Or precepts of expensive schools;
Abused at home, abroad despised,
Unbred, unletter'd, unadvised;
The headstrong course of life begun,
What comfort from thy darling son? Hoadly.

The history opens, representing a scene crowded with all the monuments of avarice, and laying before us a most beautiful contrast, such as is too general in the world to pass unobserved; nothing being more common than for a son to prodigally squander away that substance his father had, with anxious solicitude, his whole life been amassing.—Here, we see the young heir, at the age of nineteen or twenty, raw from the university, just arrived at home, upon the death of his father. Eager to know the possessions he is master of, the old wardrobes, where things have been rotting time out of mind, are instantly wrenched open; the strong chests are unlocked; the parchments, those securities of treble interest, on which this avaricious monster lent his money, tumbled out; and the bags of gold, which had long been hoarded, with griping care, now exposed to the pilfering hands of those about him. To explain every little mark of usury and covetousness, such as the mortgages, bonds, indentures, &c., the piece of candle stuck on a save-all, on the mantelpiece; the rotten furniture of the room, and the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe, would be unnecessary: we shall only notice the more striking articles. From the vast quantity of papers, falls an old written journal, where, among other memorandums, we find the following, viz., "May the 5th, 1721. Put off my bad shilling." Hence we learn the store this penurious miser set on this trifle: that so penurious is the disposition of the miser, that notwithstanding he may be possessed of many large bags of gold, the fear of losing a single shilling is a continual trouble to him. In one part of the room, a man is hanging it with black cloth, on which are placed escutcheons, by way of dreary ornament; these escutcheons contain the arms of the covetous, viz., three vices, hard screwed, with the motto "Beware!" On the floor lie a pair of old shoes, which this sordid wretch is supposed to have long preserved for the weight of iron in the nails, and has been soling with leather cut from the covers of an old family Bible; an excellent piece of satire, intimating, that such men would sacrifice even their God to the lust of money. From these and some other objects too striking to pass unnoticed, such as the gold falling from the breaking cornice; the jack and spit, those utensils of original hospitality, locked up, through fear of being used; the clean and empty chimney in which a fire is just now going to be made for the first time; and the emaciated figure of the cat, strongly mark the natural temper of the late miserly inhabitant, who could starve in the midst of plenty.—But see the mighty change! View the hero of our piece left to himself, upon the death of his father, possessed of a goodly inheritance. Mark how his mind is affected!—determined to partake of the mighty happiness he falsely imagines others of his age and fortune enjoy; see him running headlong into extravagance, withholding not his heart from any joy; but implicitly pursuing the dictates of his will. To commence this delusive swing of pleasure, his first application is to the tailor, whom we see here taking his measure, in order to trick out his pretty person. In the interim enters a poor girl (with her mother), whom our hero has seduced, under professions of love and promises of marriage; in hopes of meeting with that kind welcome she had the greatest reason to expect; but he, corrupted with the wealth of which he is now the master, forgets every engagement he once made, finds himself too rich to keep his word; and, as if gold would atone for a breach of honour, is offering money to her mother, as an equivalent for the non-fulfilling of his promise. Not the sight of the ring, given as a pledge of his fidelity; not a view of the many affectionate letters he at one time wrote to her, of which her mother's lap is full; not the tears, nor even the pregnant condition of the wretched girl, could awaken in him one spark of tenderness; but, hard-hearted and unfeeling, like the generality of wicked men, he suffers her to weep away her woes in silent sorrow, and curse with bitterness her deceitful betrayer. One thing more we shall take notice of, which is, that this unexpected visit, attended with abuse from the mother, so engages the attention of our youth, as to give the old pettifogger behind him an opportunity of robbing him. Hence, we see that one ill consequence is generally attended with another; and that misfortunes, according to the old proverb, seldom come alone.

Mr. Ireland remarks of this plate—"He here presents to us the picture of a young man, thoughtless, extravagant, and licentious; and in colours equally impressive, paints the destructive consequences of his conduct. The first print most forcibly contrasts two opposite passions: the unthinking negligence of youth, and the sordid, avaricious rapacity of age. It brings into one point of view what Mr. Pope so exquisitely describes in his Epistle to Lord Bathurst—

'Who sees pale *Mammon* pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir.'

The introduction to this history is well delineated, and the principal figure marked with that easy, unmeaning vacancy of face, which speaks him formed by nature for a DUPE. Ignorant of the value of money, and negligent in his nature, he leaves his bag of untold gold in the reach of an old and greedy pettifogging attorney, who is making an inventory of bonds, mortgages, indentures, &c. This man, with the rapacity so natural to those who disgrace the profession, seizes the first opportunity of plundering his employer. Hogarth had, a few years before, been engaged in a lawsuit, which gave him some experience of the PRACTICE of those pests of society.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Nov^{r} 1st 1806.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE II.

SURROUNDED BY ARTISTS AND PROFESSORS.

Prosperity, (with harlot smiles,
Most pleasing when she most beguiles,)
How soon, great foe, can all thy train
Of false, gay, frantic, loud and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind?
Load faith and love with golden chain,
And sprinkle *Lethe* o'er the brain!

Pleasure, on her silver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
Venus comes with her along,
And smooth *Lyœus*, ever young;
And in their train, to fill the press,
Come *apish Dance* and *swoln Excess*,
Mechanic *Honour*, vicious *Taste*,
And *Fashion* in her changing vest.

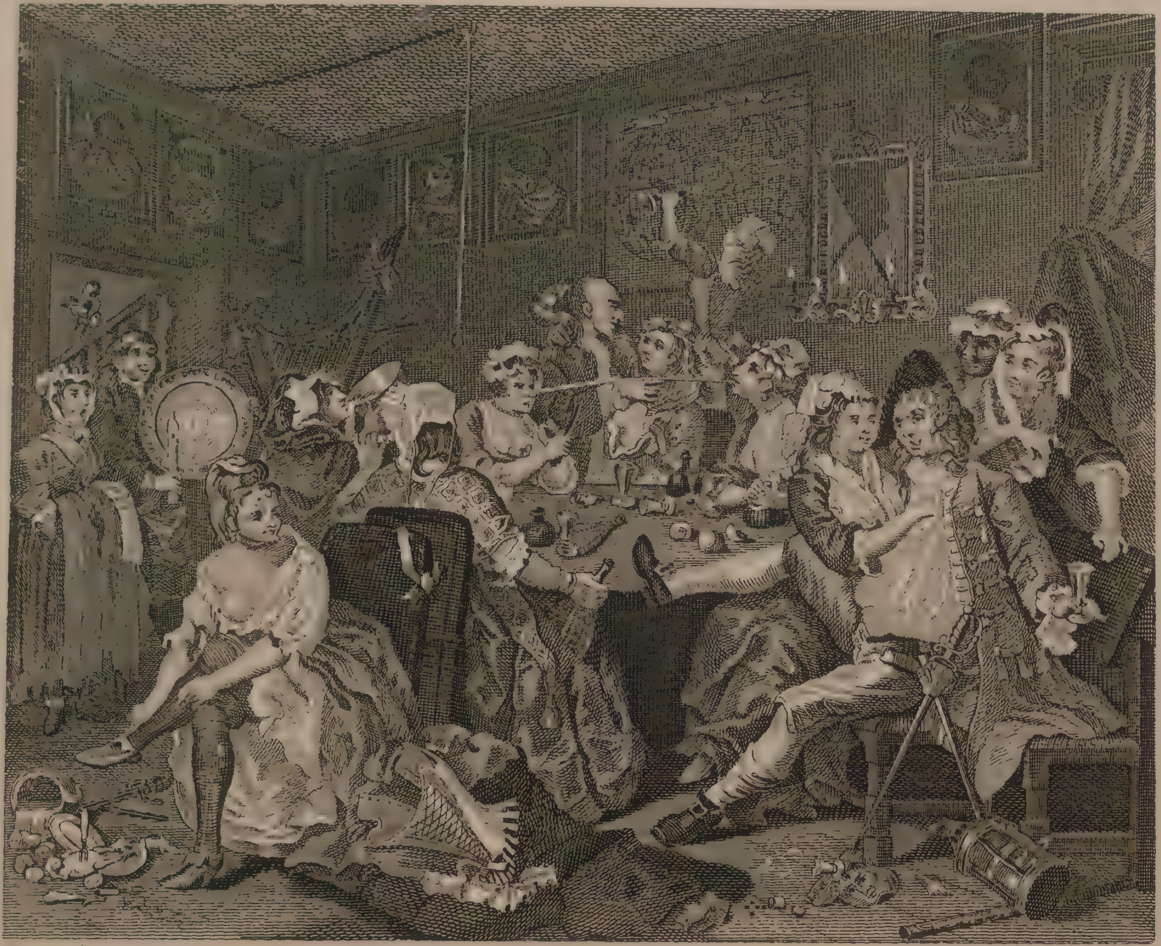
We are next to consider our hero as launched into the world, and having equipped himself with all the necessaries to constitute him a man of taste, he plunges at once into all the fashionable excesses, and enters with spirit into the character he assumes.

The avarice of the penurious father then, in this print, is contrasted by the giddy profusion of his prodigal son. We view him now at his levee, attended by masters of various professions, supposed to be here offering their interested services. The foremost figure is readily known to be a dancing-master; behind him are two men, who at the time when these prints were first published, were noted for teaching the arts of defence by different weapons, and who are here drawn from the life; one of whom is a Frenchman, teacher of the small-sword, making a thrust with his foil; the other, an Englishman, master of the quarter-staff; the vivacity of the first, and the cold contempt visible in the face of the second, beautifully describe the natural disposition of the two nations. On the left of the latter stands an improver of gardens, drawn also from the life, offering a plan for that purpose. A taste for gardening, carried to excess, must be acknowledged to have been the ruin of numbers, it being a passion that is seldom, if ever, satisfied, and attended with the greatest expense. In the chair sits a professor of music, at the harpsichord, running over the keys, waiting to give his pupil a lesson; behind whose chair hangs a list of the presents one Farinelli, an Italian singer, received the next day after his performance at the opera house; amongst which there is notice taken of one, which he received from the hero of our piece, thus: "A gold snuff-box, chased, with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, by J. Rakewell, Esq." By these mementos of extravagance and pride (for gifts of this kind proceed oftener from ostentation than generosity), and by the engraved frontispiece to a poem dedicated to our fashionable spendthrift, lying on the floor, which represents the ladies of Britain sacrificing their hearts to the idol Farinelli, crying out with the greatest earnestness, "One G–d, one Farinelli," we are given to understand the prevailing dissipation and luxury of the times. Near the principal figure in this plate is that of him, with one hand on his breast, the other on his sword, whom we may easily discover to be a bravo; he is represented as having brought a letter of recommendation, as one disposed to undertake all sorts of service. This character is rather Italian than English; but is here introduced to fill up the list of persons at that time too often engaged in the service of the votaries of extravagance and fashion. Our author would have it imagined in the interval between the first scene and this, that the young man whose history he is painting, had now given himself up to every fashionable extravagance; and among others, he had imbibed a taste for cock-fighting and horse-racing; two amusements which, at that time, the man of fashion could not dispense with. This is evident, from his rider bringing in a silver punch-bowl, which one of his horses is supposed to have won, and his saloon being ridiculously ornamented with the portraits of celebrated cocks. The figures in the back part of this plate represent tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, and such other persons as generally fill the antechamber of a man of quality, except one, who is supposed to be a poet, and has written some panegyric on the person whose levee he attends, and who waits for that approbation he already vainly anticipates. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this scene is to teach us, that the man of fashion is too often exposed to the rapacity of his fellow-creatures, and is commonly a dupe to the more knowing part of the world.

"How exactly," says Mr. Ireland, "does Bramston describe the character in his *Man of Taste*:—

> 'Without Italian and without an ear,
> To Bononcini's music I adhere.—
> To boon companions I my time would give,
> With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live;
> I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
> And to rough riders give my choicest wine.
> My evenings all I would with sharpers spend,
> And make the thief-taker my bosom friend;
> In Figg, the prize-fighter, by day delight,
> And sup with Colley Cibber every night.'

"Of the expression in this print, we cannot speak more highly than it deserves. Every character is marked with its proper and discriminative stamp. It has been said by a very judicious critic (the Rev. Mr. Gilpin), from whom it is not easy to differ without being wrong, that the hero of this history, in the first plate of the series, is *unmeaning*, and in the second, *ungraceful*. The fact is admitted; but, for so delineating him, the author is entitled to our praise, rather than our censure. Rakewell's whole conduct proves he was a fool, and at that time he had not learned how to perform an artificial character; he therefore looks as he is, unmeaning and uninformed. But in the second plate he is *ungraceful*.—Granted The ill-educated son of so avaricious a father could not have been introduced into very good company; and though, by the different teachers who surround him, it evidently appears that he wishes to *assume* the character of a gentleman, his internal feelings tell him he has not attained it. Under that consciousness, he is properly and naturally represented as ungraceful, and embarrassed in his new situation



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

RAKES PROGRESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, May 1.st 1809.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE III.

THE TAVERN SCENE.

"O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good!
Woman, framed for social love,
Fairest gift of powers above,
Source of every household blessing;
All charms in innocence possessing:
But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;
Foe to thy being, foe to love!
Guest divine, to outward viewing;
Ablest minister of ruin!
And thou, no less of gift divine,
Sweet poison of misused wine!
With freedom led to every part,
And secret chamber of the heart,
Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
And show thy riotous gang the way
To enter in with covert treason,
O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,
To ransack the abandoned place,
And revel there with wild excess?"

Mr. Ireland having, in his description of this plate, incorporated whatever is of value in Dr. Trusler's text, with much judicious observation and criticism of his own, the editor has taken the former *verbatim*.

This plate exhibits our licentious prodigal engaged in one of his midnight festivities: forgetful of the past, and negligent of the future, he riots in the present. Having poured his libation to Bacchus, he concludes the evening orgies in a sacrifice at the Cyprian shrine; and surrounded by the votaries of Venus, joins in the unhallowed mysteries of the place. The companions of his revelry are marked with that easy, unblushing effrontery which belongs to the servants of all work in the isle of Paphos;—for the maids of honour, they are not sufficiently elevated.

"He may be supposed, in the phrase of the day, to have beat the rounds, overset a constable, and conquered a watchman, whose staff and lantern he has brought into the room, as trophies of his prowess. In this situation he is robbed of his watch by the girl whose hand is in his bosom; and with that adroitness peculiar to an old practitioner, she conveys her acquisition to an accomplice, who stands behind the chair.

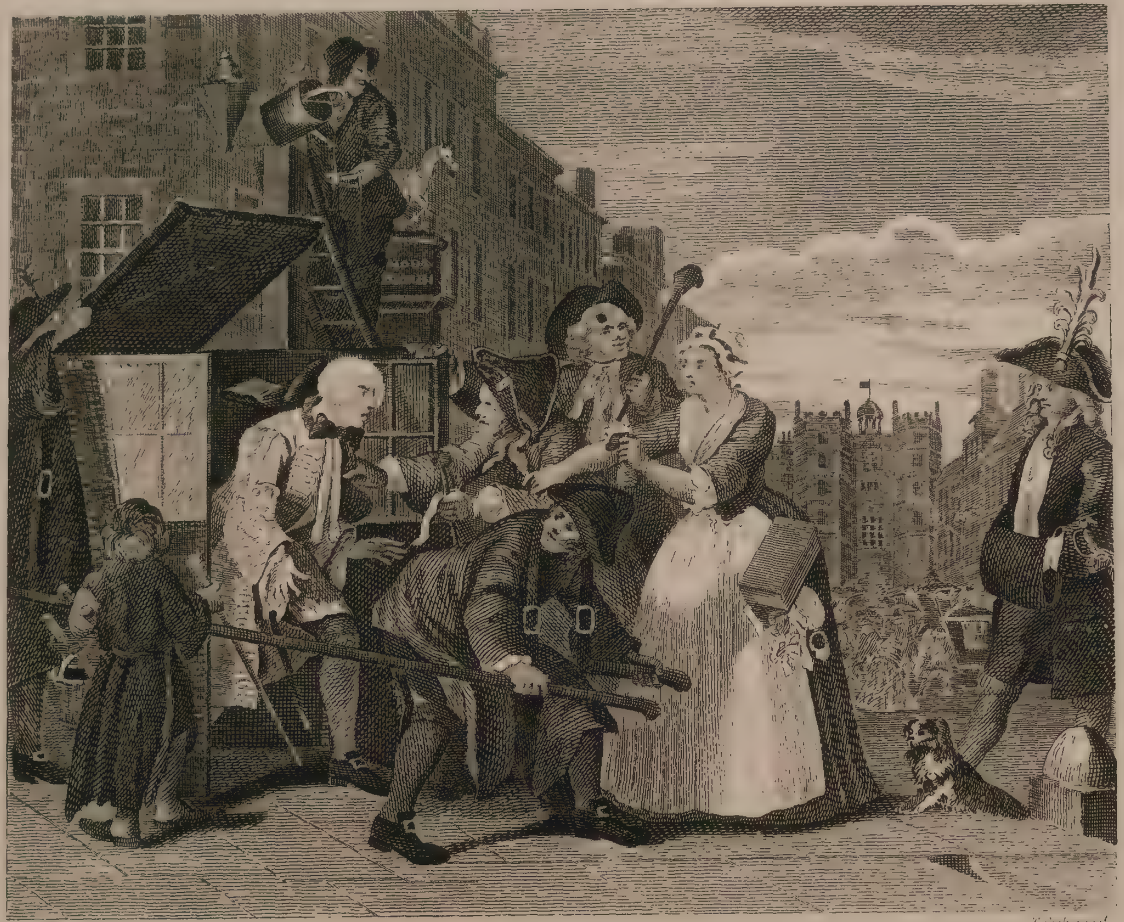
"Two of the ladies are quarrelling; and one of them *delicately* spouts wine in the face of her opponent, who is preparing to revenge the affront with a knife which, in a posture of threatening defiance, she grasps in her hand. A third, enraged at being neglected, holds a lighted candle to a map of the globe, determined to *set the world on fire, though she perish in the conflagration!* A fourth is undressing. The fellow bringing in a pewter dish, as part of the apparatus of this elegant and Attic entertainment, a blind harper, a trumpeter, and a ragged ballad-singer, roaring out an obscene song, complete this motley group.

This design may be a very exact representation of what were then the nocturnal amusements of a brothel;—so different are the manners of former and present times, that I much question whether a similar exhibition is now to be seen in any tavern of the metropolis. That we are less licentious than our predecessors, I dare not affirm; but we are certainly more delicate in the pursuit of our pleasures.

"The room is furnished with a set of Roman emperors,—they are not placed in their proper order; for, in the mad revelry of the evening, this family of frenzy have decollated all of them, except Nero; and his manners had too great a similarity to their own to admit of his suffering so degrading an insult; their reverence for *virtue* induced them to spare his head. In the frame of a *Cæsar* they have placed the portrait of *Pontac*, an eminent cook, whose great talents being turned to heightening sensual, rather than mental enjoyments, he has a much better chance of a votive offering from this company, than would either Vespasian or Trajan.

"The shattered mirror, broken wine-glasses, fractured chair and cane; the mangled fowl, with a fork stuck in its breast, thrown into a corner, and indeed every accompaniment, shows, that this has been a night of riot without enjoyment, mischief without wit, and waste without gratification.

"With respect to the drawing of the figures in this curious female coterie, Hogarth evidently intended several of them for beauties; and of vulgar, uneducated, prostituted beauty, he had a good idea. The hero of our tale displays all that careless jollity which copious draughts of maddening wine are calculated to inspire; he laughs the world away, and bids it pass. The poor dupe without his periwig, in the background, forms a good contrast of character: he is maudlin drunk, and sadly sick. To keep up the spirit of unity throughout the society, and not leave the poor African girl entirely neglected, she is making signs to her friend the porter, who perceives, and slightly returns, her love-inspiring glance. This print is rather crowded,—the subject demanded it should be so; some of the figures thrown into shade, might have helped the general effect, but would have injured the characteristic expression."



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

RAKES PROGRESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, March 1st 1809.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE IV.

ARRESTED FOR DEBT.

"O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good!
Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd
The sacred gates he wish'd to guard;
Approaching see the harpy *Law*,
And *Poverty*, with icy paw,
Ready to seize the poor remains
That vice has left of all his gains.
Cold *penitence*, lame *after-thought*,
With fear, despair, and horror fraught,
Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd."

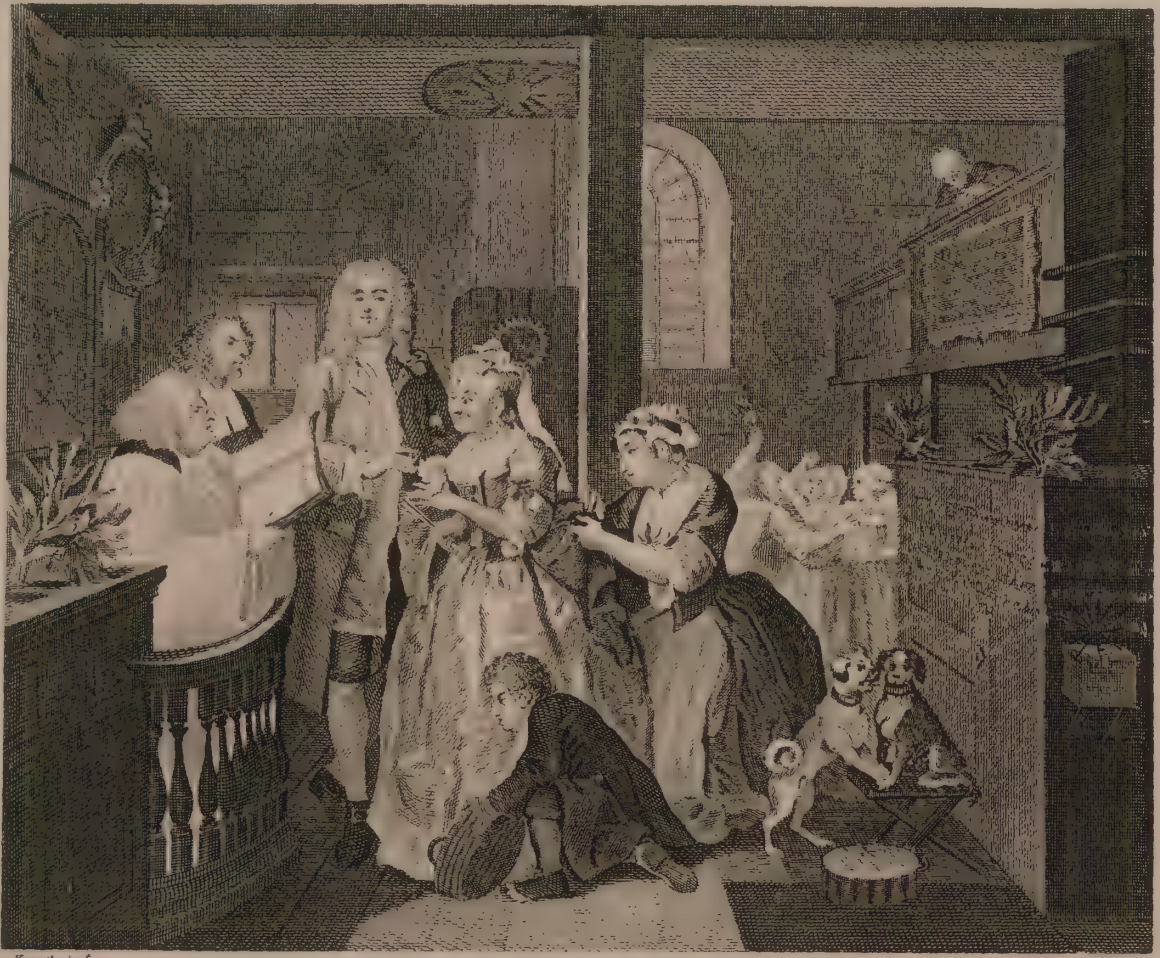
The career of dissipation is here stopped. Dressed in the first style of the ton, and getting out of a sedan-chair, with the hope of shining in the circle, and perhaps forwarding a former application for a place or a pension, he is arrested! To intimate that being plundered is the certain consequence of such an event, and to show how closely one misfortune treads upon the heels of another, a boy is at the same moment stealing his cane.

The unfortunate girl whom he basely deserted, is now a milliner, and naturally enough attends in the crowd, to mark the fashions of the day. Seeing his distress with all the eager tenderness of unabated love, she flies to his relief. Possessed of a small sum of money, the hard earnings of unremitted industry, she generously offers her purse for the liberation of her worthless favourite. This releases the captive beau, and displays a strong instance of female affection; which, being once planted in the bosom, is rarely eradicated by the coldest neglect, or harshest cruelty.

The high-born, haughty Welshman, with an enormous leek, and a countenance keen and lofty as his native mountains, establishes the chronology, and fixes the day to be the first of March; which, being sacred to the titular saint of Wales, was observed at court.

Mr. Nichols remarks of this plate:—"In the early impressions, a shoe-black steals the rake's cane. In the modern ones, a large group of sweeps, and black-shoe boys, are introduced gambling on the pavement; near them a stone inscribed *Black's*, a contrast to *White's* gaming house, against which a flash of lightning is pointed. The curtain in the window of the sedan-chair is thrown back. This plate is likewise found in an intermediate state; the sky being made unnaturally obscure, with an attempt to introduce a shower of rain, and lightning very awkwardly represented. It is supposed to be a first proof after the insertion of the group of blackguard gamesters; the window of the chair being only marked for an alteration that was afterwards made in it. Hogarth appears to have so far spoiled the sky that he was obliged to obliterate it, and cause it to be engraved over again by another hand."

Mr. Gilpin observes :—" Very disagreeable accidents often befall gentlemen of pleasure. An event of this kind is recorded in the fourth print, which is now before us. Our hero going, in full dress, to pay his compliments at court on St. David's day, was accosted in the rude manner which is here represented. The composition is good. The form of the group, made up of the figures in action, the chair and the lamp-lighter, is pleasing. Only, here we have an opportunity of remarking, that a group is disgusting when the extremities of it are heavy. A group in some respects should resemble a tree. The heavier part of the foliage (the cup, as the landscape painter calls it) is always near the middle; the outside branches, which are relieved by the sky, are light and airy. An inattention to this rule has given a heaviness to the group before us. The two bailiffs, the woman, and the chairman, are all huddled together in that part of the group which should have been the lightest; while the middle part, where the hand holds the door, wants strength and consistence. It may be added, too, that the four heads, in the form of a diamond, make an unpleasing shape. All regular figures should be studiously avoided.—The light had been well distributed, if the bailiff holding the arrest, and the chairman had been a little lighter, and the woman darker. The glare of the white apron is disagreeable.—We have, in this print, some beautiful instances of expression. The surprise and terror of the poor gentleman is apparent in every limb, as far as is consistent with the fear of discomposing his dress. The insolence of power in one of the bailiffs, and the unfeeling heart which can jest with misery, in the other, are strongly marked. The self-importance, too, of the honest Cambrian is not ill-portrayed; who is chiefly introduced to settle the chronology of the story.—In point of grace we have nothing striking. Hogarth might have introduced a degree of it in the female figure: at least he might have contrived to vary the heavy and unpleasing form of her drapery.—The perspective is good, and makes an agreeable shape "



Hogarth pinx.ᵗ

T. Cook & Son sc.

RAKES PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees & Orme May 1.st 1808.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE V.

MARRIES AN OLD MAID.

"New to the school of hard *mishap,*
Driven from the ease of fortune's lap,
What schemes will nature not embrace
T' avoid less shame of drear distress?
Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
And mask deformity with show:
Gold can avert the sting of shame,
In Winter's arms create a flame:
Can couple youth with hoary age,
And make antipathies engage."

To be thus degraded by the rude enforcement of the law, and relieved from an exigence by one whom he had injured, would have wounded, humbled, I had almost said reclaimed, any man who had either feeling or elevation of mind; but, to mark the progression of vice, we here see this depraved, lost character, hypocritically violating every natural feeling of the soul, to recruit his exhausted finances, and marrying an old and withered Sibyl, at the sight of whom nature must recoil.

The ceremony passes in the old church, Mary-le-bone, which was then considered at such a distance from London, as to become the usual resort of those who wished to be privately married; that such was the view of this prostituted young man may be fairly inferred from a glance at the object of his choice. Her charms are heightened by the affectation of an amorous leer, which she directs to her youthful husband, in grateful return for a similar compliment which she supposes paid to herself. This gives her face much meaning, but meaning of such a sort, that an observer being asked, "*How dreadful must be this creature's hatred?*" would naturally reply, "*How hateful must be her love!*"

In his demeanour we discover an attempt to appear at the altar with becoming decorum: but internal perturbation darts through assumed tranquillity, for though he is *plighting his troth* to the old woman, his eyes are fixed on the young girl who kneels behind her.

The parson and clerk seem made for each other; a sleepy, stupid solemnity marks every muscle of the divine, and the nasal droning of the *lay brother* is most happily expressed. Accompanied by her child and mother, the unfortunate victim of his seduction is here again introduced, endeavouring to enter the church, and forbid the banns. The opposition made by an old pew-opener, with her bunch of keys, gave the artist a good opportunity for indulging his taste in the burlesque, and he has not neglected it.

A dog (Trump, Hogarth's favourite), paying his addresses to a one-eyed quadruped of his own species, is a happy parody of the unnatural union going on in the church.

The commandments are broken: a crack runs near the tenth, which says, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife;* a prohibition in the present case hardly necessary. The creed is destroyed by the damps of the church; and so little attention has been paid to the poor's box, that it is covered with a *cobweb!* These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour were perhaps never equalled by any exertion of the pencil; excelled they cannot be.

On one of the pew doors is the following curious specimen of church-yard poetry, and mortuary orthography.

THESE : PEWES : VNSCRUD : AND : TANE : IN : SVNDER
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAUEN : WHAT : IS : UNDER
TO : WIT : A VALT : FOR : BURIAL : THERE : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND : HIS.

This is a correct copy of the inscription. Part of these lines, in raised letters, now form a pannel in the wainscot at the end of the right-hand gallery, as the church is entered from the street. The mural monument of the Taylors, composed of lead, gilt over, is still preserved: it is seen in Hogarth's print, just under the window.

A glory over the bride's head is whimsical.

The bay and holly, which decorate the pews, give a date to the period, and determine this preposterous union of January with June, to have taken place about the time of Christmas;

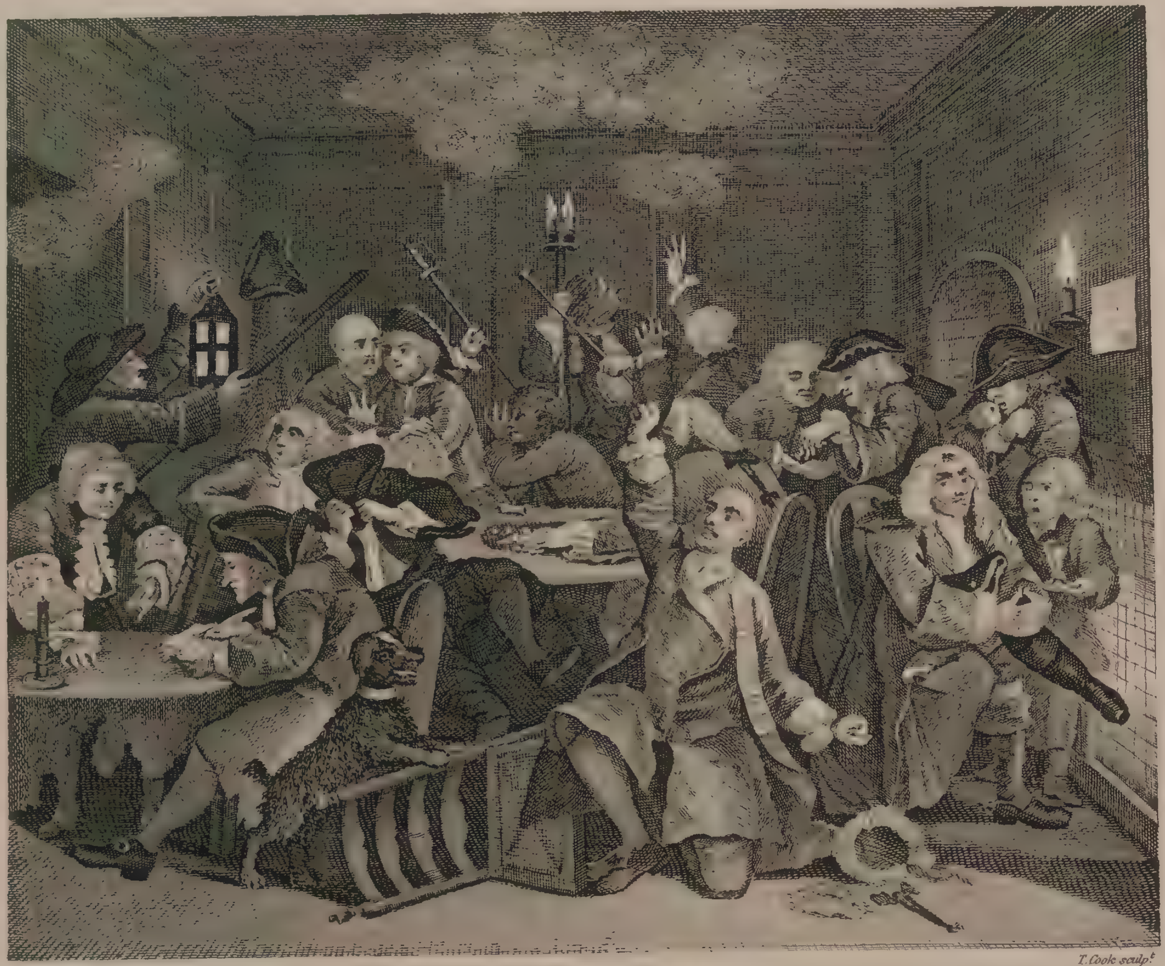
"When winter linger'd in her icy veins."

Addison would have classed her among the evergreens of the sex.

It has been observed, that "the church is too small, and the wooden post, which seems to have no use, divides the picture very disagreeably." This cannot be denied: but it appears to be meant as an accurate representation of the place, and the artist delineated what he saw.

The grouping is good, and the principal figure has the air of a gentleman. The light is well distributed, and the scene most characteristically represented.

The commandments being represented as broken, might probably give the hint to a lady's reply, on being told that thieves had the preceding night broken into the church, and stolen the communion-plate and the ten commandments. "I suppose," added the informant, "that they may melt and sell the plate; but can you divine for what possible purpose they could steal the commandments?"—"To *break* them, to be sure," replied she;—"to *break* them."



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

RAKES PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1808

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VI.

SCENE IN A GAMING HOUSE.

"*Gold*, thou bright son of Phœbus, source
Of universal intercourse;
Of weeping Virtue soft redress:
And blessing those who live to bless:
Yet oft behold the sacred trust,
The tool of avaricious lust;
No longer bond of human kind,
But bane of every virtuous mind,
What chaos such misuse attends,
Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
Health that gives relish to delight,
Is wasted with the wasting night;
Doubt and mistrust is thrown on *Heaven*,
And all its power to chance is given.
Sad purchase of repentant tears,
Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!
Sad purchase of a tortured mind,
To an imprison'd body join'd."

Though now, from the infatuated folly of his antiquated wife, in possession of a fortune, he is still the slave of that baneful vice which, while it enslaves the mind, poisons the enjoyments, and sweeps away the possessions of its deluded votaries. Destructive as the earthquake which convulses nature, it overwhelms the pride of the forest, and engulfs the labours of the architect.

Newmarket and the cockpit were the scenes of his early amusements; to crown the whole, he is now exhibited at a gaming-table, where all is lost! His countenance distorted with agony, and his soul agitated almost to madness, he imprecates vengeance upon his own head.

"In heartfelt bitter anguish he appears,
And from the blood-shot ball gush purpled tears!
He beats his brow, with rage and horror fraught;
His brow half bursts with agony of thought!"

That he should be deprived of all he possessed in such a society as surround him, is not to be wondered at. One of the most conspicuous characters appears, by the pistol in his pocket, to be a highwayman: from the profound stupor of his countenance, we are certain he also is a losing gamester; and so absorbed in reflection, that neither the boy who brings him a glass of water, nor the watchman's cry of "Fire!" can arouse him from his reverie. Another of the party is marked for one of those well-dressed continental adventurers who, being unable to live in their own country, annually pour into this, and with no other requisites than a quick eye, an adroit hand, and an undaunted forehead, are admitted into what is absurdly enough called *good* company.

At the table a person in mourning grasps his hat, and hides his face, in the agony of repentance, not having, as we infer from his weepers, received that legacy of which he is now plundered more than a "little month." On the opposite side is another, on whom fortune has severely frowned, biting his nails in the anguish of his soul. The fifth completes the climax; he is frantic; and with a drawn sword endeavours to destroy a *pauvre miserable* whom he supposes to have cheated him, but is prevented by the interposition of one of those staggering votaries of Bacchus who are to be found in every company where there is good wine; and gaming, like the rod of Moses, so far swallows up every other passion, that the actors, engrossed by greater objects, willingly leave their wine to the audience.

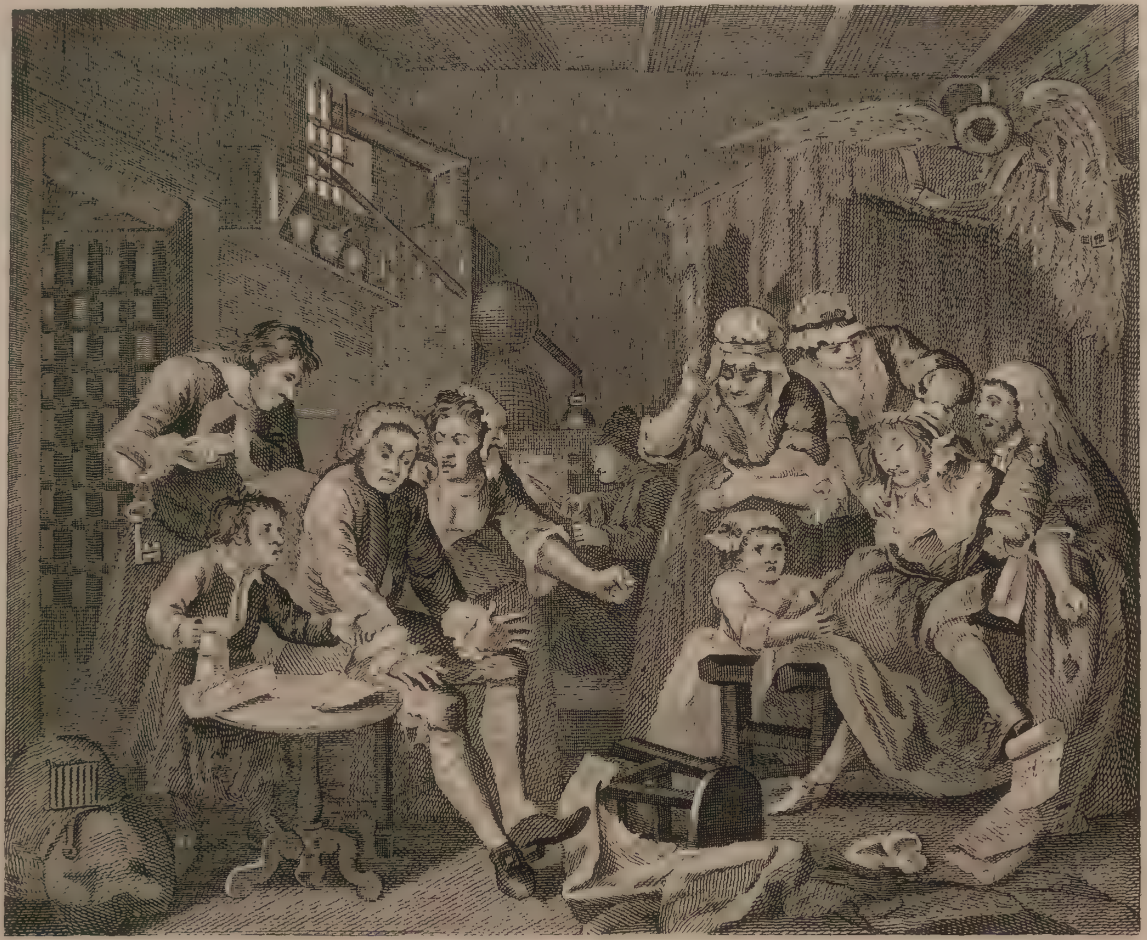
In the back-ground are two collusive associates, eagerly dividing the profits of the evening.

A nobleman in the corner is giving his note to a usurer. The lean and hungry appearance of this cent. per cent. worshipper of the golden calf, is well contrasted by the sleek, contented vacancy of so well-employed a legislator of this great empire. Seated at the table a portly gentleman, of whom we see very little, is coolly sweeping off his winnings.

So engrossed is every one present by his own situation, that the flames which surround them are disregarded, and the vehement cries of a watchman entering the room, are necessary to rouse their attention to what is generally deemed the first law of nature, self-preservation.

Mr. Gilpin observes:—The fortune, which our adventurer has just received, enables him to make one push more at the gaming-table. He is exhibited, in the sixth print, venting curses on his folly for having lost his last stake.—This is, upon the whole, perhaps, the best print of the set. The horrid scene it describes, was never more inimitably drawn. The composition is artful, and natural. If the shape of the whole be not quite pleasing, the figures are so well grouped, and with so much ease and variety, that you cannot take offence.

"The expression, in almost every figure, is admirable; and the whole is a strong representation of the human mind in a storm. Three stages of that species of madness which attends gaming, are here described. On the first shock, all is inward dismay. The ruined gamester is represented leaning against a wall, with his arms across, lost in an agony of horror. Perhaps never passion was described with so much force. In a short time this horrible gloom bursts into a storm of fury: he tears in pieces what comes next him; and, kneeling down, invokes curses upon himself. He next attacks others; every one in his turn whom he imagines to have been instrumental in his ruin.—The eager joy of the winning gamesters, the attention of the usurer, the vehemence of the watchman, and the profound reverie of the highwayman, are all admirably marked. There is great coolness, too, expressed in the little we see of the fat gentleman at the end of the table."



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook & Son sc.

RAKES PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Sept.r 1.st 1808

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VII.

PRISON SCENE.

"Happy the man whose constant thought
(Though in the school of hardship taught),
Can send remembrance back to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
Who self-approving, can review
Scenes of past virtues which shine through
The gloom of age, and cast a ray
To gild the evening of his day!
Not so the guilty wretch confined:
No pleasures meet his conscious mind:
No blessings brought from early youth,
But broken faith and wrested truth:
Talents idle and unused,
And every trust of Heaven abused.
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
And gives the helm to mad *Despair*."

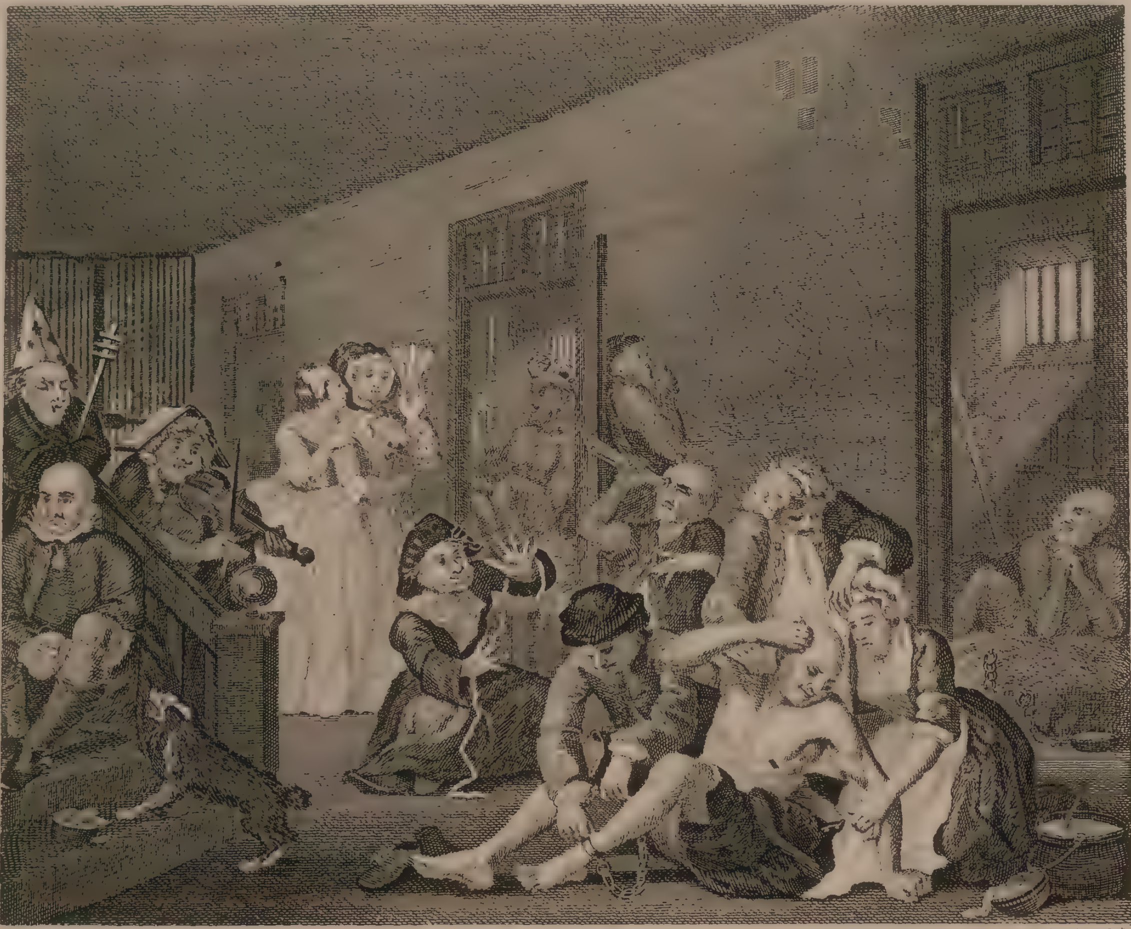
By a very natural transition Mr. Hogarth has passed his hero from a gaming house into a prison—the inevitable consequence of extravagance. He is here represented in a most distressing situation, without a coat to his back, without money, without a friend to help him. Beggared by a course of ill-luck, the common attendant on the gamester, having first made away with every valuable he was master of, and having now no other resource left to retrieve his wretched circumstances, he at last, vainly promising himself success, commences author, and attempts, though inadequate to the task, to write a play, which is lying on the table, just returned with an answer from the manager of the theatre, to whom he had offered it, that his piece would by no means do. Struck speechless with this disastrous occurrence, all his hopes vanish, and his most sanguine expectations are changed into dejection of spirit. To heighten his distress, he is approached by his wife, and bitterly upbraided for his perfidy in concealing from her his former connexion (with that unhappy girl who is here present with her child, the innocent offspring of her amours, fainting at the sight of his misfortunes, being unable to relieve him farther), and plunging her into those difficulties she never shall be able to surmount. To add to his misery, we see the under turnkey pressing him for his prison fees, or garnish-money, and the boy refusing to leave the beer he ordered, without being first paid for it. Among those assisting the fainting mother, one of whom we observe clapping her hand, another applying the drops, is a man crusted over, as it were, with the rust of a jail, supposed to have started from his dream, having been disturbed by the noise at a time when he was settling some affairs of state; to have left his great plan unfinished, and to have hurried to the assistance of distress. We are told by the papers falling from his lap, one of which contains a scheme for paying the national debt, that his confinement is owing to that itch of politics some persons are troubled with, who will neglect their own affairs, in order to busy themselves in that which no way concerns them, and which they in no respect understand, though their immediate ruin shall follow it: nay, so infatuated do we find him, so taken up with his beloved object, as not to bestow a few minutes on the decency of his person. In the back of the room is one who owes his ruin to an indefatigable search after the philosopher's stone. Strange and unaccountable!—Hence we are taught by these characters, as well as by the pair of human wings on the tester of the bed, that scheming is the sure and certain road to beggary: and that more owe their misfortunes to wild and romantic notions, than to any accident they meet with in life.

In this upset of his life, and aggravation of distress, we are to suppose our prodigal almost driven to desperation. Now, for the first time, he feels the severe effects of pinching cold and griping hunger. At this melancholy season, reflection finds a passage to his heart, and he now revolves in his mind the folly and sinfulness of his past life;—considers within himself how idly he has wasted the substance he is at present in the utmost need of;—looks back with shame on the iniquity of his actions, and forward with horror on the rueful scene of misery that awaits him; until his brain, torn with excruciating thought, loses at once its power of thinking, and falls a sacrifice to merciless despair.

Mr. Ireland remarks on the plate before us:—"Our improvident spendthrift is now lodged in that dreary receptacle of human misery,—a prison. His countenance exhibits a picture of despair; the forlorn state of his mind is displayed in every limb, and his exhausted finances, by the turnkey's demand of prison fees not being answered, and the boy refusing to leave a tankard of porter, unless he is paid for it.

"We see by the enraged countenance of his wife, that she is evidently reproaching him for having deceived and ruined her. To crown this catalogue of human tortures, the poor girl whom he deserted, is come with her child—perhaps to comfort him,—to alleviate his sorrows, to soothe his sufferings:—but the agonizing view is too much for her agitated frame; shocked at the prospect of that misery which she cannot remove, every object swims before her eyes,—a film covers the sight,—the blood forsakes her cheeks,—her lips assume a pallid hue,—and she sinks to the floor of the prison in temporary death. What a heart-rending prospect for him by whom this is occasioned!

"The wretched, squalid inmate, who is assisting the fainting female, bears every mark of being naturalized to the place; out of his pocket hangs a scroll, on which is inscribed, 'A scheme to pay the National Debt, by J. L., now a prisoner in the Fleet.' So attentive was this poor gentleman to the debts of the nation, that he totally forgot his own. The cries of the child, and the good-natured attentions of the women, heighten the interest, and realize the scene. Over the group are a large pair of wings, with which some emulator of *Dedalus* intended to escape from his confinement; but finding them inadequate to the execution of his project, has placed them upon the tester of his bed. They could not exalt him to the regions of air, but they o'ercanopy him on earth. A chemist in the back-ground, happy in his views, watching the moment of projection, is not to be disturbed from his dream by any thing less than the fall of the roof, or the bursting of his retort; and if his dream affords him felicity, why should he be awakened? The bed and gridiron, those poor remnants of our miserable spendthrift's wretched property, are brought here as necessary in his degraded situation; on one he must try to repose his wearied frame; on the other, he is to dress his scanty meal."



Hogarth pinx^t T. Cook sculp^t

RAKES PROGRESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1808.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

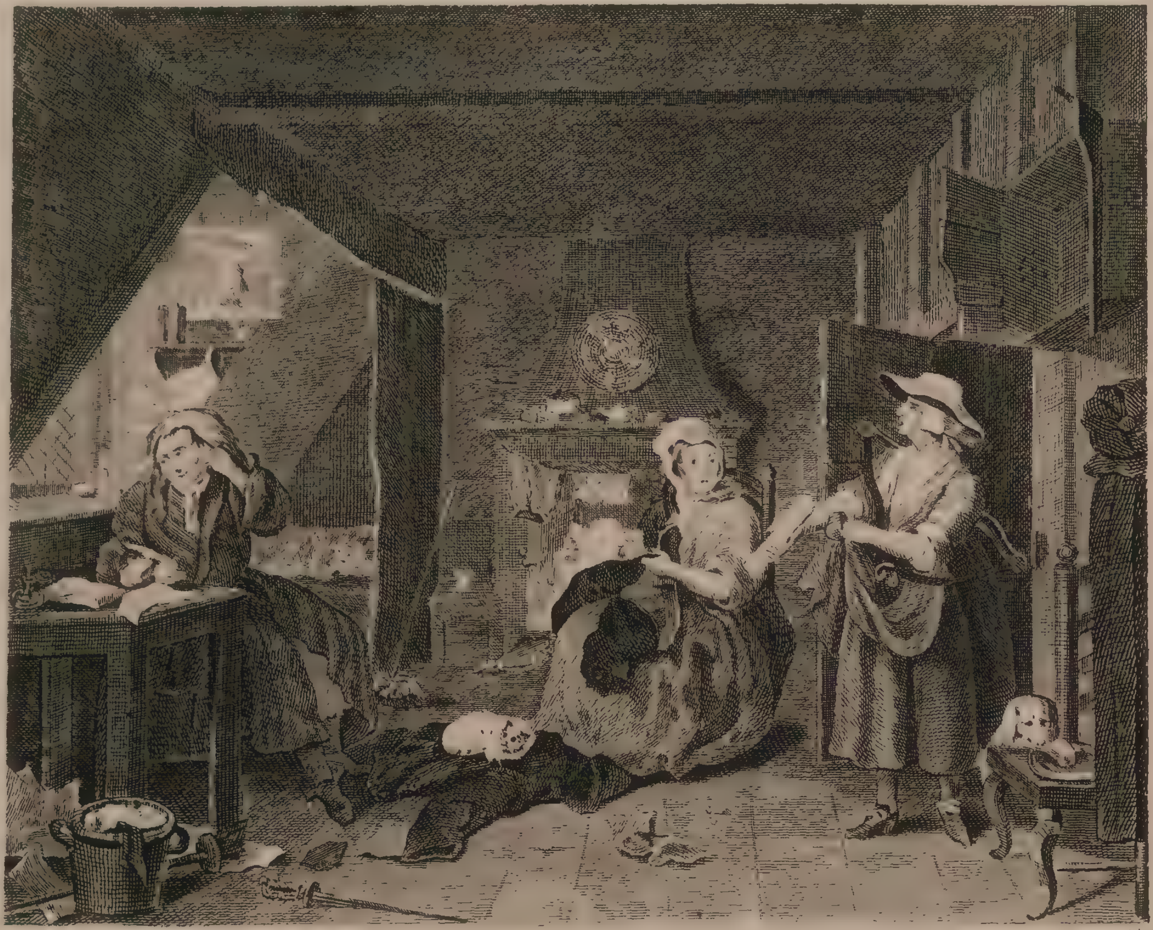
PLATE VIII.

SCENE IN A MADHOUSE.

"*Madness!* thou chaos of the brain,
What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain?
Tyranny of fancy's reign!
Mechanic *fancy!* that can build
Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
With rude, disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with *horror*, fill'd with *pleasure!*
Shapes of *horror*, that would even
Cast doubt of mercy upon heaven;
Shapes of *pleasure*, that but seen,
Would split the shaking sides of *Spleen*.
"O vanity of age! here see
The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!
The headstrong course of youth thus run,
What comfort from this darling son?
His rattling chains with terror hear,
Behold death grappling with despair!
See him by thee to ruin sold,
And curse *thyself*, and curse thy *gold!*"

SEE our hero, then, in the scene before us, raving in all the dismal horrors of hopeless insanity, in the hospital of Bethlehem, the senate of mankind, where each man may find a representative; there we behold him trampling on the first great law of nature, tearing himself to pieces with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent any further mischief he might either do to himself or others. But in this scene, dreary and horrid as are its accompaniments, he is attended by the faithful and kind-hearted female whom he so basely betrayed. In the first plate we see him refuse her his promised hand. In the fourth she releases him from the harpy fangs of a bailiff; she is present at his marriage; and in the hope of relieving his distress she follows him to a prison. Our artist, in this scene of horror, has taken an opportunity of pointing out to us the various causes of mental blindness; for such surely it may be called, when the intuitive faculties are either destroyed or impaired. In one of the inner rooms of this gallery is a despairing wretch, imploring Heaven for mercy, whose brain is crazed with lip-labouring superstition, the most dreadful enemy of human kind; which, attended with ignorance, error, penance, and indulgence, too often deprives its unhappy votaries of their senses. The next in view is one man drawing lines upon a wall in order, if possible, to find out the longitude; and another, before him, looking through a paper by way of a telescope. By these expressive figures we are given to understand that such is the misfortune of man that while, perhaps, the aspiring soul is pursuing some lofty and elevated conception, soaring to an uncommon pitch, and teeming with some grand discovery, the ferment often proves too strong for the feeble brain to support, and lays the whole magazine of notions and images in wild confusion. This melancholy group is completed by the crazy tailor, who is staring at the mad astronomer with a sort of wild astonishment, wondering, through excess of ignorance, what discoveries the heavens can possibly afford; proud of his profession, he has fixed a variety of patterns in his hat by way of ornament; has covered his poor head with shreds, and makes his measure the constant object of his attention. Behind this man stands another, playing on the violin, with his book upon his head, intimating that too great a love for music has been the cause of his distraction. On the stairs sits another, crazed by love (evident from the picture of his beloved object round his neck, and the words, "charming Betty Careless" upon the banisters, which he is supposed to scratch upon every wall and every wainscot), and wrapt up so close in melancholy pensiveness, as not even to observe the dog that is flying at him. Behind him, and in the inner room, are two persons maddened with ambition These men, though under the influence of the same passion, are actuated by different notions; one is for the papal dignity, the other for regal; one imagines himself the pope, and saying mass; the other fancies himself a king, is encircled with the emblem of royalty, and is casting contempt on his imaginary subjects by an act of the greatest disdain. To brighten this distressful scene, and draw a smile from him whose rigid reasoning might condemn the bringing into public view this blemish of humanity, are two women introduced, walking in the gallery, as curious spectators of this melancholy sight; one of whom is supposed, in a whisper, to bid the other observe the naked man, which she takes an opportunity of doing by a leer through the sticks of her fan.

Thus, imagining the hero of our piece to expire raving mad, the story is finished, and little else remains but to close it with a proper application. Reflect then, ye parents, on this tragic tale; consider with yourselves, that the ruin of a child is too often owing to the imprudence of a father. Had the young man, whose story we have related, been taught the proper use of money, had his parent given him some insight into life, and graven, as it were, upon his heart the precepts of religion, with an abhorrence of vice, our youth would, in all probability, have taken a contrary course, lived a credit to his friends, and an honour to his country.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

THE DISTREST POET.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Nov.r 1st 1806.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

This plate describes, in the strongest colour, the distress of an author without friends to patronize him. Seated upon the side of his bed, without a shirt, but wrapped in an old night-gown, he is now spinning a poem upon "Riches:" of their *use* he probably knoweth little; and of their *abuse*,—if judgment can be formed from externals,—*certes*, he knoweth less. Enchanted, impressed, inspired with his subject, he is disturbed by a nymph of the *lactarium*. Her shrill-sounding voice awakes one of the *little loves*, whose *chorus* disturbs his meditations. A link of the golden chain is broken!—a thought is lost!—to recover it, his hand becomes a substitute for the barber's comb:—enraged at the noise he tortures his head for the fleeting idea; but, ah! no thought is there!

Proudly conscious that the lines already written are sterling, he possesses by anticipation the mines of Peru, a view of which hangs over his head. Upon the table we see "Byshe's Art of Poetry;" for, like the pack-horse, who cannot travel without his *bells*, he cannot climb the hill of Parnassus without his *jingling-book*. On the floor lies the "Grub Street Journal," to which valuable repository of genius and taste he is probably a contributor. To show that he is a master of the PROFOUND, and will envelop his subject in a cloud, his pipe and tobacco-box, those friends to cogitation deep, are close to him.

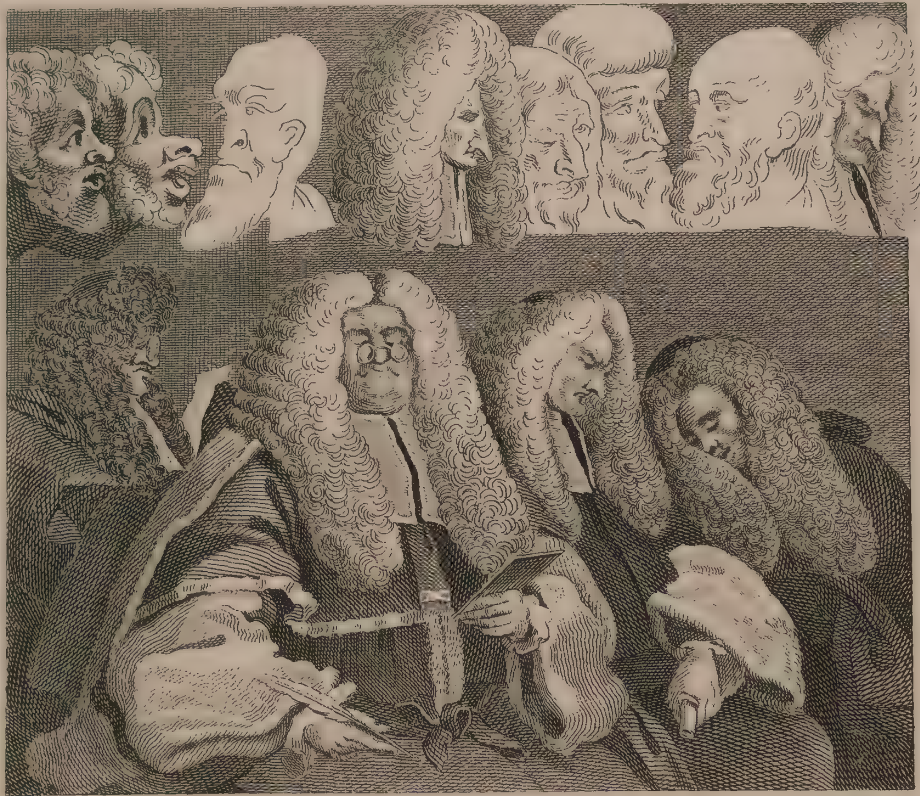
His wife mending that part of his dress, in the pockets of which the affluent keep their gold, is worthy of a better fate. Her figure is peculiarly interesting. Her face, softened by adversity, and marked with domestic care, is at this moment agitated by the appearance of a boisterous woman, insolently demanding payment of the milk-tally. In the excuse she returns, there is a mixture of concern, complacency, and mortification. As an addition to the distresses of this poor family, a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair.

The sloping roof and projecting chimney, prove the throne of this inspired bard to be high above the crowd;—it is a garret. The chimney is ornamented with a *dare for larks*, and a book; a loaf, the tea equipage, and a saucepan, decorate the shelf. Before the fire hangs half a shirt, and a pair of ruffled sleeves. His sword lies on the floor; for though our professor of poetry waged no war, except with words, a sword was, in the year 1740, a necessary appendage to everything which called itself "gentleman." At the feet of his domestic seamstress, the full dress coat is become the resting place of a cat and two kittens: in the same situation is one stocking, the other half is immersed in the washing-pan. The broom, bellows, and mop, are scattered round the room. The open door shows us that their cupboard is unfurnished, and tenanted by a hungry and solitary mouse. In the corner hangs a long cloak, well calculated to conceal the threadbare wardrobe of its fair owner.

Mr. Hogarth's strict attention to propriety of scenery, is evinced by the cracked plastering of the walls, broken window, and uneven floor, in the miserable habitation of this poor weaver of madrigals. When this was first published, the following quotation from Pope's "Dunciad" was inscribed under the print:

> "Studious he sate, *with all his books* around,
> Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound:
> Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
> Then wrote and floundered on in mere despair."

All his books amounting to *only four*, was, I suppose, the artist's reason for erasing the lines.



Hogarth pinx! T. Cook & Son sc.

THE BENCH.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1808.

THE BENCH.

CHARACTER, CARICATURA, AND OUTRE.

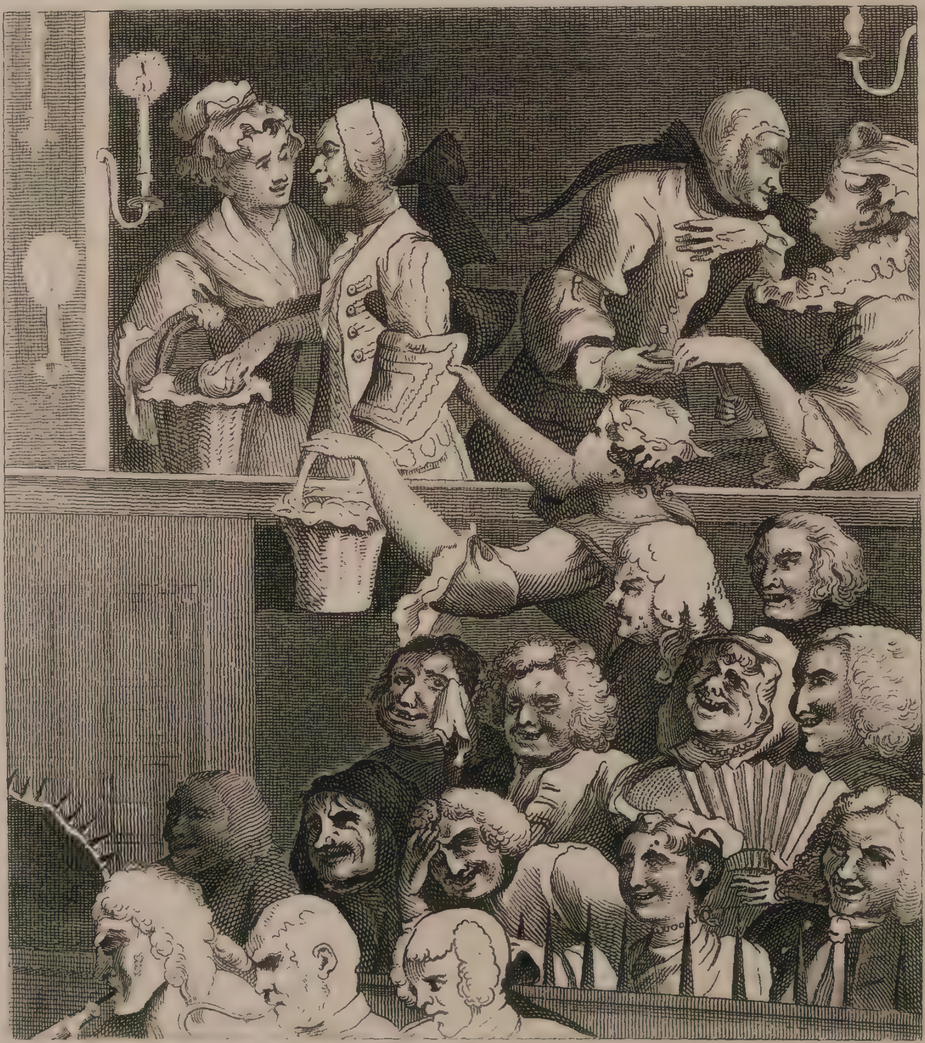
It having been universally acknowledged that Mr. Hogarth was one of the most ingenious painters of his age, and a man possessed of a vast store of humour, which he has sufficiently shown and displayed in his numerous productions; the general approbation his works receive, is not to be wondered at. But as, owing to the false notions of the public, not thoroughly acquainted with the true art of painting, he has been often called a *caricaturer;* when, in reality, *caricatura* was no part of his profession, he being a true copier of nature; to set this matter right, and give the world a just definition of the words *character*, *caricatura*, and *outré*, in which humorous painting principally consists, and to show their difference of meaning, he, in the year 1758, published this print; but, as it did not quite answer his purpose, giving an illustration of the word *character* only, he added, in the year 1764, the group of heads above, which he never lived to finish, though he worked upon it the day before his death. The lines between inverted commas are our author's own words, and are engraved at the bottom of the plate.

"There are hardly any two things more essentially different than *character* and *caricatura;* nevertheless, they are usually confounded, and mistaken for each other; on which account this explanation is attempted.

"It has ever been allowed, that when a *character* is strongly marked in the living face, it may be considered as an index of the mind, to express which, with any degree of justness, in painting, requires the utmost efforts of a great master. Now that, which has of late years got the name of *caricatura*, is, or ought to be, totally divested of every stroke that hath a tendency to good drawing; it may be said to be a species of lines that are produced, rather by the hand of chance, than of skill; for the early scrawlings of a child, which do but rarely hint the idea of a human face, will always be found to be like some person or other, and will often form such a comical resemblance, as, in all probability, the most eminent *caricaturers* of these times will not be able to equal, with design; because their ideas of objects are so much more perfect than children's, that they will, unavoidably, introduce some kind of drawing; for all the humorous effects of the fashionable manner of *caricaturing*, chiefly depend on the surprise we are under, at finding ourselves caught with any sort of similitude in objects absolutely remote in their kind. Let it be observed, the more remote in their nature, the greater is the excellence of these pieces. As a proof of this, I remember a famous *caricatura* of a certain Italian singer, that struck at first sight, which consisted only of a straight perpendicular stroke, with a dot over. As to the French word *outré*, it is different from the rest, and signifies nothing more than the exaggerated outlines of a figure, all the parts of which may be, in other respects, a perfect and true picture of nature. A giant or a dwarf may be called a common man, *outré*. So any part, as a nose, or a leg, made bigger, or less than it ought to be, is that part, *outré*, which is all that is to be understood by this word, injudiciously used to the prejudice of *character*."—ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY, chap. vi.

To prevent these distinctions being looked upon as dry and unentertaining, our author has, in this group of faces, ridiculed the want of capacity among some of our judges, or dispensers of the law, whose shallow discernment, natural disposition, or wilful inattention, is here perfectly described in their faces. One is amusing himself, in the course of trial, with other business; another, in all the pride of self-importance, is examining a former deposition, wholly inattentive to that before him; the next is busied in thoughts quite foreign to the subject; and the senses of the last are locked fast in sleep.

The four sages on the bench, are intended for Lord Chief Justice Sir John Willes, the principal figure; on his right hand, Sir Edward Clive; and on his left, Mr. Justice Bathurst, and the Hon. William Noel.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme. Nov^{r} 1st 1807.

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

"Let him laugh now, who never laugh'd before;
And he who always laugh'd, laugh now the more."

"From the first print that Hogarth engraved, to the last that he published, I do not think," says Mr. Ireland, "there is one, in which character is more displayed than in this very spirited little etching. It is much superior to the more delicate engravings from his designs by other artists, and I prefer it to those that were still higher finished by his own burin.

"The prim coxcomb with an enormous bag, whose favours, like those of Hercules between Virtue and Vice, are contended for by two rival orange girls, gives an admirable idea of the dress of the day; when, if we may judge from this print. our grave forefathers, defying Nature, and despising convenience, had a much higher rank in the temple of Folly than was then attained by their ladies. It must be acknowledged that, since that period, the softer sex have asserted their natural rights; and, snatching the wreath of fashion from the brow of presuming man, have tortured it into such forms that, were it possible, which *certes* it is not, to disguise a beauteous face!—But to the high behest of Fashion all must bow.

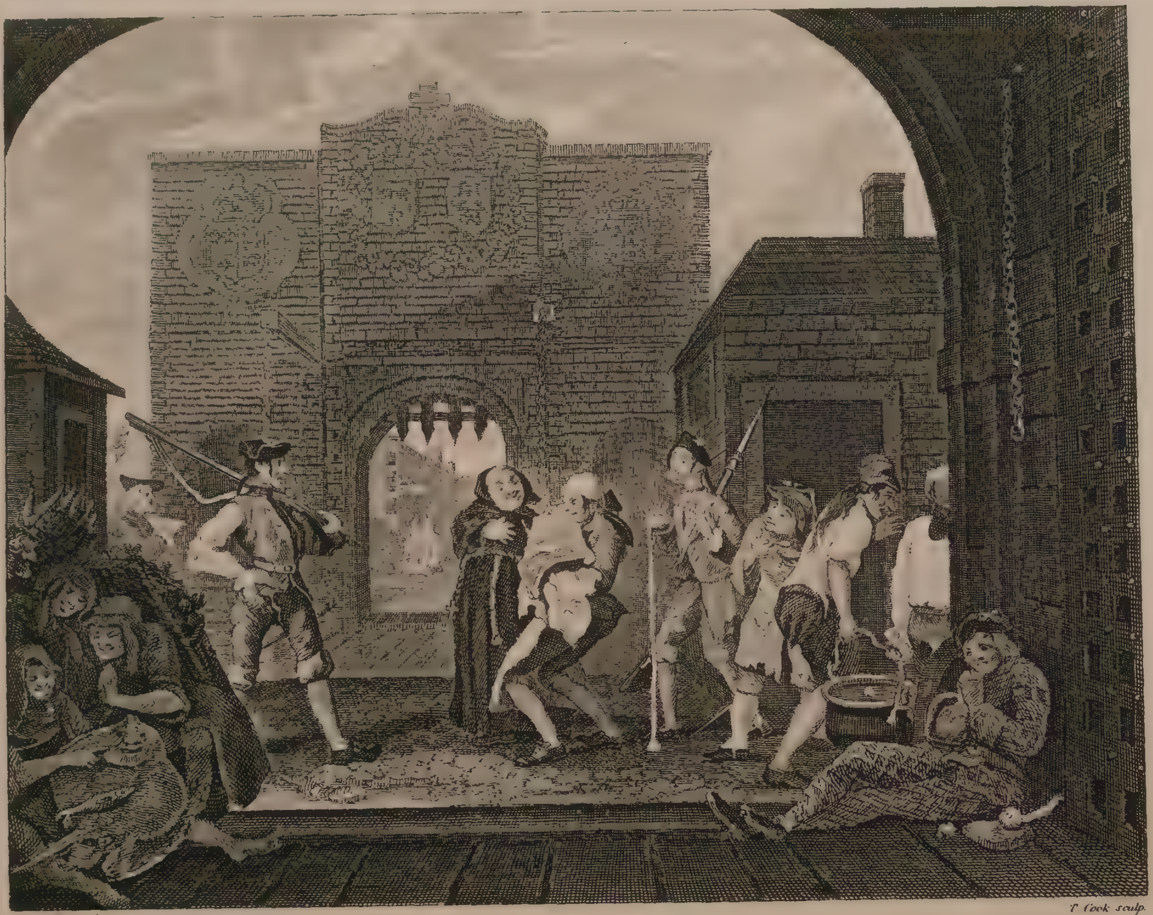
"Governed by this idol, our beau has a cuff that, for a modern fop, would furnish fronts for a waistcoat, and a family fire-screen might be made of his enormous bag. His bare and shrivelled neck has a close resemblance to that of a half-starved greyhound; and his face, figure, and air, form a fine contrast to the easy and dégagée assurance of the Grisette whom he addresses.

"The opposite figure, nearly as grotesque, though not quite so formal as its companion, presses its left hand upon its breast, in the style of protestation; and, eagerly contemplating the superabundant charms of a beauty of Rubens's school, presents her with a pinch of comfort. Every muscle, every line of his countenance, is acted upon by affectation and grimace, and his queue bears some resemblance to an ear-trumpet.

"The total inattention of these three polite persons to the business of the stage, which at this moment almost convulses the children of Nature who are seated in the pit, is highly descriptive of that refined apathy which characterizes our people of fashion, and raises them above those mean passions that agitate the groundlings.

"One gentleman, indeed, is as affectedly unaffected as a man of the first world. By his saturnine cast of face, and contracted brow, he is evidently a profound critic, and much too wise to laugh. He must indisputably be a very great critic; for, like *Voltaire's Pococurante*, nothing can please him; and, while those around open every avenue of their minds to mirth, and are willing to be delighted, though they do not well know why, he analyzes the drama by the laws of Aristotle, and finding those laws are violated, determines that the author ought to be hissed, instead of being applauded. This it is to be so excellent a judge; this it is which gives a critic that exalted gratification which can never be attained by the illiterate,—the supreme power of pointing out faults, where others discern nothing but beauties, and preserving a rigid inflexibility of muscle, while the sides of the vulgar herd are shaking with laughter. These merry mortals, thinking with Plato that it is no proof of a good stomach to nauseate every aliment presented them, do not inquire too nicely into causes, but, giving full scope to their risibility, display a set of features more highly ludicrous than I ever saw in any other print. It is to be regretted that the artist has not given us some clue by which we might have known what was the play which so much delighted his audience: I should conjecture that it was either one of Shakspeare's comedies, or a modern tragedy. Sentimental comedy was not the fashion of that day.

"The three sedate musicians in the orchestra, totally engrossed by minims and crotchets, are an admirable contrast to the company in the pit."



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp.

GATES OF CALAIS.

Published by Longman, Hurst Rees & Orme, Jan^{y} 1st 1807.

GATE OF CALAIS.

O, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

"'Twas at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells;
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandsire's cook,
As home he steer'd, his carcass that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of famed sirloin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine;
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
And, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd;
And while the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd:

'O rare roast beef, lov'd by all mankind,
Was I but doom'd to have thee,
Well-dress'd, and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy;
Not all thy country's force combined,
Should from my fury save thee!

'Renown'd sirloin! oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad,
E'en kings on thee have deign'd to feed
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then how much must thy taste exceed
Soupe-maigre, frogs, and salad!'"

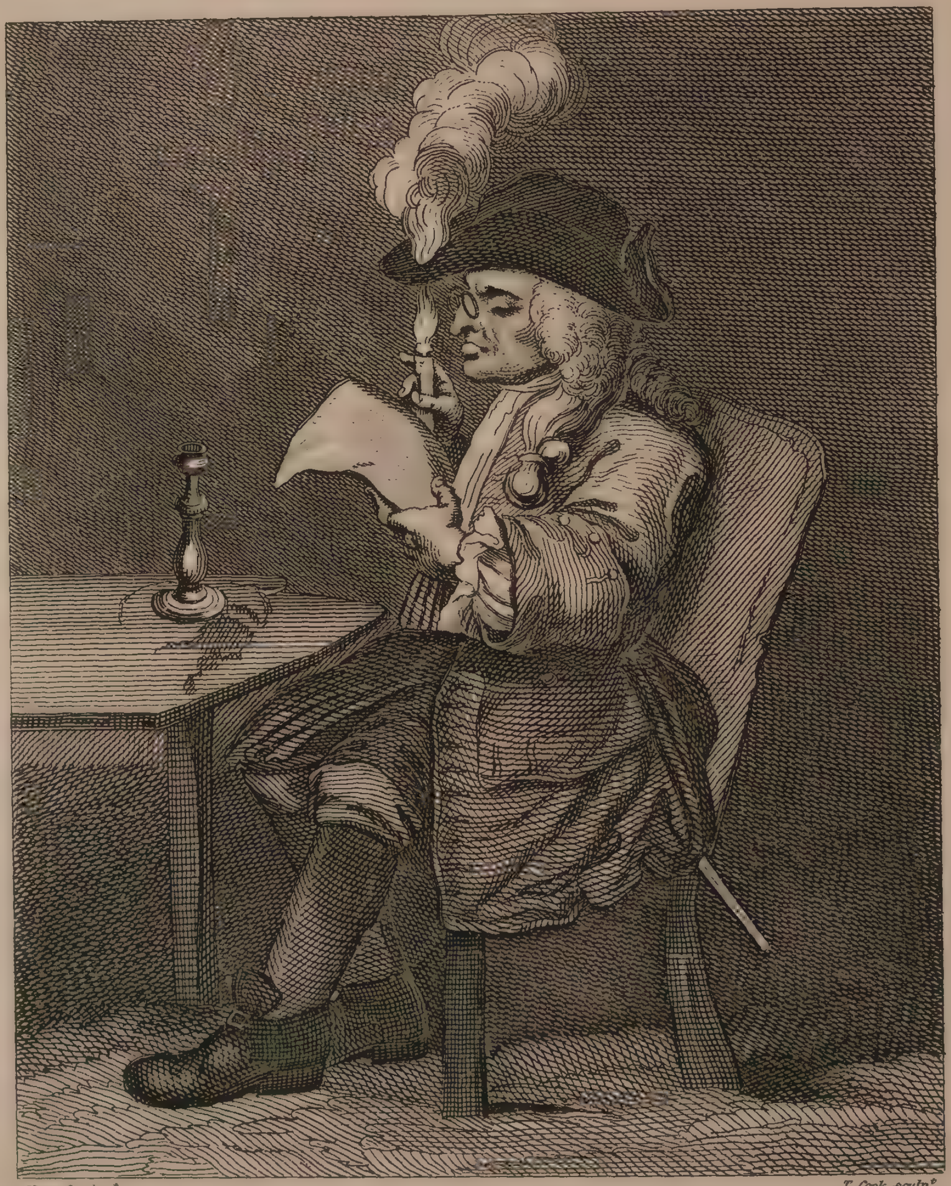
The thought on which this whimsical and highly-characteristic print is founded, originated in Calais, to which place Mr. Hogarth, accompanied by some of his friends, made an excursion, in the year 1747.

Extreme partiality for his native country was the leading trait of his character. He seems to have begun his three hours' voyage with a firm determination to be displeased at everything he saw out of Old England. For a meagre, powdered figure, hung with tatters, *à-la-mode de Paris,* to affect the airs of a coxcomb, and the importance of a sovereign, is ridiculous enough; but if it makes a man happy, why should he be laughed at? It must blunt the edge of ridicule, to see natural hilarity defy depression; and a whole nation laugh, sing, and dance under burdens that would nearly break the firm-knit sinews of a Briton. Such was the picture of France at that period, but it was a picture which our English satirist could not contemplate with common patience. The swarms of grotesque figures who paraded the streets excited his indignation, and drew forth a torrent of coarse abusive ridicule, not much to the honour of his liberality. He compared them to Callot's beggars—Lazarus on the painted cloth—the prodigal son—or any other object descriptive of extreme contempt. Against giving way to these effusions of national spleen in the open street, he was frequently cautioned, but advice had no effect; he treated admonition with scorn, and considered his monitor unworthy the name of Englishman. These satirical ebullitions were at length checked. Ignorant of the customs of France, and considering the gate of Calais merely as a piece of ancient architecture, he began to make a sketch. This was soon observed; he was seized as a spy, who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musqueteers to M. le Commandant. His sketch-book was examined, leaf by leaf, and found to contain drawings that had not the most distant relation to tactics. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, the governor, with great politeness, assured him, that had not a treaty between the nations been actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts: as it was, he must be permitted the privilege of providing him a few military attendants, who should do themselves the honour of waiting upon him, while he resided in the dominions of "the grand monarque." Two sentinels were then ordered to escort him to his hotel, from whence they conducted him to the vessel; nor did they quit their prisoner, until he was a league from shore; when, seizing him by the shoulders, and spinning him round upon the deck, they said he was now at liberty to pursue his voyage without further molestation.

So mortifying an adventure he did not like to hear recited, but has in this print recorded the circumstance which led to it. In one corner he has given a portrait of himself, making the drawing; and to show the moment of arrest, the hand of a serjeant is upon his shoulder.

The French sentinel is so situated, as to give some idea of a figure hanging in chains: his ragged shirt is trimmed with a pair of paper ruffles. The old woman, and a fish which she is pointing at, have a striking resemblance. The abundance of parsnips, and other vegetables, indicate what are the leading articles in a Lenten feast.

Mr. Pine, the painter, sat for the friar, and from thence acquired the title of Father Pine. This distinction did not flatter him, and he frequently requested that the countenance might be altered, but the artist peremptorily refused.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

THE POLITICIAN.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1809.

THE POLITICIAN.

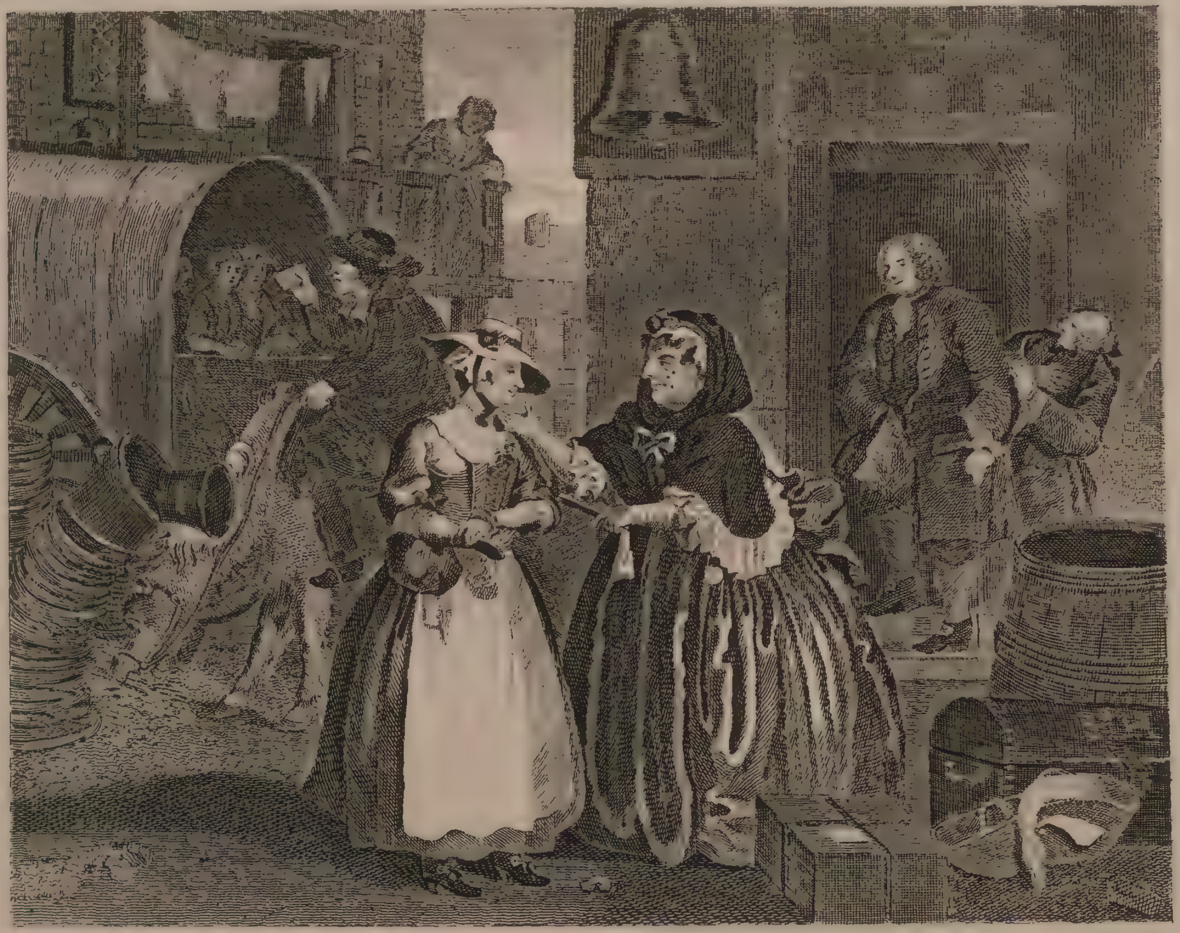
> "A politician should (as I have read)
> Be furnished in the first place with a head."

ONE of our old writers gives it as his opinion, that "there are onlie two subjects which are worthie the studie of a wise man," i. e. religion and politics. For the first, it does not come under inquiry in this print,—but certain it is, that too sedulously studying the second, has frequently involved its votaries in many most tedious and unprofitable disputes, and been the source of much evil to many well-meaning and honest men. Under this class comes the quidnunc here portrayed; it is said to be intended for a Mr. Tibson, laceman, in the Strand, who paid more attention to the affairs of Europe, than to those of his own shop. He is represented in a style somewhat similar to that in which Schalcken painted William the Third, —holding a candle in his right hand, and eagerly inspecting the Gazetteer of the day. Deeply interested in the intelligence it contains, concerning the flames that rage on the continent, he is totally insensible of domestic danger, and regardless of a flame, which, ascending to his hat,—

> "Threatens destruction to his three-tail'd wig."

From the tie-wig, stockings, high-quartered shoes, and sword, I should suppose it was painted about the year 1730, when street robberies were so frequent in the metropolis, that it was customary for men in trade to wear swords, not to preserve their religion and liberty from foreign invasion, but to defend their own pockets from "domestic collectors."

The original sketch Hogarth presented to his friend Forrest; it was etched by Sherwin, and published in 1775.



HARLOTS PROGRESS.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

"The snares are set, the plot is laid,
Ruin awaits thee,—hapless maid!
Seduction sly assails thine ear,
And *gloating, foul desire* is near;
Baneful and blighting are their smiles,
Destruction waits upon their wiles;
Alas! thy guardian angel sleeps,
Vice clasps her hands, and virtue weeps."

The general aim of historical painters, says Mr. Ireland, has been to emblazon some signal exploit of an exalted and distinguished character. To go through a series of actions, and conduct their hero from the cradle to the grave, to give a history upon canvass, and tell a story with the pencil, few of them attempted. Mr. Hogarth saw, with the intuitive eye of genius, that one path to the temple of fame was yet untrodden: he took nature for his guide, and gained the summit. He was the painter of nature; for he gave, not merely the ground-plan of the countenance, but marked the features with every impulse of the mind. He may be denominated the biographical dramatist of domestic life. Leaving those heroic monarchs who have blazed through their day with the destructive brilliancy of a comet, to their adulatory historians, he, like Lillo, has taken his scenes from humble life, and rendered them a source of entertainment, instruction, and morality.

This series of prints gives the history of a prostitute. The story commences with her arrival in London, where, initiated in the school of profligacy, she experiences the miseries consequent to her situation, and dies in the morning of life. Her variety of wretchedness forms such a picture of the way in which vice rewards her votaries, as ought to warn the young and inexperienced from entering this path of infamy.

The first scene of this domestic tragedy is laid at the Bell Inn, in Wood Street, and the heroine may possibly be daughter to the poor old clergyman who is reading the direction of a letter close to the York wagon, from which vehicle she has just alighted. In attire—neat, plain, unadorned; in demeanor—artless, modest, diffident: in the bloom of youth, and more distinguished by native innocence than elegant symmetry; her conscious blush, and downcast eyes, attract the attention of a female fiend, who panders to the vices of the opulent and libidinous. Coming out of the door of the inn, we discover two men, one of whom is eagerly gloating on the devoted victim. This is a portrait, and said to be a strong resemblance of Colonel Francis Chartres.

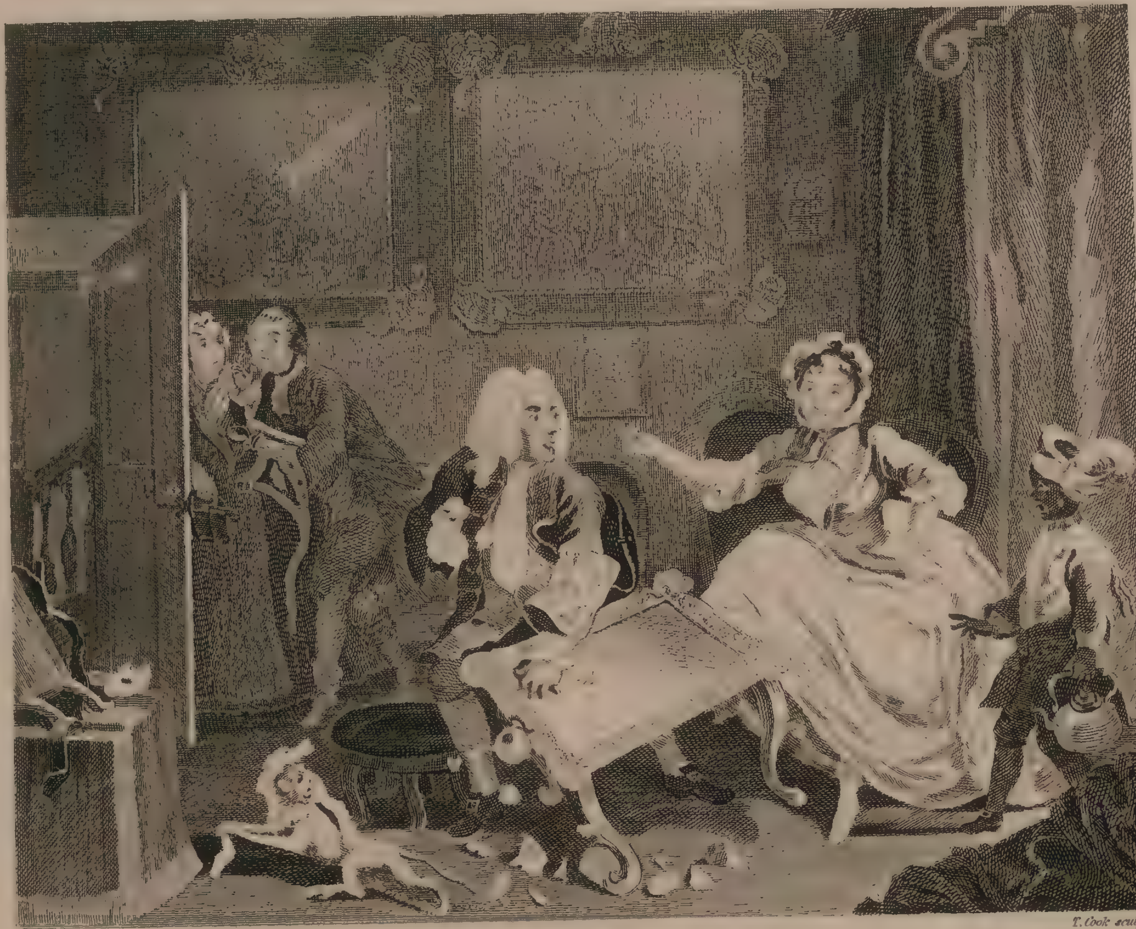
The old procuress, immediately after the girl's alighting from the wagon, addresses her with the familiarity of a friend, rather than the reserve of one who is to be her mistress.

Had her father been versed in even the first rudiments of physiognomy, he would have prevented her engaging with one of so decided an aspect: for this also is the portrait of a woman infamous in her day: but he, good, easy man, unsuspicious as Fielding's Parson Adams, is wholly engrossed in the contemplation of a superscription to a letter, addressed to the bishop of the diocese. So important an object prevents his attending to his daughter, or regarding the devastation occasioned by his gaunt and hungry Rozinante having snatched at the straw that packs up some earthenware, and produced

"The wreck of flower-pots, and the crash of pans!"

From the inn she is taken to the house of the procuress, divested of her homespun garb, dressed in the gayest style of the day; and the tender native hue of her complexion incrusted with paint, and disguised by patches. She is then introduced to Colonel Chartres, and by artful flattery and liberal promises, becomes intoxicated with the dreams of imaginary greatness. A short time convinces her of how light a breath these promises were composed. Deserted by her keeper, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for the pompous paraphernalia of prostitution, after being a short time protected by one of the tribe of Levi, she is reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets, for that precarious subsistence which flows from the drunken rake, or profligate debauchee. Here her situation is truly pitiable! Chilled by nipping frost and midnight dew, the repentant tear trickling on her heaving bosom, she endeavours to drown reflection in draughts of destructive poison. This, added to the contagious company of women of her own description, vitiates her mind, eradicates the native seeds of virtue, destroys that elegant and fascinating simplicity which gives additional charms to beauty, and leaves, in its place, art, affectation, and impudence.

Neither the painter of a sublime picture, nor the writer of an heroic poem, should introduce any trivial circumstances that are likely to draw the attention from the principal figures. Such compositions should form one great whole· minute detail will inevitably weaken their effect. But in little stories, which record the domestic incidents of familiar life, these accessary accompaniments, though trifling in themselves, acquire a consequence from their situation; they add to the interest, and realize the scene. In this, as in almost all that were delineated by Mr. Hogarth, we see a close regard paid to things as they then were; by which means his prints become a sort of historical record of the manners of the age.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

HARLOTS' PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme. Jan^y 1st 1807.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE II.

> "Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
> Thou shining, frail, adorn'd, but wretched thing?
> Old age will come; disease may come before,
> And twenty prove as fatal as threescore!"

Entered into the path of infamy, the next scene exhibits our young heroine the mistress of a rich Jew, attended by a black boy,* and surrounded with the pompous parade of tasteless profusion. Her mind being now as depraved as her person is decorated, she keeps up the spirit of her character by extravagance and inconstancy. An example of the first is exhibited by the monkey being suffered to drag her rich head-dress round the room, and of the second in the retiring gallant. The Hebrew is represented at breakfast with his mistress; but having come earlier than was expected, the favourite has not departed. To secure his retreat is an exercise for the invention of both mistress and maid. This is accomplished by the lady finding a pretence for quarrelling with the Jew, kicking down the tea-table, and scalding his legs, which, added to the noise of the china, so far engrosses his attention, that the paramour, assisted by the servant, escapes discovery.

The subjects of two pictures, with which the room is decorated, are David dancing before the ark, and Jonah seated under a gourd. They are placed there, not merely as circumstances which belong to Jewish story, but as a piece of covert ridicule on the old masters, who generally painted from the ideas of others, and repeated the same tale *ad infinitum*. On the toilet-table we discover a mask, which well enough intimates where she had passed part of the preceding night, and that masquerades, then a very fashionable amusement, were much frequented by women of this description; a sufficient reason for their being avoided by those of an opposite character.

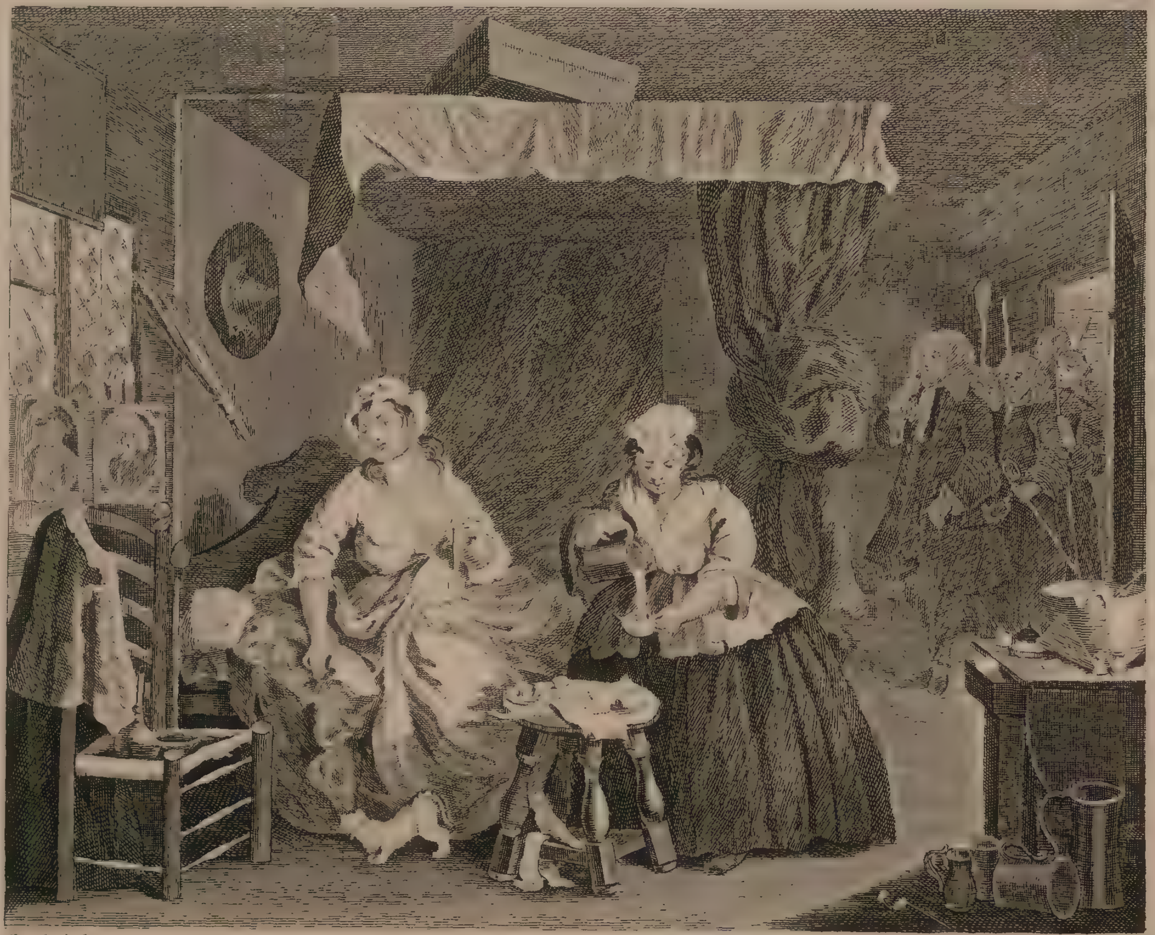
Under the protection of this disciple of Moses she could not remain long. Riches were his only attraction, and though profusely lavished on this unworthy object, her attachment was not to be obtained, nor could her constancy be secured; repeated acts of infidelity are punished by dismission; and her next situation shows, that like most of the sisterhood, she has lived without apprehension of the sunshine of life being darkened by the passing cloud, and made no provision for the hour of adversity.

---

* The attendant black boy gave the foundation of an ill-natured remark by Quin, when Garrick once attempted the part of Othello. "He pretend to play Othello!" said the surly satirist; "He pretend to play Othello! He wants nothing but the tea-kettle and lamp, to qualify him for Hogarth's Pompey."

In this print the characters are marked with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot, the astonishment of the Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table, the start of the black boy, the cautious trip of the ungartered and barefooted retreating gallant, and the sudden spring of the scalded monkey, are admirably expressed. To represent an object in its descent, has been said to be impossible; the attempt has seldom succeeded; but, in this print, the tea equipage really appears falling to the floor; and, in Rembrandt's Abraham's Offering, in the Houghton collection, now at Petersburg, the knife dropping from the hand of the patriarch appears in a falling state.

Quin compared Garrick in Othello to the black boy with the tea-kettle, a circumstance that by no means encouraged our Roscius to continue acting the part. Indeed, when his face was obscured, his chief power of expression was lost; and then, and not till then, was he reduced to a level with several other performers. It has been remarked, however, that Garrick said of himself, that when he appeared in Othello, Quin, he supposed, would say, "Here's Pompey! where's the tea-kettle?"



Hogarth pinx^t T. Cook sculp^t

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme May 1st 1807.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE III.

"Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On all thy future steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly."

We here see this child of misfortune fallen from her high estate! Her magnificent apartment is quitted for a dreary lodging in the purlieus of Drury-lane; she is at breakfast, and every object exhibits marks of the most wretched penury: her silver tea-kettle is changed for a tin pot, and her highly decorated toilet gives place to an old leaf table, strewed with the relics of the last night's revel, and ornamented with a broken looking-glass. Around the room are scattered tobacco-pipes, gin measures, and pewter pots; emblems of the habits of life into which she is initiated, and the company which she now keeps: this is farther intimated by the wig-box of James Dalton, a notorious street-robber, who was afterwards executed. In her hand she displays a watch, which might be either presented to her, or stolen from her last night's gallant. By the nostrums which ornament the broken window, we see that poverty is not her only evil.

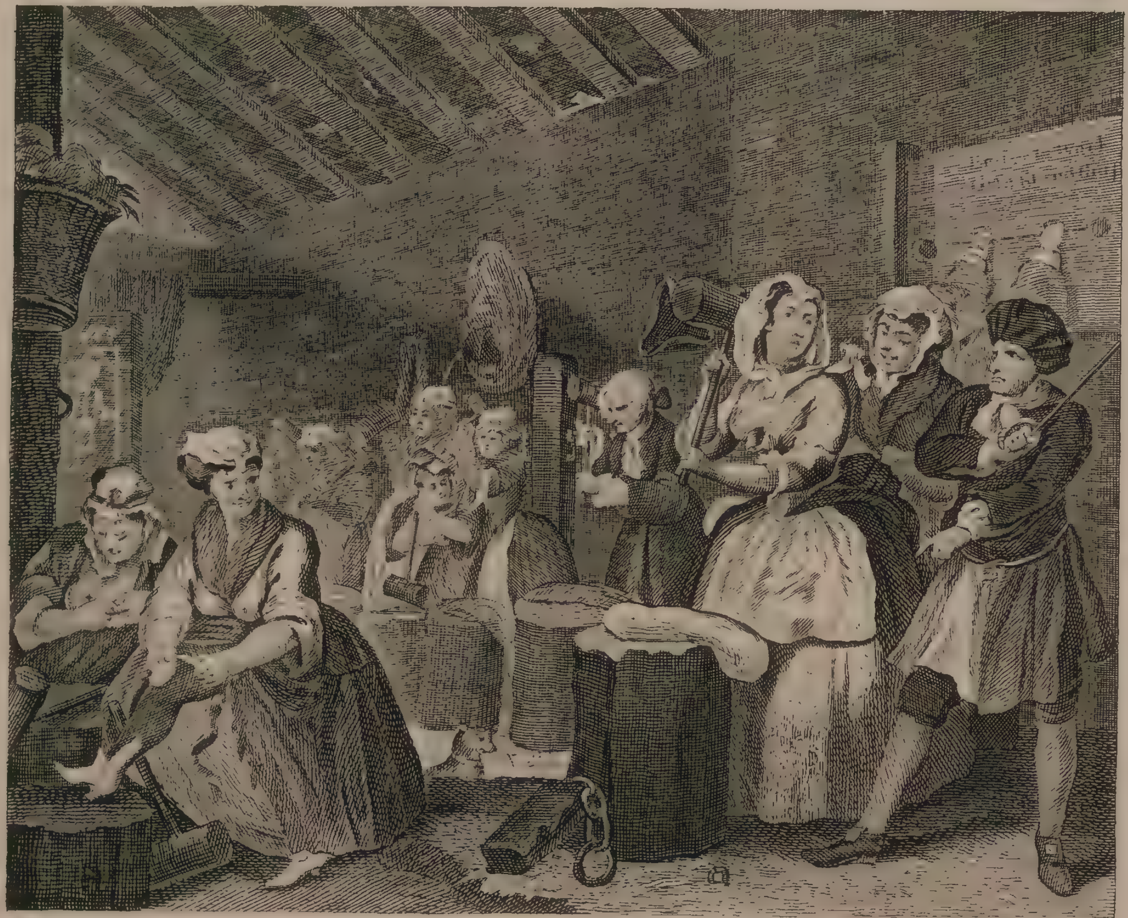
The dreary and comfortless appearance of every object in this wretched receptacle, the bit of butter on a piece of paper, the candle in a bottle, the basin upon a chair, the punch-bowl and comb upon the table, and the tobacco-pipes, &c., strewed upon the unswept floor, give an admirable picture of the style in which this pride of Drury-lane ate her matin meal. The pictures which ornament the room are, Abraham offering up Isaac, and a portrait of the Virgin Mary; Dr. Sacheverell and Macheath the highwayman, are companion prints. There is some whimsicality in placing the two ladies under a canopy, formed by the unnailed valance of the bed, and characteristically crowned by the wig-box of a highwayman.

When Theodore, the unfortunate king of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean-street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of their committee informed him, by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two of the society would wait upon his majesty with the money. To give his attic apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visiters entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of—kissing it!

A magistrate, cautiously entering the room, with his attendant constables, commits her to a house of correction, where our legislators wisely suppose that being confined to the improving conversation of her associates in vice, must have a powerful tendency towards the reformation of her manners. Sir John Gonson, a justice of peace, very active in the suppression of brothels, is the person represented. In *A View of the Town in* 1735, by T. Gilbert, fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, are the following lines:

> "Though laws severe to punish crimes were made,
> What honest man is of these laws afraid?
> All felons against judges will exclaim,
> As harlots tremble at a Gonson's name."

Pope has noticed him in his Imitation of Dr. Donne, and Loveling, in a very elegant Latin ode. Thus, between the poets and the painter, the name of this harlot-hunting justice is transmitted to posterity. He died on the 9th of January, 1765.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Jan^y 1st 1809.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE IV.

With pallid cheek and haggard eye,
And loud laments, and heartfelt sigh,
Unpitied, hopeless of relief,
She drinks the bitter cup of grief.

In vain the sigh, in vain the tear,
Compassion never enters here;
But justice clanks her iron chain,
And calls forth shame, remorse, and pain.

The situation in which the last plate exhibited our wretched female, was sufficiently degrading, but in this, her misery is greatly aggravated. We now see her suffering the chastisement due to her follies; reduced to the wretched alternative of beating hemp, or receiving the correction of a savage task-master. Exposed to the derision of all around, even her own servant, who is well acquainted with the rules of the place, appears little disposed to show any return of gratitude for recent obligations, though even her shoes, which she displays while tying up her garter, seem by their gaudy outside to have been a present from her mistress. The civil discipline of the stern keeper has all the severity of the old school. With the true spirit of tyranny, he sentences those who will not labour to the whipping-post, to a kind of picketing suspension by the wrists, or having a heavy log fastened to their leg. With the last of these punishments he at this moment threatens the heroine of our story, nor is it likely that his obduracy can be softened except by a well applied fee. How dreadful, how mortifying the situation! These accumulated evils might perhaps produce a momentary remorse, but a return to the path of virtue is not so easy as a departure from it.

To show that neither the dread nor endurance of the severest punishment will deter from the perpetration of crimes, a one-eyed female, close to the keeper, is picking a pocket. The torn card may probably be dropped by the well-dressed gamester, who has exchanged the dice-box for the mallet, and whose laced hat is hung up as a companion trophy to the hoop-petticoat.

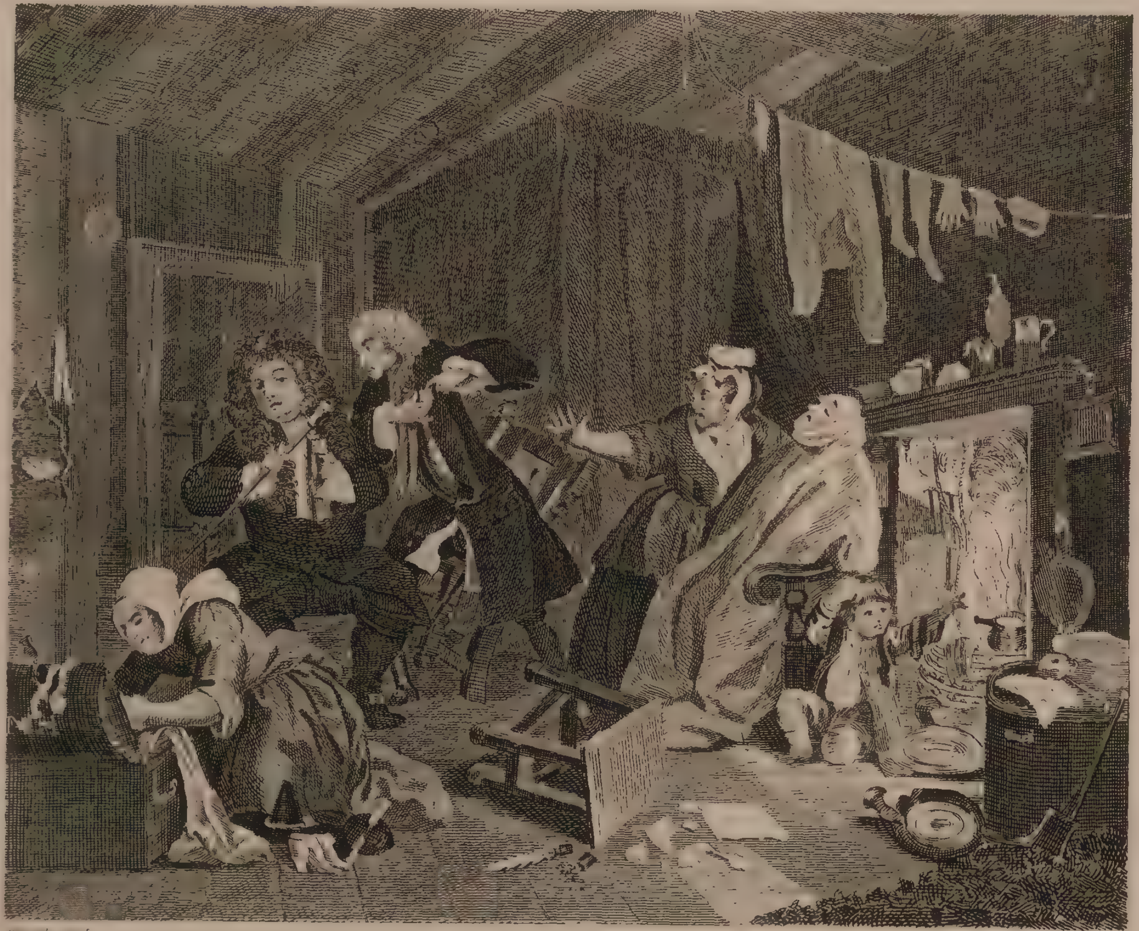
One of the girls appears scarcely in her teens. To the disgrace of our police, these unfortunate little wanderers are still suffered to take their nocturnal rambles in the most public streets of the metropolis. What heart so void of sensibility as not to heave a pitying sigh at their deplorable situation? Vice is not confined to colour, for a black woman is ludicrously exhibited as suffering the penalty of those frailties which are imagined peculiar to the fair.

The figure chalked as dangling upon the wall, with a pipe in his mouth, is intended as a caricatured portrait of Sir John Gonson, and probably the production of some would-be artist, whom the magistrate had committed to Bridewell, as a proper academy for the pursuit of his studies. The inscription upon the pillory, "Better to work than stand thus;" and that on the whipping-post near the laced gambler, "The reward of idleness," are judiciously introduced.

In this print the composition is good: the figures in the back-ground, though properly subordinate, are sufficiently marked; the lassitude of the principal character, well contrasted by the austerity of the rigid overseer. There is a fine climax of female debasement, from the gaudy heroine of our drama, to her maid, and from thence to the still object who is represented as destroying one of the plagues of Egypt.

Such well dressed females as our heroine, are rarely met with in our present houses of correction; but her splendid appearance is sufficiently warranted by the following paragraph in the Grub Street Journal of September 14th, 1730.

"One Mary Moffat, a woman of great note in the hundreds of Drury, who, about a fortnight ago, was committed to hard labour in Tothill-fields, Bridewell, by nine justices, brought his majesty's writ of *habeas corpus*, and was carried before the right honourable the Lord Chief Justice Raymond, expecting to have been either bailed or discharged; but her commitment appearing to be legal, his lordship thought fit to remand her back again to her former place of confinement, where she is now beating hemp in a gown very richly laced with silver."



Hogarth. pinx^t

T. Cook & Son sc.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme. July 1st 1808.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE V.

> With keen remorse, deep sighs, and trembling [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible] child of misery resigns her breath,
> [illegible] sinks, desponding, in the arms of death.

[illegible] Bridewell, we now see this victim to her own indiscretion [illegible] sad sigh, and expire in all the extremity of penury [illegible] quacks, whose injudicious treatment has proba[illegible]

[illegible]

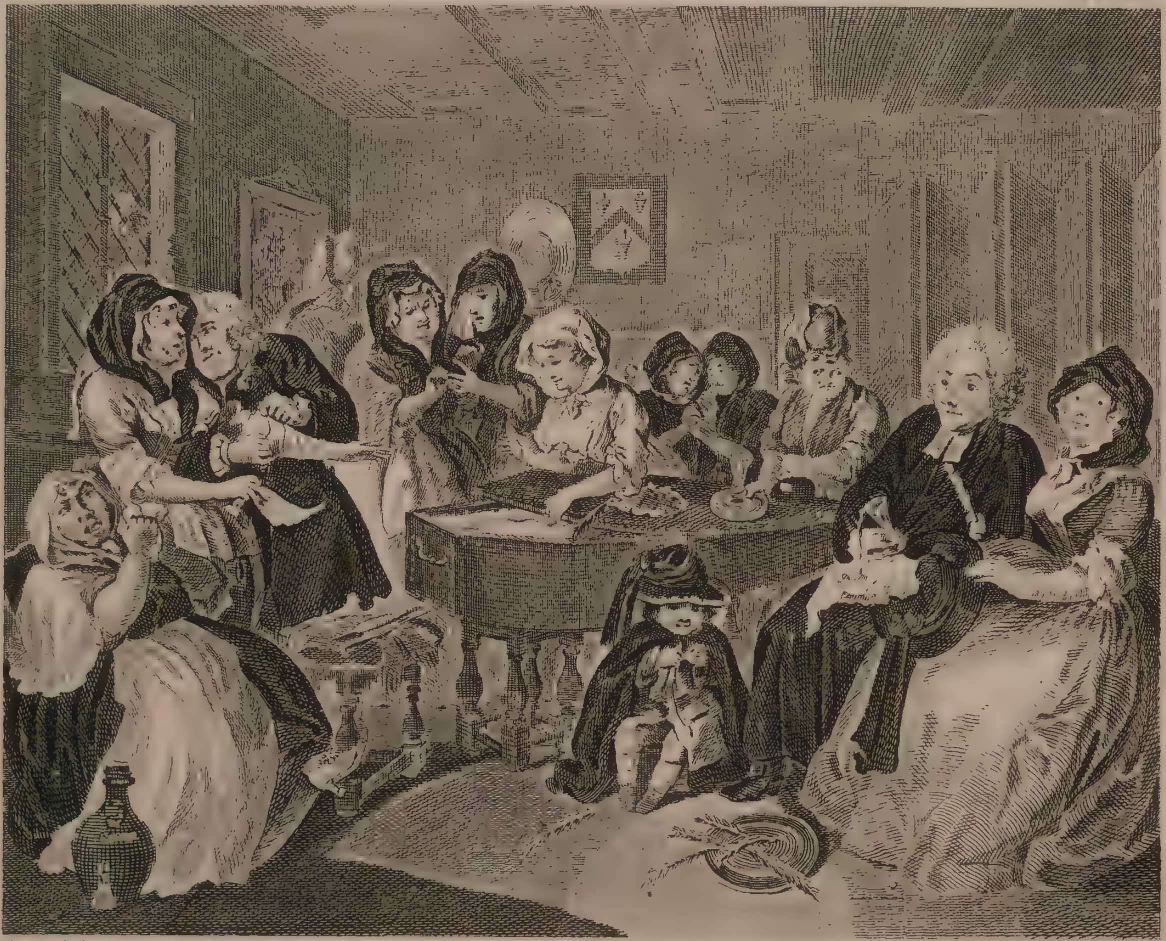
[illegible]

[illegible] bread, once perhaps the property of her [illegible] The initials of her name, M. H., are [illegible] *mori* to the next inhabitant. On [illegible] ce," at that time deemed a sort of [illegible]

A picture of general, and at this awful moment, indecent, confusion, is admirably represented. The noise of two enraged quacks disputing in bad English; the harsh, vulgar scream of the maidservant; the table falling, and the pot boiling over, must produce a combination of sounds dreadful and dissonant to the ear. In this pitiable situation, without a friend to close her dying eyes, or soften her sufferings by a tributary tear; forlorn, destitute, and deserted, the heroine of this eventful history expires! Her premature death, brought on by a licentious life, seven years of which had been devoted to debauchery and dissipation, and attended by consequent infamy, misery, and disease. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to the young and inexperienced, and proves this great, this important truth, that A DEVIATION FROM VIRTUE IS A DEPARTURE FROM HAPPINESS.

The emaciated appearance of the dying figure, the boy's thoughtless inattention, and the rapacious, unfeeling eagerness of the old nurse, are naturally and forcibly delineated.

The figures are well grouped; the curtain gives depth, and forms a good background to the doctor's head; the light is judiciously distributed, and each accompaniment highly appropriate.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook & Son sc.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Nov.r 1.st 1808.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE VI.

"No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By harlots' hands thy dying eyes were clos'd;
By harlots' hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By harlots' hands thy humble grave adorn'd;
By harlots honour'd, and by harlots mourn'd."

The adventures of our heroine are now concluded. She is no longer an actor in her own tragedy; and there are those who have considered this print as a farce at the end of it: but surely such was not the author's intention.

The ingenious writer of Tristram Shandy begins the life of his hero before he is born; the picturesque biographer of Mary Hackabout has found an opportunity to convey admonition, and enforce his moral, after her death. A wish usually prevails, even among those who are most humbled by their own indiscretion, that some respect should be paid to their remains; that their eyes should be closed by the tender hand of a surviving friend, and the tear of sympathy and regret shed upon the sod which covers their grave; that those who loved them living, should attend their last sad obsequies; and a sacred character read over them the awful service which our religion ordains, with the solemnity it demands. The memory of this votary of prostitution meets with no such marks of social attention, or pious respect. The preparations for her funeral are as licentious as the progress of her life, and the contagion of her example seems to reach all who surround her coffin. One of them is engaged in the double trade of seduction and thievery; a second is contemplating her own face in a mirror. The female who is gazing at the corpse, displays some marks of concern, and feels a momentary compunction at viewing the melancholy scene before her: but if any other part of the company are in a degree affected, it is a mere maudlin sorrow, kept up by glasses of strong liquor. The depraved priest does not seem likely to feel for the dead that hope expressed in our liturgy. The appearance and employment of almost every one present at this mockery of woe, is such as must raise disgust in the breast of any female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such an exhibition may not be displayed at her own funeral.

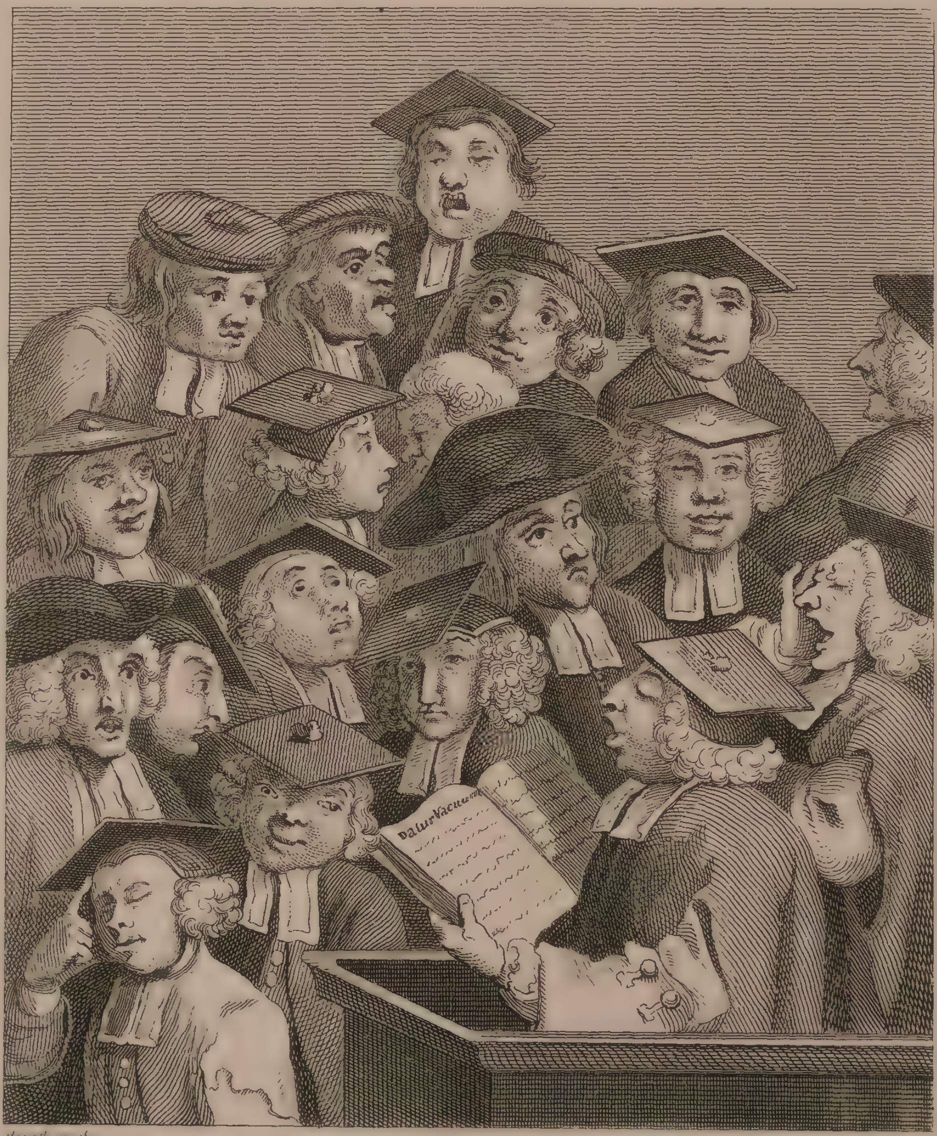
In this plate there are some local customs which mark the manners of the times when it was engraved, but are now generally disused, except in some of the provinces very distant from the capital; sprigs of rosemary were then given to each of the mourners: to appear at a funeral without one, was as great an indecorum as to be without a white handkerchief. This custom might probably originate at a time when the plague depopulated the metropolis, and rosemary was deemed an antidote against contagion. It must be acknowledged that there are also in this print some things which, though they gave the artist an opportunity of displaying his humour, are violations of propriety and customs: such is her child, but a few removes from infancy, being habited as chief mourner, to attend his parent to the grave; rings presented, and an escutcheon hung up, in a garret, at the funeral of a needy prostitute. The whole may be intended as a burlesque upon ostentatious and expensive funerals, which were then more customary than they are now. Mr. Pope has well ridiculed the same folly;

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who, living, sav'd a candle's end."

The figures have much characteristic discrimination; the woman looking into the coffin has more beauty than we generally see in the works of this artist. The undertaker's gloating stare, his companion's leer, the internal satisfaction of the parson and his next neighbour, are contrasted by the Irish howl of the woman at the opposite side, and evince Mr. Hogarth's thorough knowledge of the operation of the passions upon the features. The composition forms a good shape, has a proper depth, and the light is well managed.

Sir James Thornhill's opinion of this series may be inferred from the following circumstance. Mr. Hogarth had without consent married his daughter: Sir James, considering him as an obscure artist, was much displeased with the connexion. To give him a better opinion of his son-in-law, a common friend, one morning, privately conveyed the six pictures of the Harlot's Progress into his drawing-room. The veteran painter eagerly inquired who was the artist; and being told, cried out, "Very well! Very well indeed! The man who can paint such pictures as these, can maintain a wife without a portion." This was the remark of the moment; but he afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous.

When the publication was advertised, such was the expectation of the town, that above twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription book. When the prints appeared, they were beheld with astonishment. A subject so novel in the idea, so marked with genius in the execution, excited the most eager attention of the public. At a time when England was coldly inattentive to everything which related to the arts, so desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original, published, by permission of the author, for Thomas Bakewell. The whole series were copied on fan-mounts, representing the six plates, three on one side, and three on the other. It was transferred from the copper to the stage, in the form of a pantomime, by Theophilus Cibber; and again represented in a ballad opera, entitled, the Jew Decoyed; or, the Harlot's Progress.


Datur Vacuum

Hogarth pinx!

Cooke sculp!

THE LECTURE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1808.

THE LECTURE.

DATUR VACUUM.

"No wonder that science, and learning profound,
In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound,
When so many take thither a little each day,
And we see very few who bring any away."

I WAS once told by a fellow of a college, says Mr. Ireland, that he disliked Hogarth, because he had in this print ridiculed one of the Universities. I endeavoured to defend the artist, by suggesting that this was not intended as a picture of what Oxford is now, but of what it was in days long past: that it was that kind of general satire with which no one should be offended, &c., &c. His reply was too memorable to be forgotten. "Sir, the Theatre, the Bench, the College of Physicians, and the Foot Guards, are fair objects of satire; but those venerable characters who have devoted their whole lives to feeding the lamp of learning with hallowed oil, are too sacred to be the sport of an uneducated painter. Their unremitting industry embraced the whole circle of the sciences, and in their logical disputations they displayed an acuteness that their followers must contemplate with astonishment. The present state of Oxford it is not necessary for me to analyze, as you contend that the satire is not directed against that."

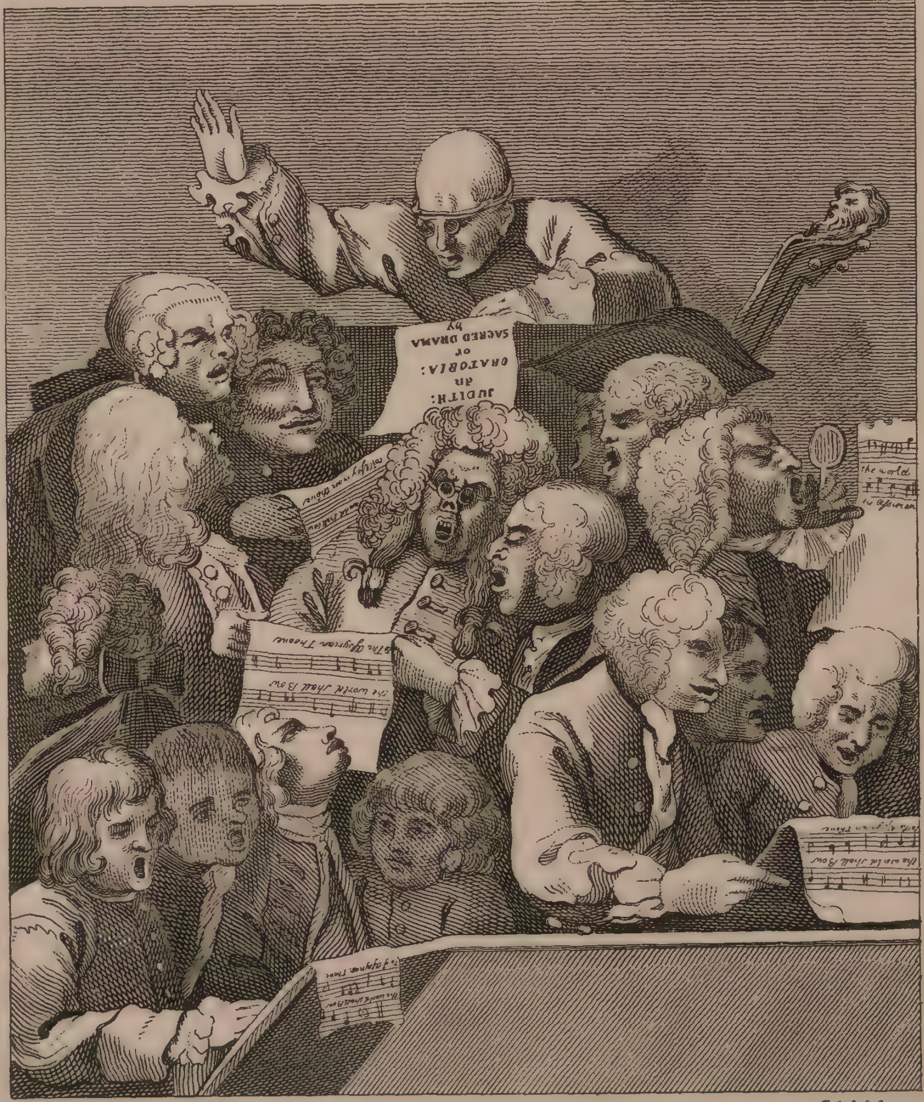
In answer to this observation, which was uttered with becoming gravity, a gentleman present remarked as follows. "For some of the ancient customs of this seminary of learning, I have much respect, but as to their dry treatises on logic, immaterial dissertations on materiality, and abstruse investigations of useless subjects, they are mere literary legerdemain. Their disputations being usually built on an undefinable chimera, are solved by a paradox. Instead of exercising their power of reason they exert their powers of sophistry, and divide and subdivide every subject with such casuistical minuteness, that those who are not convinced, are almost invariably confounded. This custom, it must be granted, is not quite so prevalent as it once was: a general spirit of reform is rapidly diffusing itself; and though I have heard cold-blooded declaimers assert, that these shades of science are becoming the retreats of ignorance, and the haunts of dissipation, I consider them as the great schools of urbanity, and favourite seats of the *belles lettres.* By the *belles lettres,* I mean history, biography, and poetry; that all these are universally cultivated, I can exemplify by the manner in which a highly accomplished young man, who is considered as a model by his fellow-collegians, divides his hours.

"At breakfast I found him studying the marvellous and eventful history of Baron Munchausen; a work whose periods are equally free from the long-winded obscurity of Tacitus, and the asthmatic terseness of Sallust. While his hair was dressing, he enlarged his imagination and improved his morals by studying Doctor what's his name's abridgment of Chesterfield's Principles of Politeness. To furnish himself with biographical information, and add to his stock of useful anecdote, he studied the Lives of the Highwaymen; in which he found many opportunities of exercising his genius and judgment in drawing parallels between the virtues and exploits of these modern worthies, and those dignified, and almost deified ancient heroes whose deeds are recorded in Plutarch and Nepos.

"With poetical studies, he is furnished by the English operas, which, added to the prologues, epilogues, and odes of the day, afford him higher entertainment than he could find in Homer or Virgil: he has not stored his memory with many epigrams, but of puns has a plentiful stock, and in *conundra* is a wholesale dealer. At the same college I know a most striking contrast, whose reading"—But as his opponent would hear no more, my advocate dropped the subject; and I will follow his example.

It seems probable, that when the artist engraved this print, he had only a general reference to a university lecture; the words *datur vacuum* were an afterthought. Some prints are without the inscription, and in some of the early impressions it is written with a pen.

The scene is laid at Oxford, and the person reading, universally admitted to be a Mr. Fisher, of Jesus College, *registrat* of the university, with whose consent this portrait was taken, and who lived until the 18th of March, 1761. That he should wish to have such a face handed down to posterity, in such company, is rather extraordinary, for all the band, except one man, have been steeped in the stream of stupidity. This gentleman has the profile of penetration; a projecting forehead, a Roman nose, thin lips, and a long pointed chin. His eye is bent on vacancy: it is evidently directed to the moon-faced idiot that crowns the pyramid, at whose round head, contrasted by a cornered cap, he with difficulty suppresses a laugh. Three fellows on the right hand of this fat, contented "first-born transmitter of a foolish face," have most degraded characters, and are much fitter for the stable than the college. If they ever read, it must be in Bracken's Farriery, or the Country Gentleman's Recreation. The square-capped students a little beneath the top, one of whom is holding converse with an adjoining profile, and the other lifting up his eyebrows, and staring without sight, have the same misfortune that attended our first James—their tongues are rather too large. A figure in the left-hand corner has shut his eyes to think; and having, in his attempt to separate a syllogism, placed the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, has fallen asleep. The professor, a little above the book, endeavours by a projection of his under lip to assume importance; such characters are not uncommon: they are more solicitous to look wise, than to be so. Of Mr. Fisher it is not necessary to say much: he sat for his portrait, for the express purpose of having it inserted in the Lecture!—We want no other testimony of his talents.


JUDITH: an ORATORIA: or SACRED DRAMA by
the world shall bow
to Assyrian Throne
the world shall bow
to Assyrian Throne

Hogarth pinx!

T Cook & Son sc.

ORATORIO OF JUDITH.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme. Novr 1st 1808.

THE CHORUS.

REHEARSAL OF THE ORATORIO OF JUDITH.

"O *cara, cara!* silence all that train,
Joy to great *chaos!* let division reign."

The Oratorio of Judith, Mr. Ireland observes, was written by Esquire William Huggins, honoured by the music of William de Fesch, aided by new painted scenery, and *magnifique* decoration, and in the year 1733 brought upon the stage. As De Fesch* was a German and a genius, we may fairly presume it was well set; and there was at that time, as at this, a sort of musical mania, that paid much greater attention to sounds than to sense; notwithstanding all these points in her favour, when the Jewish heroine had made her theatrical *debut,* and so effectually smote Holofernes,

——" As to sever
His head from his great trunk for ever and for ever,"

the audience compelled her to make her exit. To set aside this partial and unjust decree, Mr. Huggins appealed to the public, and printed his oratorio. Though it was adorned with a frontispiece designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Vandergucht, the world could not be compelled to read, and the unhappy writer had no other resource than the consolatory reflection, that his work was superlatively excellent, but unluckily printed in a tasteless age; a comfortable and solacing self-consciousness, which hath, I verily believe, prevented many a great genius from becoming his own executioner.

---

* He was a respectable performer on the violin, some years chapel-master at Antwerp, and several seasons leader of the band at Marybone Gardens. He published a collection of musical compositions, to which was annexed a portrait of himself, characterized by three lines from Milton:

" Thou honour'dst verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st her happiest lines in hymn or song."

He died in 1750, aged seventy years, and gives one additional name to a catalogue I have somewhere seen of very old professors of music, who, saith my author, "generally live unto a greater age than persons in any other way of life, from their souls being so attuned unto harmony, that they enjoy a perpetual peace of mind." It has been observed, and I believe justly, that thinking is a great enemy to longevity, and that, consequently, they who think least will be likely to live longest. The quantity of thought necessary to make an adept in this divine science, must be determined by those who have studied it.—It would seem by this remark, that Mr. Ireland was not aware that to acquire proficiency in the divine science to which he so pleasantly alludes, requires great application and study.

To paint a sound is impossible; but as far as art can go towards it, Hogarth has gone in this print. The tenor, treble, and bass of these ear-piercing choristers are so decisively discriminated, that we all but hear them.

The principal figure, whose head, hands, and feet are in equal agitation, has very properly tied on his spectacles; it would have been prudent to have tied on his periwig also, for by the energy of his action he has shaken it from his head, and, absorbed in an eager attention to true time, is totally unconscious of his loss.

A gentleman—pardon me, I meant a singer—in a bag wig, immediately beneath his uplifted hand, I suspect to be of foreign growth. It has the engaging air of an importation from Italy.

The little figure in the sinister corner, is, it seems, intended for a Mr. Tothall, a woollen-draper, who lived in Tavistock-court, and was Hogarth's intimate friend.

The name of the performer on his right hand,

—— "Whose growling bass
Would drown the clarion of the braying ass,"

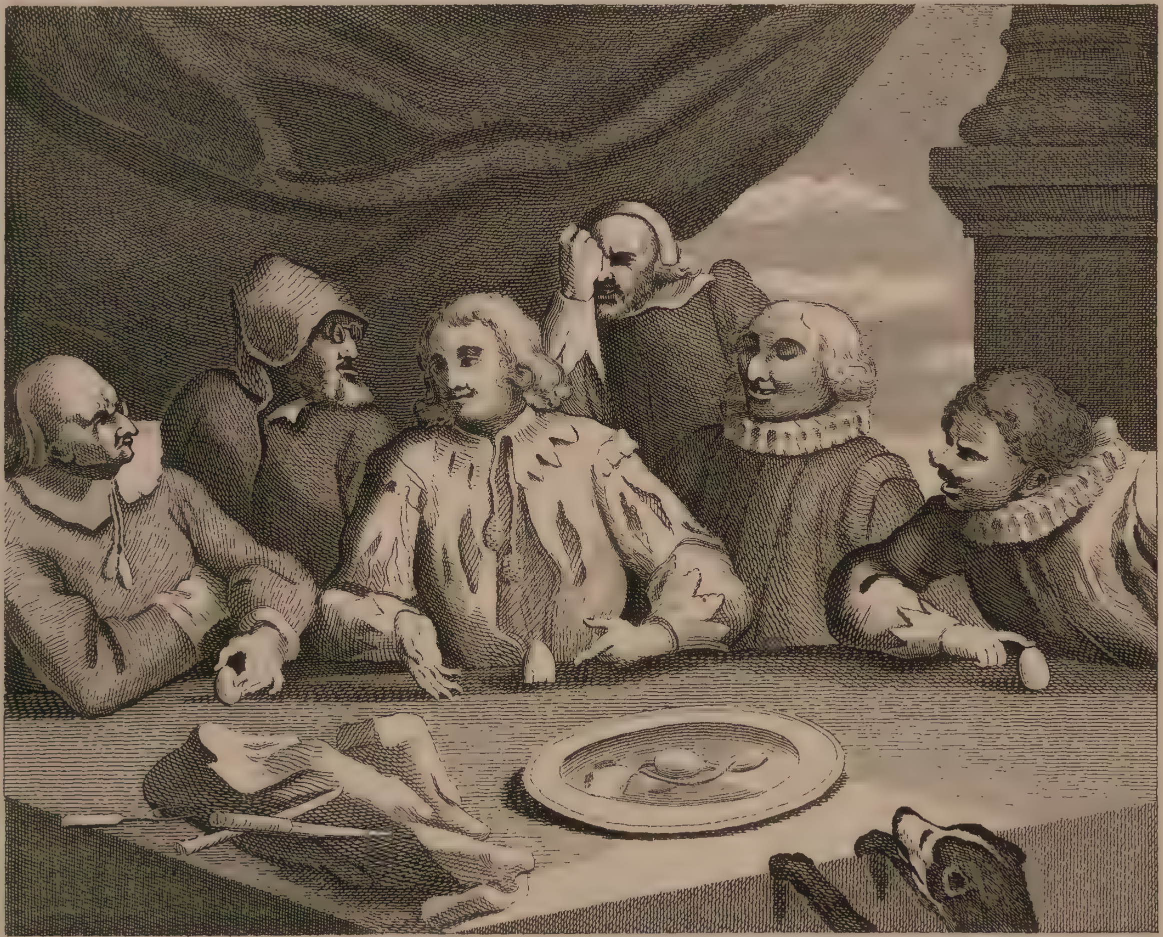
I cannot learn, nor do I think that this group were meant for particular portraits, but a general representation of the violent distortions into which these crotchet-mongers draw their features on such solemn occasions.

Even the head of the bass-viol has air and character: by the band under the chin, it gives some idea of a professor, or what is, I think, called a Mus. D.

The words now singing, "The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne," are extracted from Mr. Huggins's oratorio; the etching is in a most masterly style, and was originally given as a subscription ticket to the Modern Midnight Conversation.

I have seen a small political print on Sir Robert Walpole's administration, entitled, "Excise, a new Ballad Opera," of which this was unquestionably the basis. Beneath it is the following learned and poetical motto:

"*Experto crede Roberto.*"
"Mind how each hireling songster tunes his throat,
And the vile knight beats time to every note:
So Nero sung while Rome was all in flames,
But time shall brand with infamy their names."



Hogarth pinx^t

T Cook sculp^t

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^r 1st 1807.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.

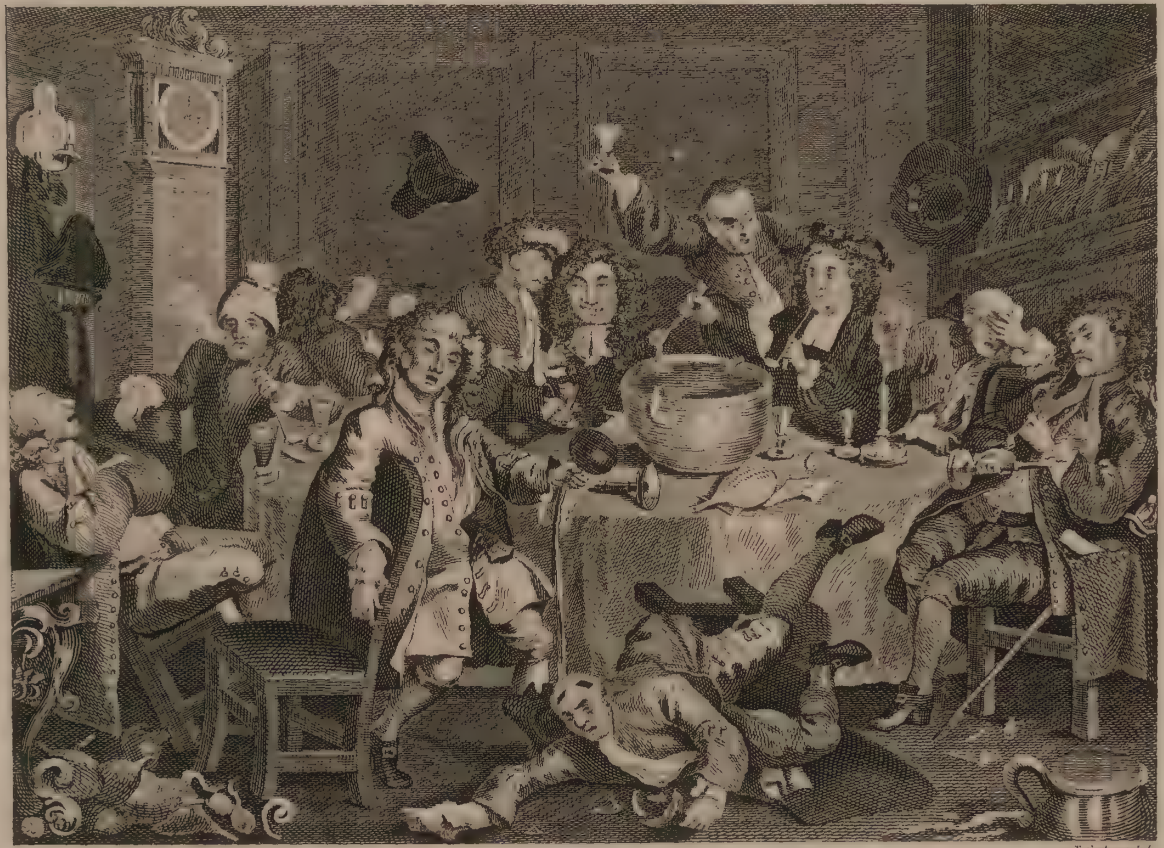
By the success of Columbus's first voyage, doubt had been changed into admiration; from the honours with which he was rewarded, admiration degenerated into envy. To deny that his discovery carried in its train consequences infinitely more important than had resulted from any made since the creation, was impossible. His enemies had recourse to another expedient, and boldly asserted that there was neither wisdom in the plan, nor hazard in the enterprise.

When he was once at a Spanish supper, the company took this ground, and being by his narrative furnished with the reflections which had induced him to undertake his voyage, and the course that he had pursued in its completion, sagaciously observed, that "it was impossible for any man, a degree above an idiot, to have failed of success. The whole process was so obvious, it must have been seen by a man who was half blind! Nothing could be so easy!"

"It is not difficult now I have pointed out the way," was the answer of Columbus: "but easy as it will appear when you are possessed of my method, I do not believe that, without such instruction, any person present could place one of these eggs upright on the table." The cloth, knives, and forks were thrown aside, and two of the party, placing their eggs as required, kept them steady with their fingers. One of them swore there could be no other way. "We will try," said the navigator; and giving an egg, which he held in his hand, a smart stroke upon the table, it remained upright. The emotions which this excited in the company are expressed in their countenances. In the be-ruffed booby at his left hand it raises astonishment; he is a DEAR ME! man, of the same family with Sterne's Simple Traveller, and came from Amiens only yesterday. The fellow behind him, beating his head, curses his own stupidity; and the whiskered ruffian, with his fore-finger on the egg, is in his heart cursing Columbus. As to the two veterans on the other side, they have lived too long to be agitated with trifles: he who wears a cap, exclaims, "Is this all!" and the other, with a bald head, "By St. Jago, I did not think of that!" In the face of Columbus there is not that violent and excessive triumph which is exhibited by little characters on little occasions; he is too elevated to be overbearing; and, pointing to the conical solution of his problematical conundrum, displays a calm superiority, and silent internal contempt.

Two eels, twisted round the eggs upon the dish, are introduced as specimens of the line of beauty; which is again displayed upon the table-cloth, and hinted at on the knife-blade. In all these curves there is peculiar propriety; for the etching was given as a receipt-ticket to the Analysis, where this favourite undulating line forms the basis of his system.

In the print of Columbus, there is evident reference to the criticisms on what Hogarth called his own discovery; and in truth the connoisseurs' remarks on the painter were dictated by a similar spirit to those of the critics on the navigator: they first asserted there was no such line, and when he had proved that there was, gave the honour of discovery to Lomazzo, Michael Angelo, &c., &c.



Hogarth pinx.t T. Cook sculp.t

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

Published by Longman, Hurst Rees & Orme Nov.r 1.st 1806

A MODERN MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

"Think not to find one meant resemblance there;
We lash the vices, but the persons spare.
Prints should be prized as authors should be read,
Who sharply smile prevailing folly dead.
So Rabelais laugh'd, and so Cervantes thought;
So nature dictated what art has taught."

Notwithstanding this inscription, which was engraved on the plate some time after its publication, it is very certain that most of these figures were intended for individual portraits; but Mr. Hogarth, not wishing to be considered as a personal satirist, and fearful of making enemies among his contemporaries, would never acknowledge who were the characters. Some of them the world might perhaps mistake; for though the author was faithful in delineating whatever he intended to portray, complete intoxication so far caricatures the countenance, that, according to the old, though trite proverb, "the man is not himself." His portrait, though given with the utmost fidelity, will scarcely be known by his most intimate friends, unless they have previously seen him in this degrading disguise. Hence, it becomes difficult to identify men whom the painter did not choose to point out at the time; and a century having elapsed, it becomes impossible; for all who composed the group, with the artist by whom it was delineated,

Shake hands with dust, and call the worm their kinsman.

Mrs. Piozzi was of opinion that the divine with a cork-screw, occasionally used as a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger, was the portrait of parson Ford, Dr. Johnson's uncle; though, upon the authority of Sir John Hawkins, of anecdotish memory, it has been generally supposed to be intended for Orator Henley. As both these worthies were distinguished by that rubicundity of face with which it is marked, the reader may decree the honour of a sitting to which he pleases.

The roaring bacchanalian who stands next him, waving his glass in the air, has pulled off his wig, and, in the zeal of his friendship, crowns the divine's head. He is evidently drinking destruction to fanatics, and success to mother church, or a mitre to the jolly parson whom he addresses.

The lawyer, who sits near him, is a portrait of one Kettleby, a vociferous bar orator, who, though an utter barrister, chose to distinguish himself by wearing an enormous full-bottom wig, in which he is here represented. He was farther remarkable for a diabolical squint, and a satanic smile.

A poor maudlin miserable, who is addressing him, when sober, must be a fool; but, in this state, it would puzzle Lavater to assign him a proper class. He seems endeavouring to demonstrate to the lawyer, that, in a poi—poi—point of law, he has been most cruelly cheated, and lost a cau—cau—cause, that he ought to have got,—and all this was owing to his attorney being an infernal villain. This may very probably be true; for the poor man's tears show that, like the person relieved by the good Samaritan, he has been among thieves. The barrister grins horribly at his misfortunes, and tells him he is properly punished for not employing a gentleman.

Next to him sits a gentleman in a black periwig. He politely turns his back to the company, that he may have the pleasure of smoking a sociable pipe.

The justice, "in fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,"—the justice, having hung up his hat, wig, and cloak, puts on his nightcap, and, with a goblet of superior capacity before him, sits in solemn cogitation. His left elbow supported by the table, and his right by a chair, with a pipe in one hand, and a stopper in the other, he puffs out the bland vapour with the dignity of an alderman, and fancies himself as great as Jupiter, seated upon the summit of Mount Olympus, enveloped by the thick cloud which his own breath has created.

With folded arms and open mouth, another leans back in his chair. His wig is dropped from his head, and he is asleep; but though speechless, he is sonorous; for you clearly perceive that, where nasal sounds are the music, he is qualified to be leader of the band.

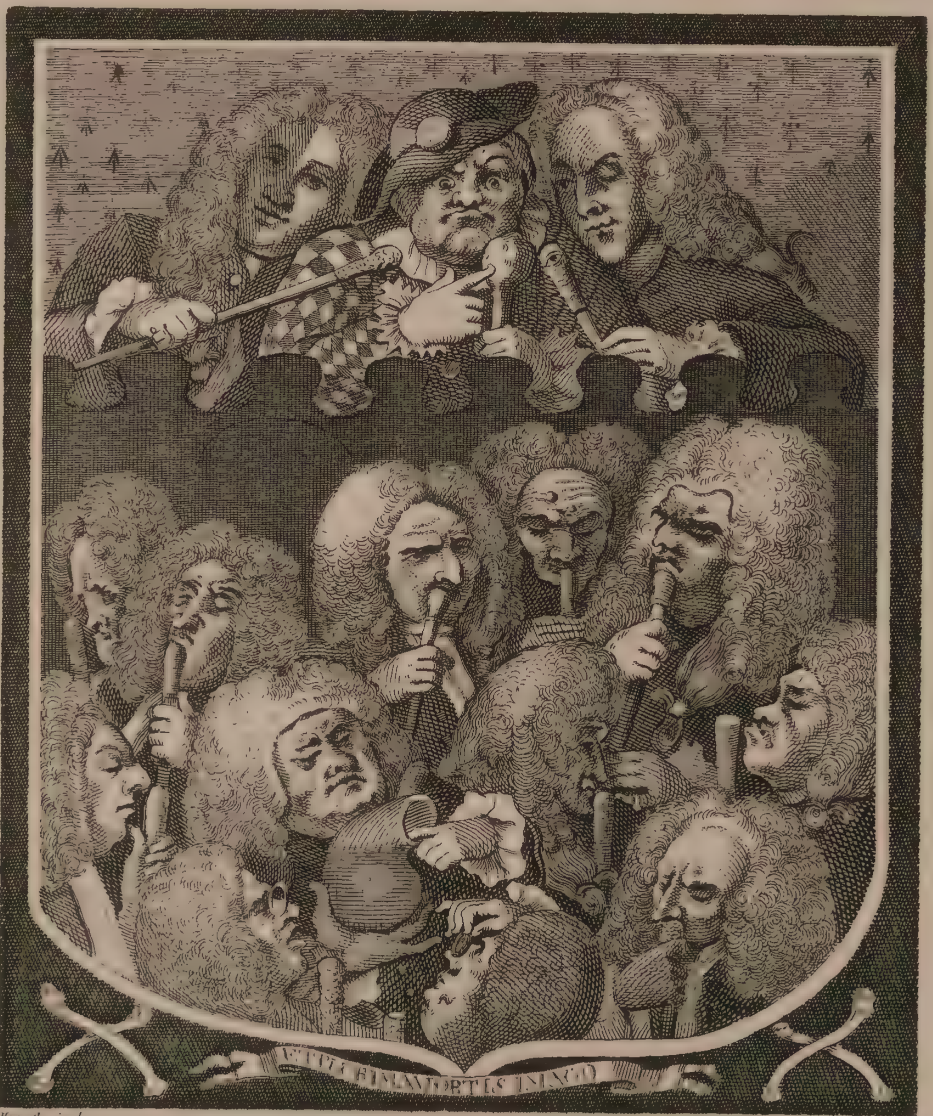
The fallen hero, who with his chair and goblet has tumbled to the floor, by the cockade in his hat, we suppose to be an officer. His forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. To wash his wounds, and cool his head, the staggering apothecary bathes it with brandy.

A gentleman in the corner, who, from having the Craftsman and London Evening in his pocket, we determine to be a politician, very unluckily mistakes his ruffle for the bowl of his pipe, and sets fire to it.

The person in a bag-wig and solitaire, with his hand upon his head, would not now pass for a fine gentleman, but in the year 1735, was a complete beau. Unaccustomed to such joyous company, he appears to have drunk rather more than agrees with him.

The company consists of eleven, and on the chimney-piece, floor and table, are three and twenty empty flasks. These, added to a bottle which the apothecary holds in his hand, prove that this select society have not lost a moment. The overflowing bowl, full goblets, and charged glasses, prove that they think, "'Tis too early to part," though the dial points to four in the morning.

The different degrees of drunkenness are well discriminated, and its effects admirably described. The poor simpleton, who is weeping out his woes to honest lawyer Kettleby, it makes mawkish; the beau it makes sick; and the politician it stupifies. One is excited to roaring, and another lulled to sleep. It half closes the eyes of justice, renders the footing of physic unsure, and lays prostrate the glory of his country, and the pride of war.


ET PLURIMA MORTIS IMAGO

Hogarth pinx! *T. Cook sculp!*

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan! 1st 1809.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS,

THE UNDERTAKERS' ARMS.

THIS plate is designed, with much humour, according to the rules of heraldry, and is called The Undertakers' Arms, to show us the connexion between death and the quack doctor, as are also those cross-bones on the outside of the escutcheon. When an undertaker is in want of business, he cannot better apply than to some of those gentlemen of the faculty, who are, for the most part, so charitably disposed, as to supply the necessities of these sable death-hunters, and keep them from starving in a healthy time. By the tenor of this piece, Mr. Hogarth would intimate the general ignorance of such of the medical tribe, and teach us that they possess little more knowledge than their voluminous wigs and golden-headed canes. They are represented in deep consultation upon the contents of a urinal. Our artist's own illustration of this coat of arms, as he calls it, is as follows: "The company of undertakers beareth, sable, an urinal, proper between twelve quack heads of the second, and twelve cane heads, or, consultant. On a chief, *Nebulæ*, ermine, one complete doctor, issuant, checkie, sustaining in his right hand a baton of the second. On the dexter and sinister sides, two demi-doctors, issuant of the second, and two cane heads, issuant of the third; the first having one eye, couchant, towards the dexter side of the escutcheon; the second faced, per pale, proper, and gules guardant. With this motto *Et plurima mortis imago.* The general image of death."

It has been said of the ancients, that they began by attempting to make physic a science, and failed; of the moderns, that they began by attempting to make it a trade, and succeeded. This company are moderns to a man, and, if we may judge of their capacities by their countenances, are indeed a most sapient society. Their practice is very extensive, and they go about taking guineas,

Far as the weekly bills can reach around,
From Kent street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound.

Many of them are unquestionably portraits, but as these grave and sage descendants of Galen are long since gone to that place where they before sent their patients, we are unable to ascertain any of them, except the three who are, for distinction, placed in the chief, or most honourable part of the escutcheon. Those who, from their exalted situation, we may naturally conclude the most distinguished and sagacious leeches of their day, have marks too obtrusive to be mistaken. He towards the dexter side of the escutcheon is determined by an eye in the head of his cane to be the all-accomplished Chevalier Taylor, in whose marvellous and surprising history, written by his own hand, and published in 1761, are recorded such events relative to himself and others, as have excited more astonishment than that incomparable romance, Don Belianis of Greece, the Arabian Nights, or Sir John Mandeville's Travels.

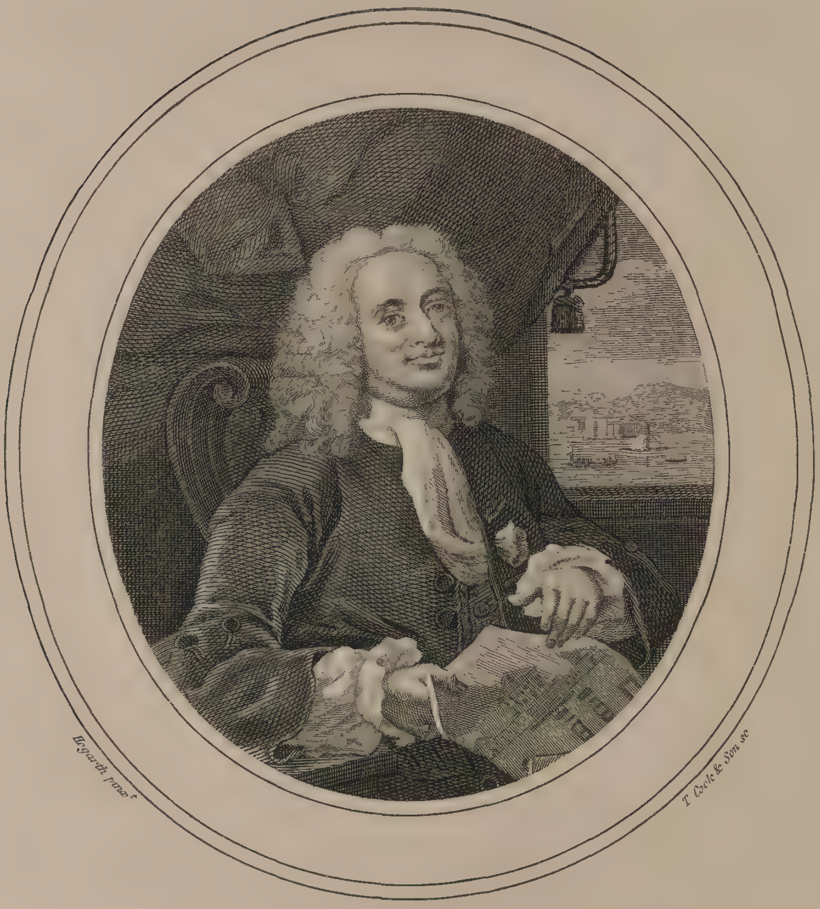
The centre figure, arrayed in a harlequin jacket, with a bone, or what the painter denominates a baton, in the right hand, is generally considered designed for Mrs. Mapp, a masculine woman, daughter to one Wallin, a bone-setter at Hindon, in Wiltshire. This female Thalestris, incompatible as it may seem with her sex, adopted her father's profession, travelled about the country, calling herself Crazy Sally; and, like another Hercules, did wonders by strength of arm.

On the sinister side is Dr. Ward, generally called Spot Ward, from his left cheek being marked with a claret colour. This gentleman was of a respectable family, and though not highly educated, had talents very superior to either of his coadjutors.

For the chief, this must suffice; as for the twelve quack heads, and twelve cane heads, or, consultant, united with the cross bones at the corners, they have a most mortuary appearance, and do indeed convey a general image of death.

In the time of Lucian, a philosopher was distinguished by three things,—his avarice, his impudence, and his beard. In the time of Hogarth, medicine was a mystery, and there were three things which distinguished the physician,—his gravity, his cane-head, and his periwig. With these leading requisites, this venerable party are most amply gifted. To specify every character is not necessary; but the upper figure on the dexter side, with a wig like a weeping willow, should not be overlooked. His lemon-like aspect must curdle the blood of all his patients. In the countenances of his brethren there is no want of acids; but, however sour, each individual was in his day,

> ———— a doctor of renown,
> To none but such as rust in health unknown;
> And, save or slay, this privilege they claim,
> Or death, or life, the bright reward's the same.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

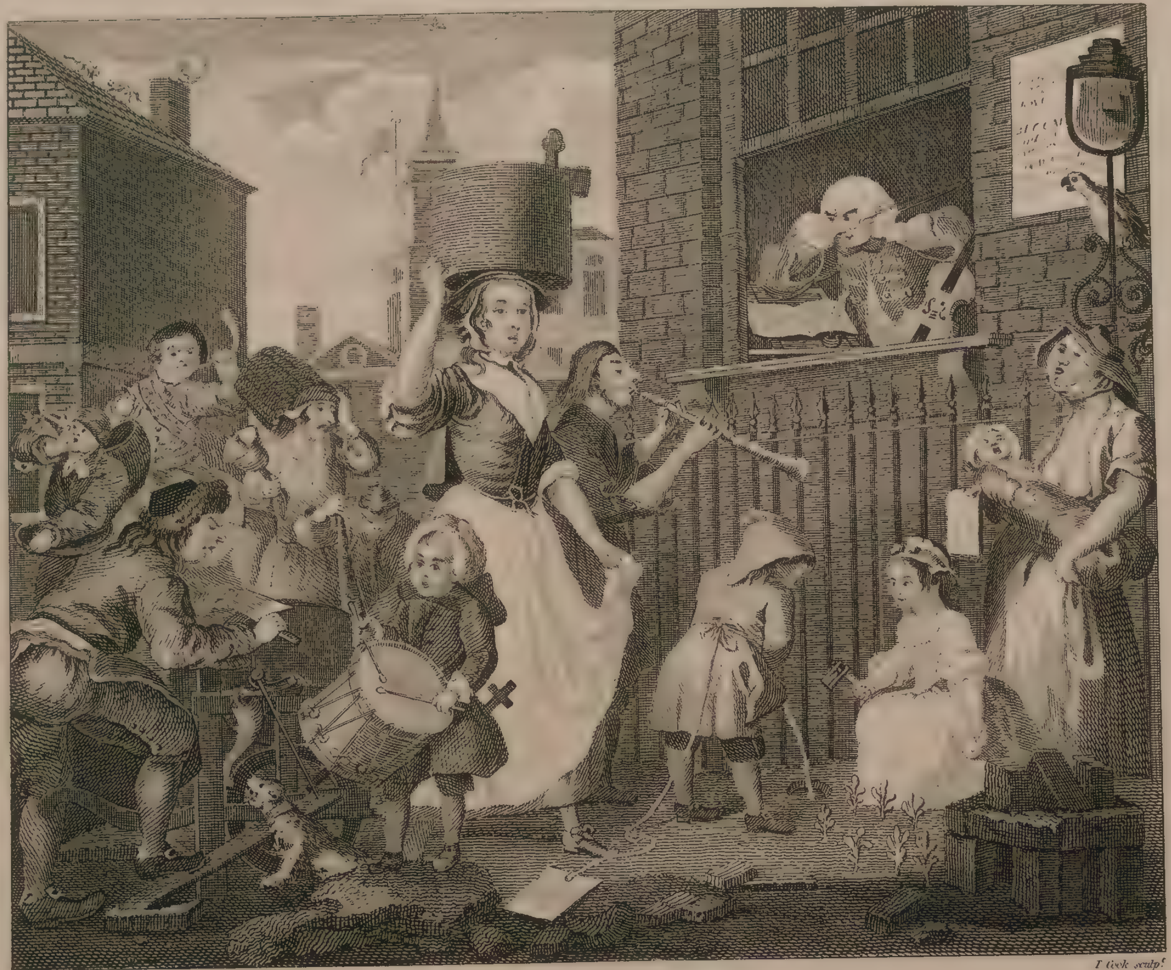
T Cook & Son sc

DANIEL LOCK ESQ^{R}.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, August 2^{d}. 1808.

DANIEL LOCK, ESQ., F. A. S.

Daniel Lock was an architect of some eminence. He retired from business with an ample fortune, lived in Surrey-street, and was buried in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. This portrait was originally engraved by J. M'Ardell, from a painting by Hogarth, and is classed among the productions of our artist that are of uncertain date.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

I Cook sculp^{t}

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^{r} 1st 1806.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

"With thundering noise the azure vault they tear,
And rend, with savage roar, the echoing air:
The sounds terrific he with horror hears;
His fiddle throws aside,—and stops his ears."

We have seen displayed the distress of a poet; in this the artist has exhibited the rage of a musician. Our poor bard bore his misfortunes with patience, and, rich in his Muse, did not much repine at his poverty. Not so this master of harmony, of heavenly harmony! To the evils of poverty he is now a stranger; his *adagios* and *cantabiles* have procured him the protection of nobles; and, contrary to the poor shirtless mendicant of the Muses that we left in a garret, he is arrayed in a coat decorated with frogs, a bag-wig, solitaire, and ruffled shirt. Waiting in the chamber of a man of fashion, whom he instructs in the divine science of music, having first tuned his instrument, he opens his crotchet-book, shoulders his violin, flourishes his fiddle-stick, and,

Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,
Soon he soothes his soul to pleasure.

Rapt in Elysium at the divine symphony, he is awakened from his beatific vision, by noises that distract him.

——— A universal hubbub wild,
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Assails his ears with loudest vehemence.

Confounded with the din, and enraged by the interruption, our modern Terpander starts from his seat, and opens the window. This operates as air to a kindling fire; and such a combination of noises bursts upon the auricular nerve, that he is compelled to stop his ears,—but to stop the torrent is impossible!

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of thought asunder!
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
At the horrible sound
He has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from his dead,
And amazed he stares all around.

In this situation he is delineated; and those who for a moment contemplate the figures before him, cannot wonder at his rage.

A crew of hell-hounds never ceasing bark,
With wide Cerberean mouth, full loud, and ring
A hideous peal.

Of the *dramatis personæ* who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow, in a tone that would rend hell's concave, bawling, "Dust, ho! dust, ho! dust!" Next to him, an amphibious animal, who nightly pillows his head on the sedgy bosom of old Thames, in a voice that emulates the rush of many waters, or the roaring of a cataract, is bellowing, "Flounda,a,a,ars!" A daughter of May-day, who dispenses what in London is called milk, and is consequently a milk-maid, in a note pitched at the very top of her voice, is crying, "Be-louw!" While a ballad-singer dolefully drawls out The Ladie's Fall, an infant in her arms joins its treble pipe in chorus with the screaming parrot, which is on a lamp-iron over her head. On the roof of an opposite house are two cats, performing what an amateur of music might perhaps call a bravura duet; near them appears

A sweep, shrill twittering on the chimney-top.

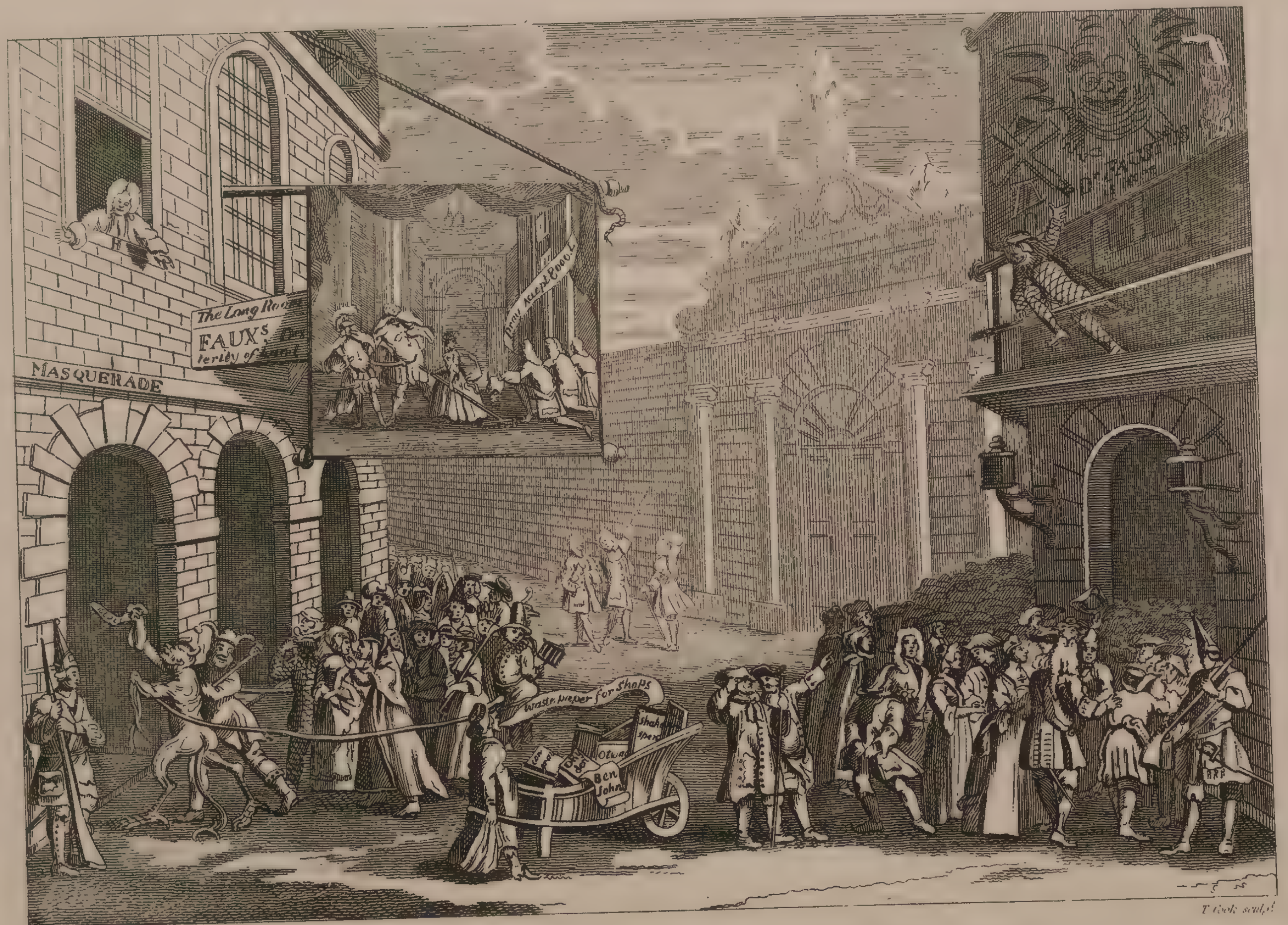
A little French drummer, singing to his rub-a-dub, and the agreeable yell of a dog, complete the vocal performers.

Of the instrumental, a fellow blowing a horn, with a violence that would have almost shaken down the walls of Jericho, claims the first notice; next to him, the dustman rattles his bell with ceaseless clangour, until the air reverberates the sound.

The intervals are filled up by a paviour, who, to every stroke of his rammer, adds a loud, distinct, and echoing, Haugh! The pedestrian cutler is grinding a butcher's cleaver with such earnestness and force, that it elicits sparks of fire. This, added to the agonizing howls of his unfortunate dog, must afford a perfect specimen of the ancient chromatic. The poor animal, between a man and a monkey, piping harsh discords upon a hautboy, the girl whirling her *crepitaculum*, or rattle, and the boy beating his drum, conclude the catalogue of this harmonious band.

This delineation originated in a story which was told to Hogarth by the late Mr. John Festin, who is the hero of the print. He was eminent for his skill in playing upon the German flute and hautboy, and much employed as a teacher of music. To each of his scholars he devoted one hour each day. "At nine o'clock in the morning," said he, "I once waited upon my lord Spencer, but his lordship being out of town, from him I went to Mr. V——n. It was so early that he was not arisen. I went into his chamber, and, opening a shutter, sat down in the window-seat. Before the rails was a fellow playing upon the hautboy. A man with a barrow full of onions offered the piper an onion if he would play him a tune. That ended, he offered a second onion for a second tune; the same for a third, and was going on: but this was too much; I could not bear it; it angered my very soul—'Stop!' said I, 'stop here! This fellow is ridiculing my profession; he is playing on the hautboy for onions!'"

The whole of this bravura scene is admirably represented. A person quaintly enough observed, that it deafens one to look at it.


The Long Room
FAUX'S Dex
terity of hand
MASQUERADE
Pray Accept 2000 L
Waste paper for Shops
Shake
spear
Otwa
Ben
John

Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

MASQUERADES AND OPERAS. BURLINGTON GATE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme Sep^t 1^st 1807.

MASQUERADES AND OPERAS.

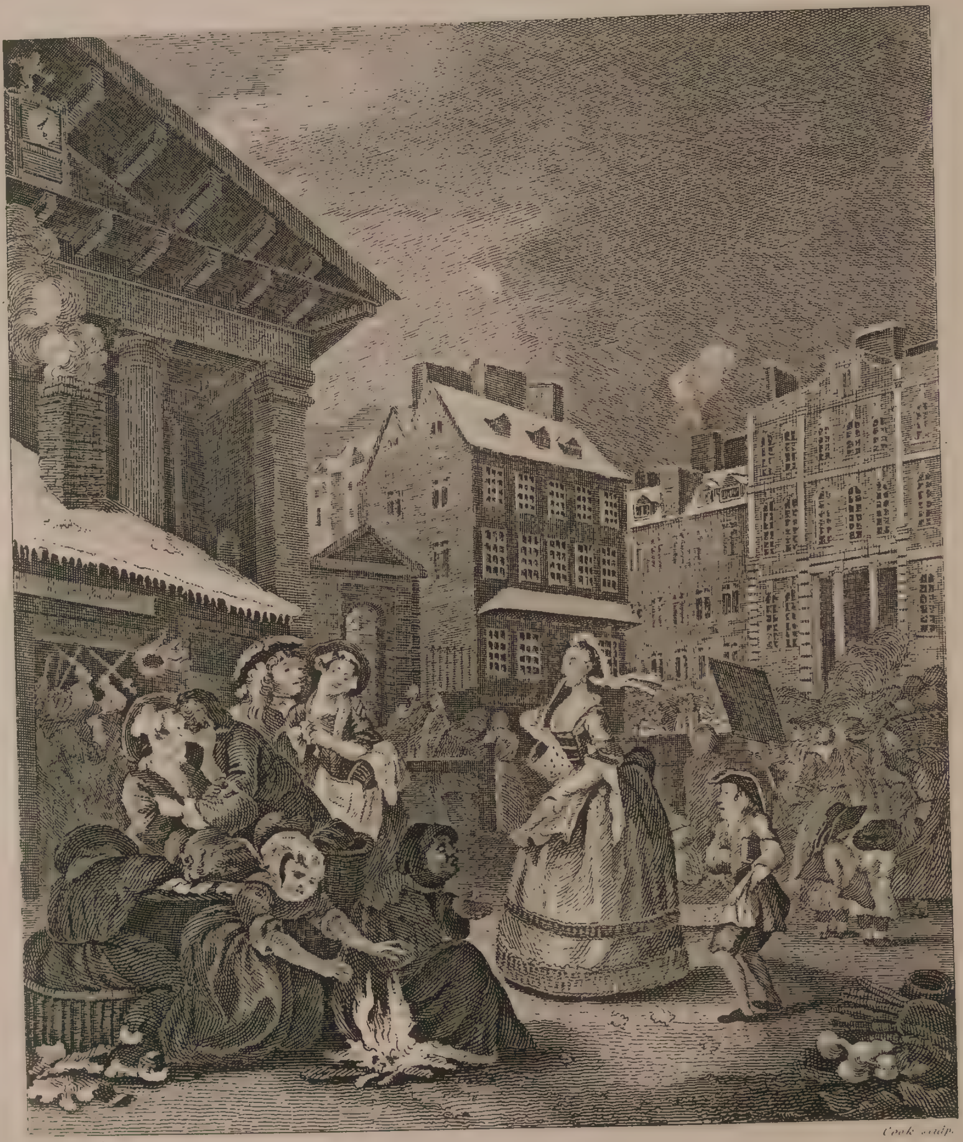
BURLINGTON GATE.

THIS print appeared in 1723. Of the three small figures in the centre the middle one is Lord Burlington, a man of considerable taste in painting and architecture, but who ranked Mr. Kent, an indifferent artist, above his merit. On one side of the peer is Mr. Campbell, the architect; on the other, his lordship's postillion. On a show-cloth in this plate is also supposed to be the portrait of King George II., who gave 1000*l.* towards the Masquerade; together with that of the Earl of Peterborough, who offers Cuzzoni, the Italian singer, 8000*l.*, and she spurns at him. Mr. Heidegger, the regulator of the Masquerade, is also exhibited, looking out of a window, with the letter H under him.

The substance of the foregoing remarks is taken from a collection lately belonging to Captain Baillie, where it is said that they were furnished by an eminent connoisseur.

A board is likewise displayed, with the words, "Long Room. Fawks's dexterity of hand." It appears from the following advertisement that this was a man of great consequence in his profession: "Whereas the town hath been lately alarmed that the famous Fawks was robbed and murdered, returning from performing at the Duchess of Buckingham's house at Chelsea; which report being raised and printed by a person to gain money to himself, and prejudice the above-mentioned Mr. Fawks, whose unparalleled performance has gained him so much applause from the greatest of quality, and most curious observers: We think, both in justice to the injured gentleman, and for the satisfaction of his admirers, that we cannot please our readers better than to acquaint them he is alive, and will not only perform his usual surprising dexterity of hand, posture-master, and musical clock: but, for the greater diversion of the quality and gentry, has agreed with the famous Powell of the Bath for the season, who has the largest, richest, and most natural figures, and finest machines in England, and whose former performances in Covent Garden were so engaging to the town, as to gain the approbation of the best judges, to show his puppet-plays along with him, beginning in the Christmas holidays next, at the Old Tennis-court, in James's Street, near the Haymarket; where any incredulous persons may be satisfied he is not left this world, if they please to believe their hands, though they can't believe their eyes."—"May 25," indeed, "1731, died Mr. Fawks, famous for his dexterity of hand, by which he had honestly acquired a fortune of 10,000*l.*, being no more than he really deserved for his great ingenuity, by which he had surpassed all that ever pretended to that art.

This satirical performance of Hogarth, however, was thought to be invented and drawn at the instigation of Sir James Thornhill, out of revenge, because Lord Burlington had preferred Mr. Kent before him to paint for the king at his palace at Kensington. Dr. Faustus was a pantomime performed to crowded houses throughout two seasons, to the utter neglect of plays, for which reason they are cried about in a wheel-barrow.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

Cook sculp.

MORNING.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Jan. 1st 1807.

MORNING.

Keen blows the blast, and eager is the air;
  With flakes of feather'd snow the ground is spread;
To step, with mincing pace, to early prayer,
  Our clay-cold vestal leaves her downy bed.

And here the reeling sons of riot see,
After a night of senseless revelry.

Poor, trembling, old, her suit the beggar plies;
But frozen chastity the little boon denies.

This withered representative of Miss Bridget Alworthy, with a shivering footboy carrying her prayer-book, never fails in her attendance at morning service. She is a symbol of the season.—

> ———— Chaste as the icicle
> That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Diana's temple,

she looks with scowling eye, and all the conscious pride of severe and stubborn virginity, on the poor girls who are suffering the embraces of two drunken beaux that are just staggered out of Tom King's Coffee-house. One of them, from the basket on her arm, I conjecture to be an orange girl: she shows no displeasure at the boisterous salute of her Hibernian lover. That the hero in a laced hat is from the banks of the Shannon, is apparent in his countenance. The female whose face is partly concealed, and whose neck has a more easy turn than we always see in the works of this artist, is not formed of the most inflexible materials.

An old woman, seated upon a basket; the girl, warming her hands by a few withered sticks that are blazing on the ground, and a wretched mendicant,* wrapped in a tattered and parti-coloured blanket, entreating charity from the rosy-fingered vestal who is going to church, complete the group. Behind them, at the door of Tom King's Coffee-house, are a party engaged in a fray, likely to create business for both surgeon and magistrate: we discover swords and cudgels in the combatants' hands.

On the opposite side of the print are two little schoolboys. That they have shining morning faces we cannot positively assert, but each has a satchel at his back, and according with the description given by the poet of nature, is

> Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school.

The lantern appended to the woman who has a basket on her head, proves that these dispensers of the riches of Pomona rise before the sun, and do part of their business by an artificial light. Near her, that immediate descendant of Paracelsus, Dr. Rock, is expatiating to an admiring audience, on the never-failing virtues of his wonder-working medicines. One hand holds a bottle of his miraculous panacea, and the other supports a board, on which is the king's arms, to indicate that his practice is sanctioned by royal letters patent. Two porringers and a spoon, placed on the bottom of an inverted basket, intimate that the woman seated near them, is a vender of rice-milk, which was at that time brought into the market every morning.

---

* "What signifies," says some one to Dr. Johnson, "giving halfpence to common beggars? they only lay them out in gin or tobacco." "And why," replied the doctor, "should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? It is surely very savage to shut out from them every possible avenue to those pleasures reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can swallow without gilding, yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still more bare, and are not ashamed to show even visible marks of displeasure, if even the bitter taste is taken from their mouths."

A fatigued porter leans on a rail; and a blind beggar is going towards the church: but whether he will become one of the congregation, or take his stand at the door, in the hope that religion may have warmed the hearts of its votaries to "Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man," is uncertain.

Snow on the ground, and icicles hanging from the penthouse, exhibit a very chilling prospect; but, to dissipate the cold, there is happily a shop where spirituous liquors are sold *pro bono publico*, at a very little distance. A large pewter measure is placed upon a post before the door, and three of a smaller size hang over the window of the house.

The character of the principal figure is admirably delineated. She is marked with that prim and awkward formality which generally accompanies her order, and is an exact type of a hard winter; for every part of her dress, except the flying lappets and apron, ruffled by the wind, is as rigidly precise as if it were frozen. It has been said that this incomparable figure was designed as the representative of either a particular friend, or a relation. Individual satire may be very gratifying to the public, but is frequently fatal to the satirist. Churchill, by the lines,

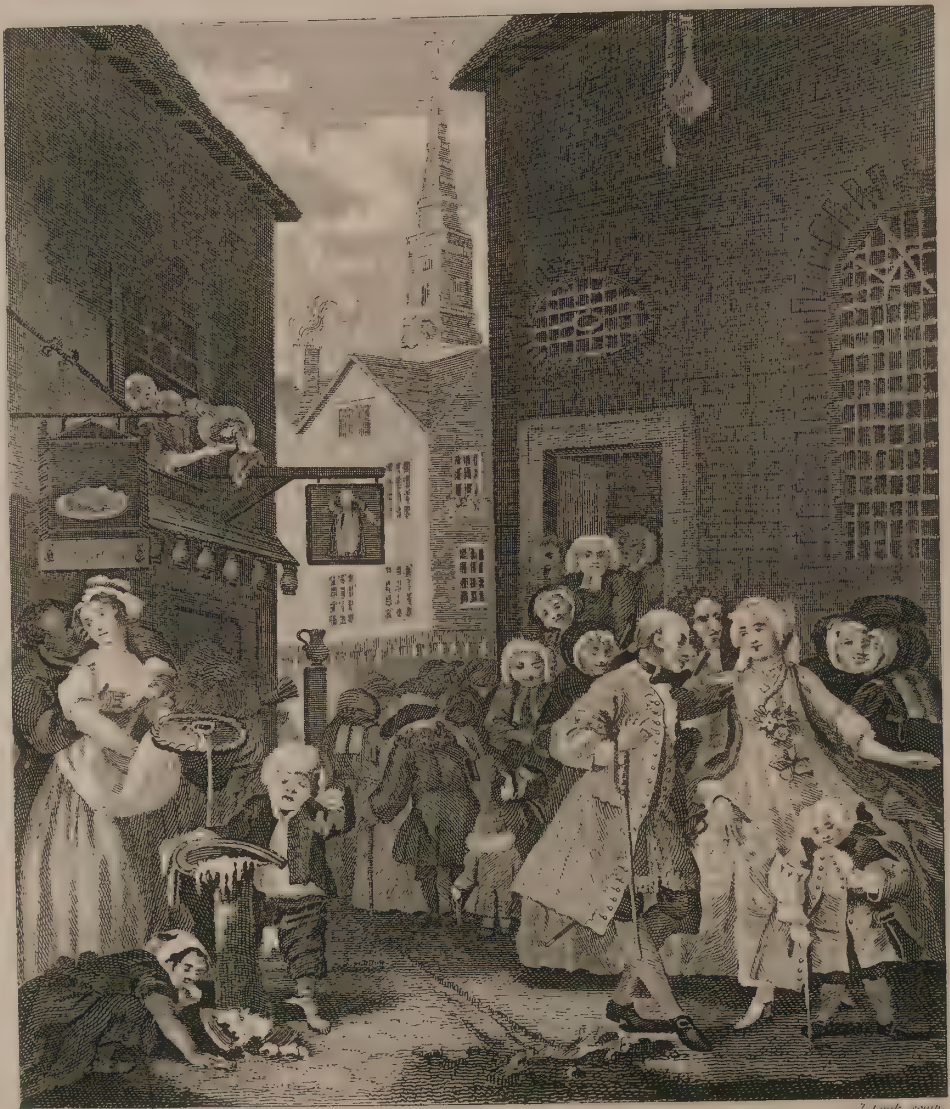
> ——— Fam'd Vine-street,
> Where Heaven, the kindest wish of man to grant,
> Gave me an old house, and an older aunt,

lost a considerable legacy; and it is related that Hogarth, by the introduction of this withered votary of Diana into this print, induced her to alter a will which had been made considerably in his favour: she was at first well enough satisfied with her resemblance, but some designing people taught her to be angry.

Extreme cold is very well expressed in the slip-shod footboy, and the girl who is warming her hands. The group of which she is a part, is well formed, but not sufficiently balanced on the opposite side.

The church dial, a few minutes before seven; marks of little shoes and pattens in the snow, and various productions of the season in the market, are an additional proof of that minute accuracy with which this artist inspected and represented objects, which painters in general have neglected.

Covent Garden is the scene, but in the print every building is reversed. This was a common error with Hogarth; not from his being ignorant of the use of the mirror, but from his considering it as a matter of little consequence.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp

NOON.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme Jan^y 1^st 1807.

NOON.

Hail, Gallia's daughters! easy, brisk, and free;
Good humour'd, *débonnaire*, and *degagée:*
Though still fantastic, frivolous, and vain,
Let not their airs and graces give us pain;
Or fair, or brown, at toilet, prayer, or play,
Their motto speaks their manners—TOUJOURS GAI.

But for that powder'd compound of grimace,
That capering he-she thing of fringe and lace;
With sword and cane, with bag and solitaire,
Vain of the full-dress'd dwarf, his hopeful heir,
How does our spleen and indignation rise,
When such a tinsell'd coxcomb meets our eyes.

AMONG the figures who are coming out of church, an affected, flighty French woman, with her fluttering fop of a husband, and a boy, habited *à-la-mode de Paris,* claim our first attention. In dress, air, and manner, they have a national character. The whole congregation, whether male or female, old or young, carry the air of their country in countenance, dress, and deportment. Like the three principal figures, they are all marked with some affected peculiarity. Affectation, in a woman, is supportable upon no other ground than that general indulgence we pay to the omnipotence of beauty, which in a degree sanctifies whatever it adopts. In a boy, when we consider that the poor fellow is attempting to copy what he has been taught to believe praiseworthy, we laugh at it; the largest portion of ridicule falls upon his tutors; but in a man, it is contemptible.

The old fellow in a black periwig has a most vinegar-like aspect, and looks with great contempt at the frippery gentlewoman immediately before him. The woman, with a demure countenance, seems very piously considering how she can contrive to pick the embroidered beau's pocket. Two old sibyls joining their withered lips in a chaste salute, is nauseous enough, but, being a national custom, must be forgiven. The divine seems to have resided in this kingdom long enough to acquire a roast-beef countenance. A little boy, whose woollen nightcap is pressed over a most venerable flowing periwig, and the decrepit old man, leaning upon a crutch stick, who is walking before him, "I once considered," says Mr. Ireland, "as two vile caricatures, out of nature, and unworthy the artist. Since I have seen the peasantry of Flanders, and the plebeian youth of France, I have in some degree changed my opinion, but still think them rather *outré*."

Under a sign of the Baptist's head is written, Good Eating; and on each side of the inscription is a mutton chop. In opposition to this head without a body, unaccountably displayed as a sign at an eating-house, there is a body without a head, hanging out at the sign of a distiller's. This, by common consent, has been quaintly denominated the "good woman." At a window above, one of the softer sex proves her indisputable right to the title by her temperate conduct to her husband, with whom having had a little disagreement, she throws their Sunday's dinner into the street.

A girl, bringing a pie from the bakehouse, is stopped in her career by the rude embraces of a blackamoor, who eagerly rubs his sable visage against her blooming cheek.

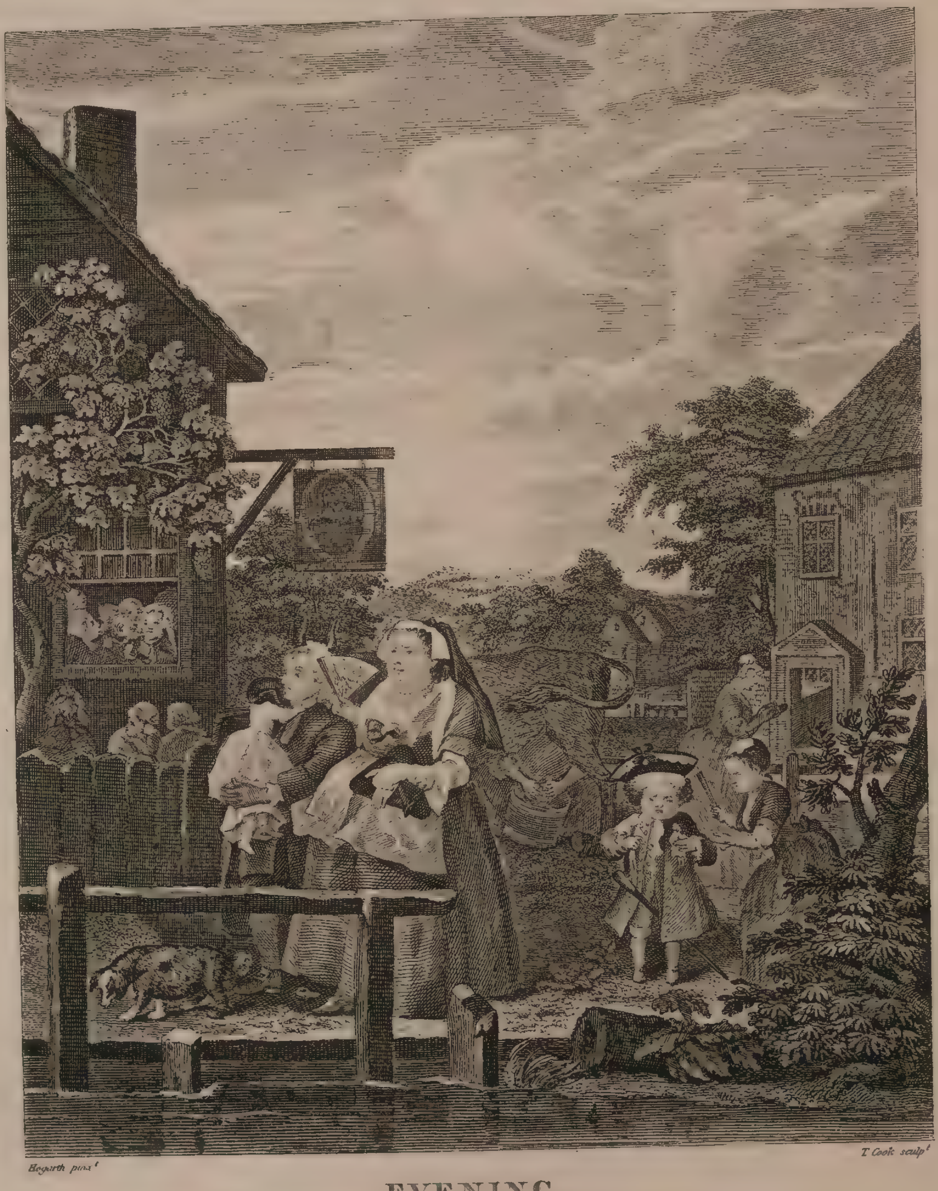
Good eating is carried on to the lower part of the picture. A boy, placing a baked pudding upon a post, with rather too violent an action, the dish breaks, the fragments fall to the ground, and while he is loudly lamenting his misfortune, and with tears anticipating his punishment, the smoking remnants are eagerly snatched up by a poor girl. Not educated according to the system of Jean Jacques Rousseau, she feels no qualms of conscience about the original proprietor, and, destitute of that fastidious delicacy which destroys the relish of many a fine lady, eagerly swallows the hot and delicious morsels, with all the concomitants.

The scene is laid at the door of a French chapel in Hog-lane; a part of the town at that time almost wholly peopled by French refugees, or their descendants.

By the dial of St. Giles's church, in the distance, we see that it is only half-past eleven. At this early hour, in those good times, there was as much good eating as there is now at six o'clock in the evening. From twenty pewter measures, which are hung up before the houses of different distillers, it seems that good drinking was considered as equally worthy of their serious attention.

The dead cat, and choked kennels, mark the little attention shown to the streets by the scavengers of St. Giles's. At that time noxious effluvia were not peculiar to this parish. The neighbourhood of Fleet-ditch, and many other parts of the city were equally polluted.

Even at this refined period, there would be some use in a more strict attention to the medical police of a city so crowded with inhabitants. We ridicule the people of Paris and Edinburgh for neglecting so essential and salutary a branch of delicacy, while the kennels of a street in the vicinity of St. Paul's church are floated with the blood of slaughtered animals every market day. Moses would have managed these things better: but in those days there was no physician in Israel!



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

EVENING.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, March 2nd 1807.

EVENING.

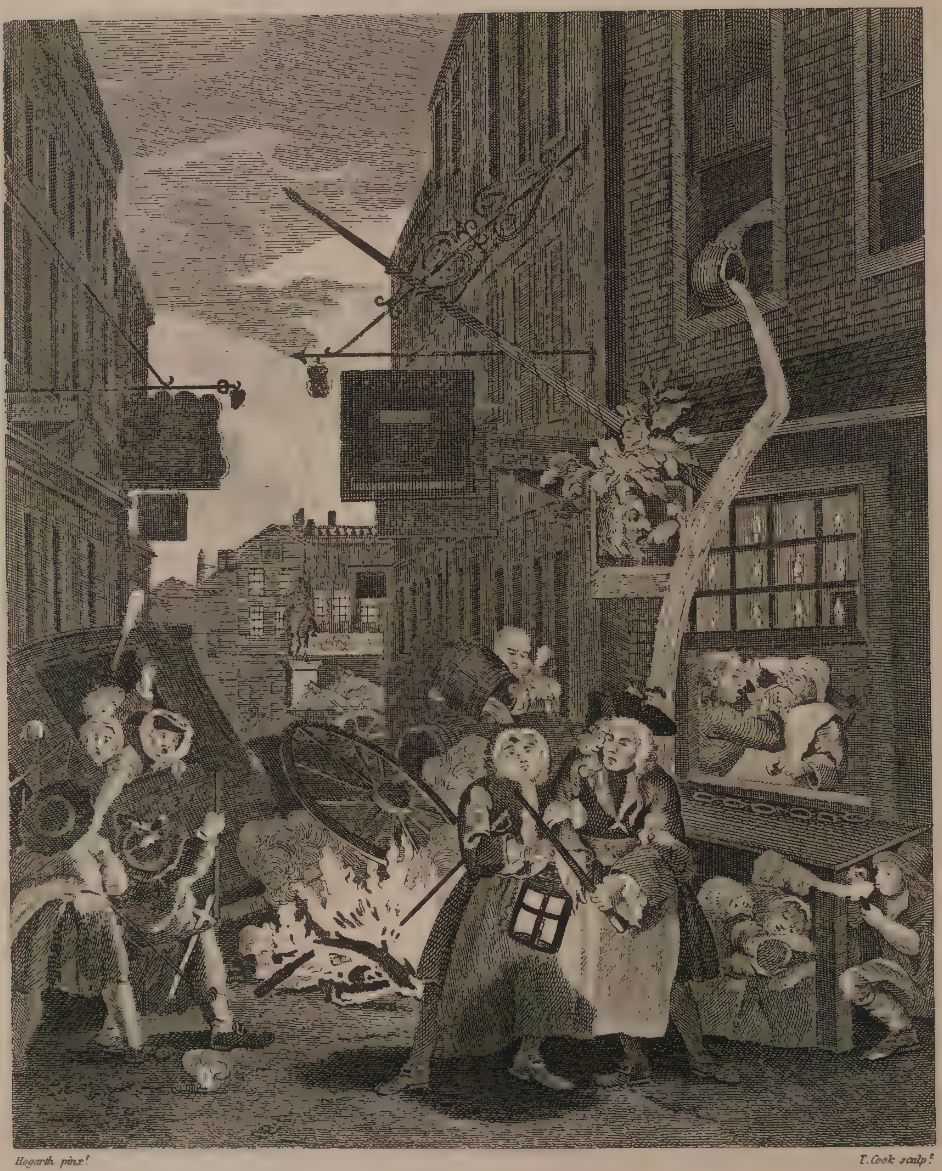
One sultry Sunday, when no cooling breeze
Was borne on zephyr's wing, to fan the trees;
One sultry Sunday, when the torrid ray
O'er nature beam'd intolerable day;
When raging Sirius warn'd us not to roam,
And Galen's sons prescribed cool draughts at home;
One sultry Sunday, near those fields of fame
Where weavers dwell, and Spital is their name,
A sober wight, of reputation high
For tints that emulate the Tyrian dye,
Wishing to take his afternoon's repose,
In easy chair had just begun to doze,
When, in a voice that sleep's soft slumbers broke,
His oily helpmate thus her wishes spoke:
"Why, spouse, for shame! my stars, what's this about?
You's ever sleeping; come, we'll all go out;
At that there garden,—pr'ythee, do not stare!—
We'll take a mouthful of the country air;
In the yew bower an hour or two we'll kill;
There you may smoke, and drink what punch you will.
Sophy and Billy each shall walk with me,
And you must carry little Emily.
Veny is sick, and pants, and loathes her food;
The grass will do the pretty creatures good.
Hot rolls are ready as the clock strikes five—
And now 'tis after four, as I'm alive!"
The mandate issued, see the tour begun,
And all the flock set out for Islington.
Now the broad sun, refulgent lamp of day
To rest with Thetis, slopes his western way;
O'er every tree embrowning dust is spread,
And tipt with gold is Hampstead's lofty head.
The passive husband, in his nature mild,
To wife consigns his hat, and takes the child;
But she a day like this hath never felt,
"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"
Such monstrous heat! dear me! she never knew.
Adown her innocent and beauteous face,
The big, round, pearly drops each other chase;
Thence trickling to those hills, erst white as snow,
That now like Ætna's mighty mountains glow,
They hang like dewdrops on the full blown rose,
And to the ambient air their sweets disclose.
Fever'd with pleasure, thus she drags along;
Nor dares her antler'd husband say 'tis wrong.
The blooming offspring of this blissful pair,
In all their parents' attic pleasures share.
Sophy the soft, the mother's earliest joy,
Demands her froward brother's tinsell'd toy;
But he, enrag'd, denies the glittering prize,
And rends the air with loud and piteous cries.
Thus far we see the party on their way—
What dire disasters mark'd the close of day,
'Twere tedious, tiresome, endless to obtrude;
Imagination must the scene conclude.

It is not easy to imagine fatigue better delineated than in the appearance of this amiable pair. In a few of the earliest impressions, Mr. Hogarth printed the hands of the man in blue, to show that he was a dyer, and the face and neck of the woman in red, to intimate her extreme heat. The lady's aspect lets us at once into her character; we are certain that she was born to command. As to her husband, God made him, and he must pass for a man: what his wife has made him, is indicated by the cow's horns; which are so placed as to become his own. The hopes of the family, with a cockade in his hat, and riding upon papa's cane, seems much dissatisfied with female sway. A face with more of the shrew in embryo than that of the girl, it is scarcely possible to conceive. Upon such a character the most casual observer pronounces with the decision of a Lavater.

Nothing can be better imagined than the group in the alehouse. They have taken a refreshing walk into the country, and being determined to have a cooling pipe, seat themselves in a chair-lumbered closet, with a low ceiling; where every man, pulling off his wig, and throwing a pocket-handkerchief over his head, inhales the fumes of hot punch, the smoke of half a dozen pipes, and the dust from the road. If this is not rural felicity, what is? The old gentleman in a black bag-wig, and the two women near him, sensibly enough, take their seats in the open air.

From a woman milking a cow, we conjecture the hour to be about five in the afternoon: and, from the same circumstance, I am inclined to think this agreeable party are going to their pastoral bower, rather than returning from it.

The cow and dog appear as much inconvenienced by heat as any of the party: the former is whisking off the flies; and the latter creeps unwillingly along, and casts a longing look at the crystal river, in which he sees his own shadow. A remarkably hot summer is intimated by the luxuriant state of a vine creeping over an alehouse window. On the side of the New River, where the scene is laid, lies one of the wooden pipes employed in the water-works. Opposite Sadler's Wells there still remains the sign of Sir Hugh Middleton's head, which is here represented; but how changed the scene from what is here represented!



Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

NIGHT.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1807.

NIGHT.

Now burst the blazing bonfires on the sight,
  Through the wide air their coruscations play;
The windows beam with artificial light,
  And all the region emulates the day.

The moping mason, from yon tavern led,
  In mystics words doth to the moon complain
That unsound port distracts his aching head,
  And o'er the waiter waves his clouded cane.

Mr. Walpole very truly observes, that this print is inferior to the three others; there is, however, broad humour in some of the figures.

The wounded free-mason, who, in zeal of brotherly love, has drank his bumpers to the craft till he is unable to find his way home, is under the guidance of a waiter. This has been generally considered as intended for Sir Thomas de Veil, and, from an authenticated portrait which I have seen, I am, says Mr. Ireland, inclined to think it is, notwithstanding Sir John Hawkins asserts, that "he could discover no resemblance." When the knight saw him in his magisterial capacity, he was probably sober and sedate; here he is represented a little disguised. The British Xantippe showering her favours from the window upon his head, may have its source in that respect which the inmates of such houses as the Rummer Tavern had for a justice of the peace. On the resignation of Mr. Horace Walpole, in February, 1738, De Veil was appointed inspector-general of the imports and exports, and was so severe against the retailers of spirituous liquors, that one Allen headed a gang of rioters for the purpose of pulling down his house, and bringing to a summary punishment two informers who were there concealed. Allen was tried for this offence, and acquitted, upon the jury's verdict declaring him lunatic.

The waiter who supports his worship seems, from the patch upon his forehead, to have been in a recent affray; but what use he can have for a lantern, it is not easy to divine, unless he is conducting his charge to some place where there is neither moonlight nor illumination.

The Salisbury flying coach oversetting and broken, by passing through the bonfire, is said to be an intended burlesque upon a right honourable peer, who was accustomed to drive his own carriage over hedges, ditches, and rivers; and has been sometimes known to drive three or four of his maid servants into a deep water, and there leave them in the coach to shift for themselves.

The butcher and little fellow, who are assisting the terrified passengers, are possibly free and accepted masons. One of them seems to have a mop in his hands;—the pail is out of sight.

To crown the joys of the populace, a man with a pipe in his mouth is filling a capacious hogshead with British Burgundy.

The joint operation of shaving and bleeding, performed by a drunken 'prentice on a greasy oilman, does not seem a very natural exhibition on a rejoicing night.

The poor wretches under the barber's bench display a prospect of penury and wretchedness, which it is to be hoped is not so common now as it was then.

In the distance is a cart laden with furniture, which some unfortunate tenant is removing out of the reach of his landlord's execution.

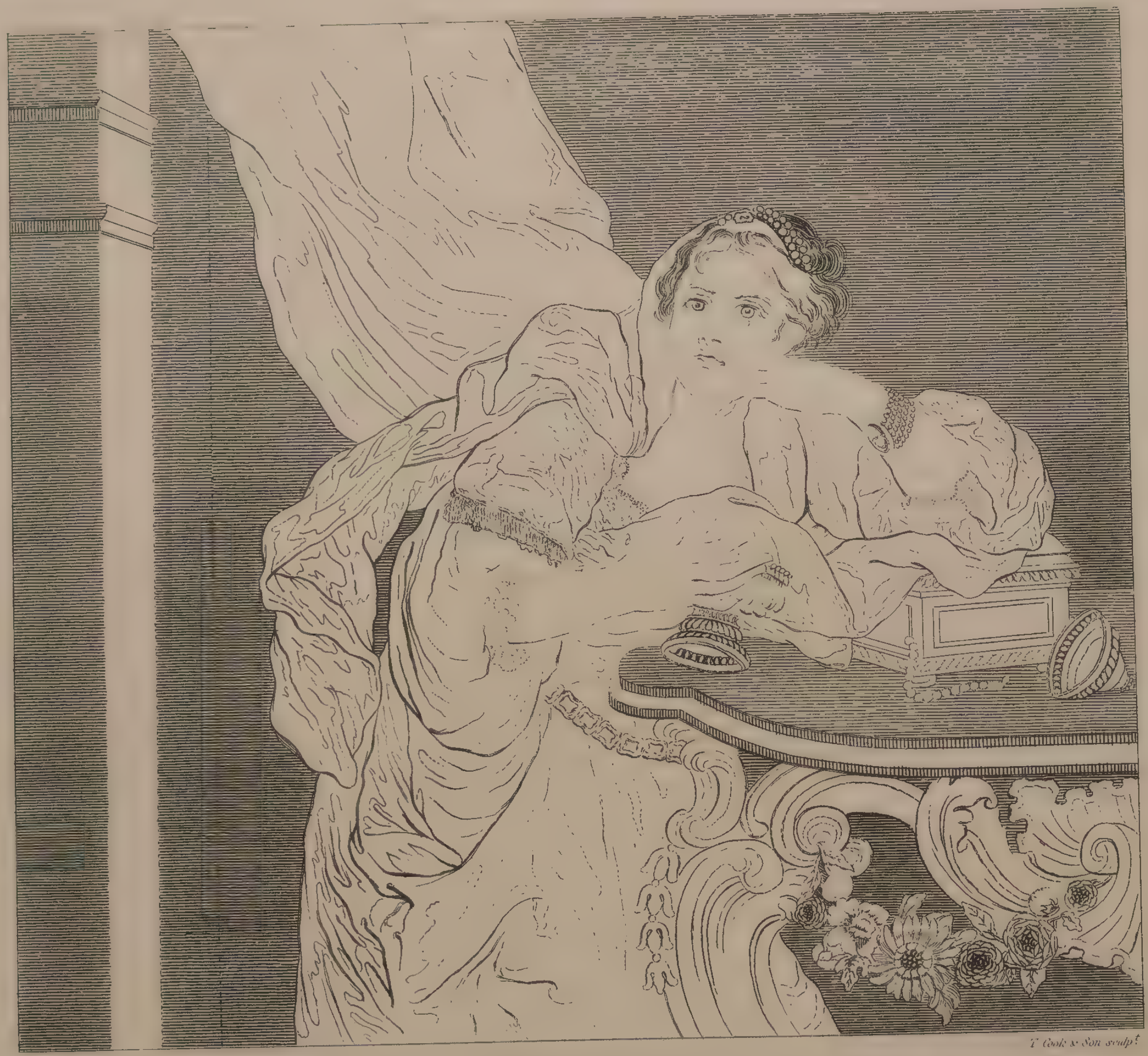
There is humour in the barber's sign and inscription: "Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch. ECCE SIGNUM!"

By the oaken boughs on the sign, and the oak leaves in the free masons' hats, it seems that this rejoicing night is the 29th of May, the anniversary of our second Charles's restoration; that happy day when, according to our old ballad, "The king enjoyed his own again." This might be one reason for the artist choosing a scene contiguous to the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles the First.

In the distance we see a house on fire; an accident very likely to happen on such a night as this.

On this spot once stood the cross erected by Edward the First, as a memorial of affection for his beloved queen Eleanor, whose remains were here rested on their way to the place of sepulture. It was formed from a design by Cavalini, and destroyed by the religious fury of the reformers. In its place, in the year 1678, was erected the animated equestrian statue which now remains. It was cast in brass, in the year 1633, by Le Sœur; I think by order of that munificent encourager of the arts, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. The parliament ordered it to be sold, and broken to pieces; but John River, the brazier, who purchased it, having more taste than his employers, seeing, with the prophetic eye of good sense, that the powers which were would not remain rulers very long, dug a hole in his garden in Holborn, and buried it unmutilated. To prove his obedience to their order, he produced to his masters several pieces of brass, which he told them were parts of the statue. M. de Archenholtz adds farther, that the brazier, with the true spirit of trade, cast a great number of handles for knives and forks, and offered them for sale, as composed of the brass which had formed the statue. They were eagerly sought for, and purchased,—by the loyalists from affection to their murdered monarch,—by the other party, as trophies of triumph.

The original pictures of Morning and Noon were sold to the Duke of Ancaster for fifty-seven guineas; Evening and Night to Sir William Heathcote, for sixty-four guineas.



Hogarth pinx^t.

T. Cook & Son sculp^t.

SIGISMUNDA.

Engraved from the Etching made by M^r. Basire, under the immediate direction of M^r. Hogarth.

Pub^d by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme July 1st 1806

SIGISMONDA.

——— Let the picture rust,—
Perhaps Time's price-enhancing dust,
As statues moulder into earth,
When I'm no more, may mark its worth;
And future connoisseurs may rise,
Honest as ours, and full as wise,
To puff the piece, and painter too,
And make me then what Guido's now.

A competition with either Guido or Furino, would to any modern painter be an enterprise of danger; to Hogarth it was more peculiarly so, from the public justly conceiving that the representation of elevated distress was not his *forte*, and his being surrounded by a host of foes, who either dreaded satire or envied genius. The connoisseurs, considering the challenge as too insolent to be forgiven, even before his picture appeared determined to decry it. The painters rejoiced in his attempting what was likely to end in disgrace; and to satisfy those who had formed their ideas of Sigismonda upon the inspired page of Dryden, was no easy task.

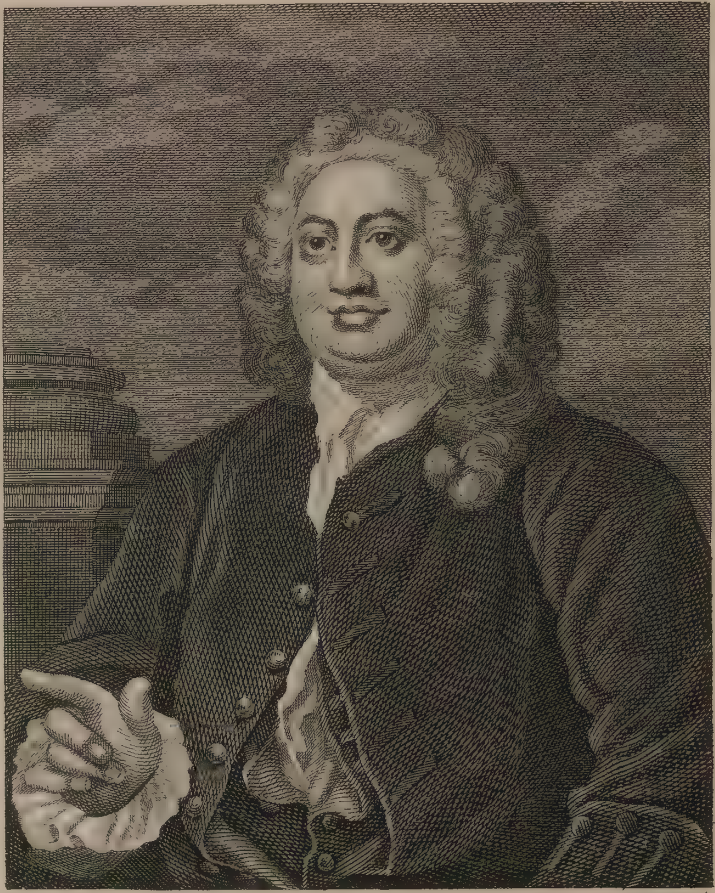
The bard has consecrated the character, and his heroine glitters with a brightness that cannot be transferred to the canvass. Mr. Walpole's description, though equally radiant, is too various, for the utmost powers of the pencil.

Hogarth's Sigismonda, as this gentleman poetically expresses it, "has none of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short, all is wanting that should have been there; all is there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe; woe so sternly felt, and yet so tenderly." This glowing picture presents to the mind a being whose contending passions may be felt, but were not delineated even by Correggio. Had his tints been aided by the grace and greatness of Raphael, they must have failed.

The author of the Mysterious Mother sought for sublimity, where the artist strictly copied nature, which was invariably his archetype, but which the painter who soars into fancy's fairy regions, must in a degree desert. Considered with this reference, though the picture has faults, Mr. Walpole's satire is surely too severe. It is built upon a comparison with works painted in a language of which Hogarth knew not the idiom,—trying him before a tribunal whose authority he did not acknowledge, and from the picture having been in many respects altered after the critic saw it, some of the remarks become unfair. To the frequency of these alterations we may attribute many of the errors: the man who has not confidence in his own knowledge of the leading principles on which his work ought to be built, will not render it perfect by following the advice of his friends. Though Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill dragged his heroine to the altar of politics, and mangled her with a barbarity that can hardly be paralleled, except in the history of her husband,—the artist retained his partiality; which seems to have increased in exact proportion to their abuse. The picture being thus contemplated through the medium of party prejudice, we cannot wonder that all its imperfections were exaggerated. The painted harlot of Babylon had not more opprobrious epithets from the first race of reformers than the painted Sigismonda of Hogarth from the last race of patriots.

When a favourite child is chastised by his preceptor, a partial mother redoubles her caresses. Hogarth, estimating this picture by the labour he had bestowed upon it, was certain that the public were prejudiced, and requested, if his wife survived him, she would not sell it for less than five hundred pounds. Mrs. Hogarth acted in conformity to his wishes, but after her death the painting was purchased by Messrs. Boydell, and exhibited in the Shakspeare Gallery. The colouring, though not brilliant, is harmonious and natural: the attitude, drawing, etc., may be generally conceived by the print. I am much inclined to think, that if some of those who have been most severe in their censures, had consulted their own feelings, instead of depending upon connoisseurs, poor Sigismonda would have been in higher estimation. It has been said that the first sketch was made from Mrs. Hogarth, at the time she was weeping over the corse of her mother.

Hogarth once intended to have appealed from the critics' fiat to the world's opinion, and employed Mr. Basire to make an engraving, which was begun, but set aside for some other work, and never completed.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T Cook sculp^{t}

MARTIN FOLKES ESQ^{R}

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Augst 31st 1807.

MARTIN FOLKES, ESQ.

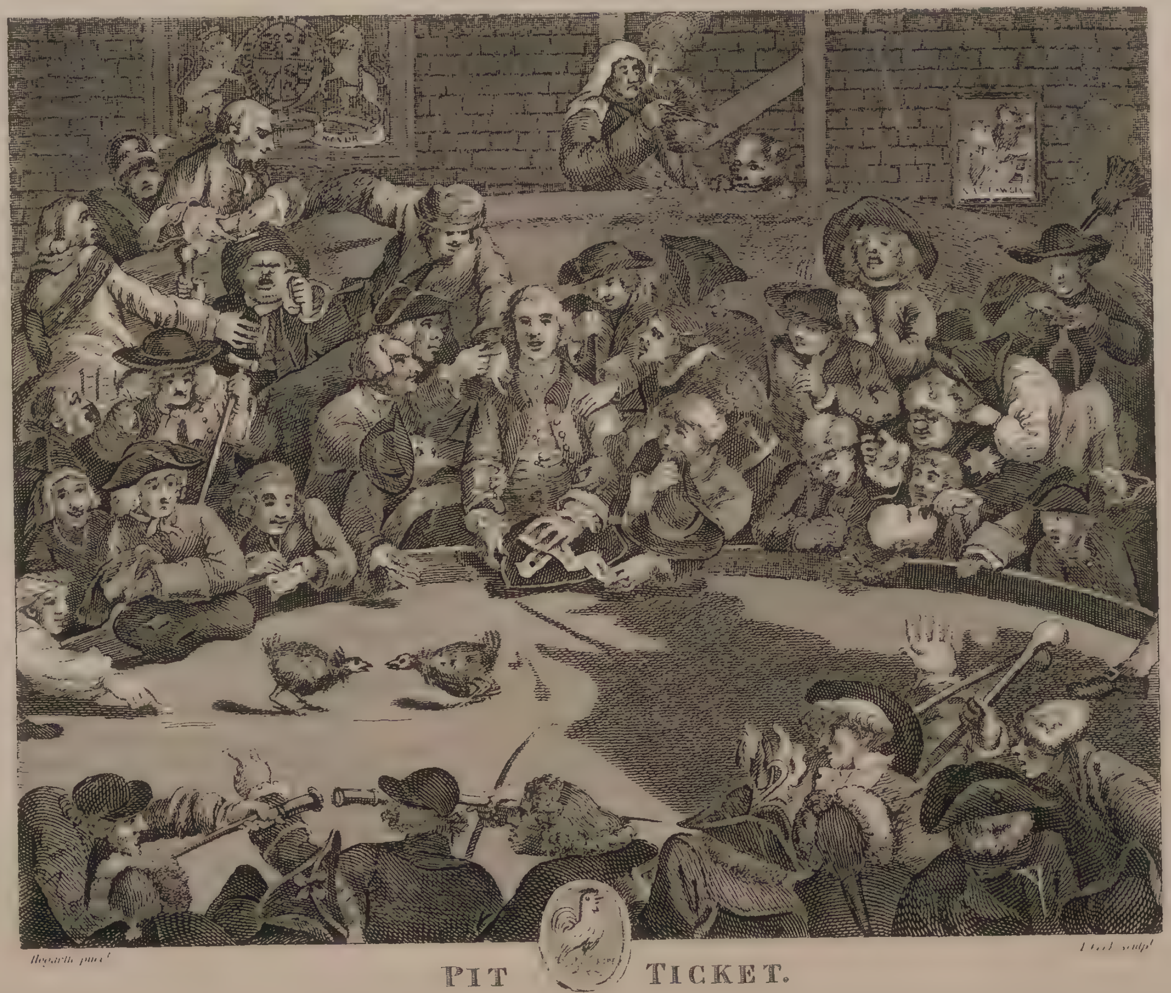
Martin Folkes was a mathematician and antiquary of much celebrity in the philosophical annals of this country. He was at the early age of twenty-four admitted a member of the Royal Society, where he was greatly distinguished. Two years afterwards he was chosen one of the council, and was named by Sir Isaac Newton himself as vice-president: he was afterwards elected president, and held this high office till a short time before his death, when he resigned it on account of ill health. In the Philosophical Transactions are numerous memoirs of this learned man: his knowledge in coins, ancient and modern, was very extensive: and the last work he produced was concerning the English Silver Coin from the Conquest to his own time. He was president of the Society of Antiquaries at the time of his death, which happened on the 28th of June, 1754, at the age of sixty-four. A few days before his death he was struck with a fit of the palsy, and never spoke after this attack.

THE COCKPIT.

The scene is probably laid at Newmarket, and in this motley group of peers,—pickpockets,—butchers,—jockeys,—rat-catchers,—gentlemen,—gamblers of every denomination, Lord Albemarle Bertie, being the principal figure, is entitled to precedence. In the March to Finchley we see him an attendant at a boxing match; and here he is president of a most respectable society assembled at a cockpit. What rendered his lordship's passion for amusements of this nature very singular, was his being totally blind. In this place he is beset by seven steady friends, five of whom at the same instant offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, a lineal descendant of Filch, taking advantage of his blindness and negligence, endeavours to convey a bank note, deposited in our dignified gambler's hat, to his own pocket. Of this ungentlemanly attempt his lordship is apprised by a ragged post-boy, and an honest butcher: but he is so much engaged in the pronunciation of those important words, Done! Done! Done! Done! and the arrangement of his bets, that he cannot attend to their hints; and it seems more than probable that the stock will be transferred, and the note negotiated in a few seconds.

A very curious group surround the old nobleman, who is adorned with a riband, a star, and a pair of spectacles. The whole weight of an overgrown carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces our illustrious personage upon a man beneath; who being thus driven downward, falls upon a fourth, and the fourth, by the accumulated pressure of this ponderous trio, composed of the upper and lower house, loses his balance, and tumbling against the edge of the partition, his head is broke, and his wig, shook from the seat of reason, falls into the cockpit.

A man adjoining enters into the spirit of the battle,—his whole soul is engaged. From his distorted countenance, and clasped hands, we see that he feels every stroke given to his favourite bird in his heart's core,—ay, in his heart of hearts! A person at the old peer's left hand is likely to be a loser. Ill-humour, vexation, and disappointment are painted in his countenance. The chimney-sweeper above is the very quintessence of affectation. He has all the airs and graces of a boarding-school miss. The sanctified quaker adjoining, and the fellow beneath, who, by the way, is a very similar figure to Captain Stab, in the Rake's Progress, are finely contrasted.



Hogarth pinx.t T. Cook sculp.t

PIT TICKET.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan.y 1.st 1808.

A French marquis on the other side, astonished at this being called amusement, is exclaiming Sauvages! Sauvages! Sauvages!—Engrossed by the scene, and opening his snuff-box rather carelessly, its contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who, sneezing and swearing alternately, imprecates bitter curses on this devil's dust, that extorts from his inflamed eyes " A sea of melting pearls, which some call tears."

Adjoining is an old cripple, with a trumpet at his ear, and in this trumpet a person in a bag-wig roars in a manner that cannot much gratify the auricular nerves of his companions; but as for the object to whom the voice is directed, he seems totally insensible to sounds, and, if judgment can be formed from appearances, might very composedly stand close to the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral, when it was striking twelve.

The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag, is said to be intended for Jackson, a jockey; the gravity of this experienced veteran, and the cool sedateness of a man registering the wagers, are well opposed by the grinning woman behind, and the heated impetuosity of a fellow, stripped to his shirt, throwing his coin upon the cockpit, and offering to back Ginger against Pye for a guinea.

On the lower side, where there is only one tier of figures, a sort of an apothecary, and a jockey, are stretching out their arms, and striking together the handles of their whips, in token of a bet. A hiccuping votary of Bacchus, displaying a half-emptied purse, is not likely to possess it long, for an adroit professor of legerdemain has taken aim with a hooked stick, and by one slight jerk will convey it to his own pocket. The profession of a gentleman in a round wig is determined by a gibbet chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber, who lifts up his stick in the corner, has probably been refused payment of a wager, by the man at whom he is striking.

A cloud-capt philosopher at the top of the print, coolly smoking his pipe, unmoved by this crash of matter, and wreck of property, must not be overlooked: neither should his dog be neglected; for the dog, gravely resting his fore paws upon the partition, and contemplating the company, seems more interested in the event of the battle than his master.

Like the tremendous Gog, and terrific Magog, of Guildhall, stand the two cock-feeders; a foot of each of these consequential purveyors is seen at the two extremities of the pit.

As to the birds, whose attractive powers have drawn this admiring throng together, they deserved earlier notice:

Each hero burns to conquer or to die;
What mighty hearts in little bosoms lie!

Having disposed of the substances, let us now attend to the shadow on the cockpit, and this it seems is the reflection of a man drawn up to the ceiling in a basket, and there suspended, as a punishment for having betted more money than he can pay. Though suspended, he is not reclaimed; though exposed, not abashed·

for in this degrading situation he offers to stake his watch against money, in another wager on his favourite champion.

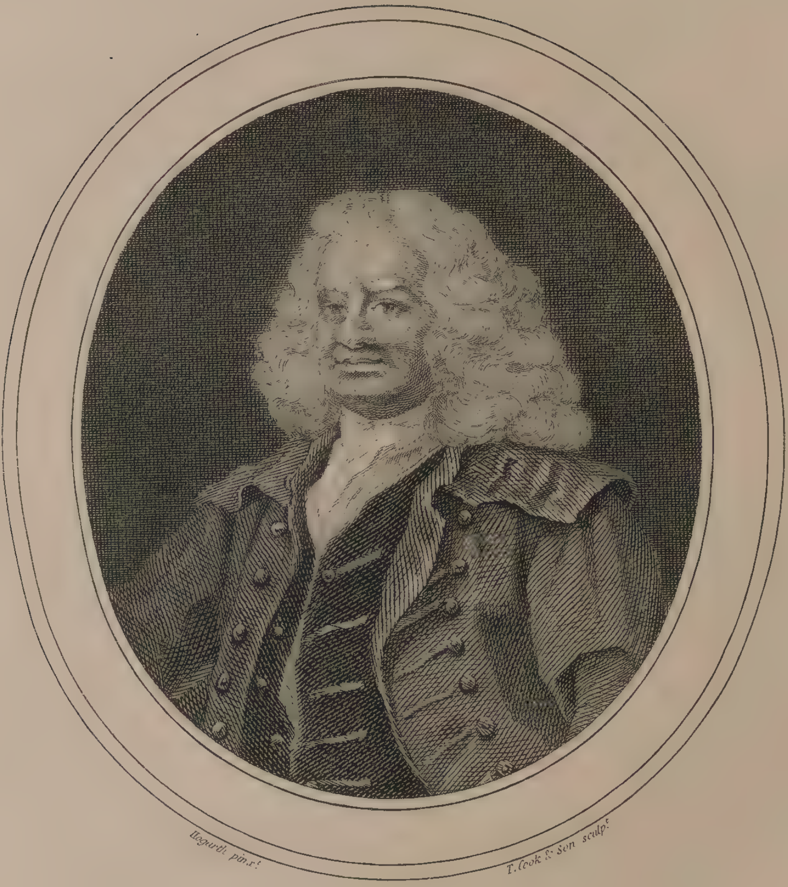
The decorations of this curious theatre are, a portrait of Nan Rawlins, and the King's arms.

In the margin at the bottom of the print is an oval, with a fighting cock, inscribed ROYAL SPORT.

Of the characteristic distinctions in this heterogeneous assembly, it is not easy to speak with sufficient praise. The chimney-sweeper's absurd affectation sets the similar airs of the Frenchman in a most ridiculous point of view. The old fellow with a trumpet at his ear, has a degree of deafness that I never before saw delineated; he might have lived in the same apartment with Xantippe, or slept comfortably in Alexander the copper-smith's first floor. As to the nobleman in the centre, in the language of the turf, he is a mere pigeon; and the peer, with a star and garter, in the language of Cambridge, we must class as—a mere quiz. The man sneezing,—you absolutely hear; and the fellow stealing a bank note,—has all the outward and visible marks of a perfect and accomplished pickpocket; Mercury himself could not do that business in a more masterly style.

Tyers tells us that "Pope, while living with his father at Chiswick, before he went to Binfield, took great delight in cock-fighting, and laid out all his schoolboy money, and little perhaps it was, in buying fighting cocks." Lord Orrery observes, "If we may judge of Mr. Pope from his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue." When actions can be clearly ascertained, it is not necessary to seek the mind's construction in the writings: and we must regret being compelled to believe that some of Mr. Pope's actions, at the same time that they prove him to be querulous and petulant, lead us to suspect that he was also envious, malignant, and cruel. How far this will tend to confirm the assertion, that when a boy, he was an amateur of this royal sport, I do, says Mr. Ireland, not pretend to decide: but were a child, in whom I had any interest, cursed with such a propensity, my first object would be to correct it: if that were impracticable, and he retained a fondness for the cockpit, and the still more detestable amusement of Shrove Tuesday, I should hardly dare to flatter myself that he could become a merciful man.—The subject has carried me farther than I intended: I will, however, take the freedom of proposing one query to the consideration of the clergy,—Might it not have a tendency to check that barbarous spirit, which has more frequently its source in an early acquired habit, arising from the prevalence of example, than in natural depravity, if every divine in Great Britain were to preach at least one sermon every twelve months, on our universal insensibility to the sufferings of the brute creation?

> Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods,
> Draw near them then in being merciful;
> Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.


Hogarth pinx.t
T. Cook & Son sculp.t

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1808.

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.

Captain Coram was born in the year 1668, bred to the sea, and passed the first part of his life as master of a vessel trading to the colonies. While he resided in the vicinity of Rotherhithe, his avocations obliging him to go early into the city and return late, he frequently saw deserted infants exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, and through the indigence or cruelty of their parents left to casual relief, or untimely death. This naturally excited his compassion, and led him to project the establishment of an hospital for the reception of exposed and deserted young children; in which humane design he laboured more than seventeen years, and at last, by his unwearied application, obtained the royal charter, bearing date the 17th of October, 1739, for its incorporation.

He was highly instrumental in promoting another good design, viz. the procuring a bounty upon naval stores imported from the colonies to Georgia and Nova Scotia. But the charitable plan which he lived to make some progress in, though not to complete, was a scheme for uniting the Indians in North America more closely with the British government, by an establishment for the education of Indian girls. Indeed he spent a great part of his life in serving the public, and with so total a disregard to his private interest, that in his old age he was himself supported by a pension of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year, raised for him at the solicitation of Sir Sampson Gideon and Dr. Brocklesby, by the voluntary subscriptions of public spirited persons, at the head of whom was the Prince of Wales. On application being made to this venerable and good old man, to know whether a subscription being opened for his benefit would not offend him, he gave this noble answer: "I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess, that in this my old age I am poor."

This singularly humane, persevering, and memorable man died at his lodgings near Leicester Square, March 29, 1751, and was interred, pursuant to his own desire, in the vault under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, where an historic epitaph records his virtues, as Hogarth's portrait has preserved his honest countenance.

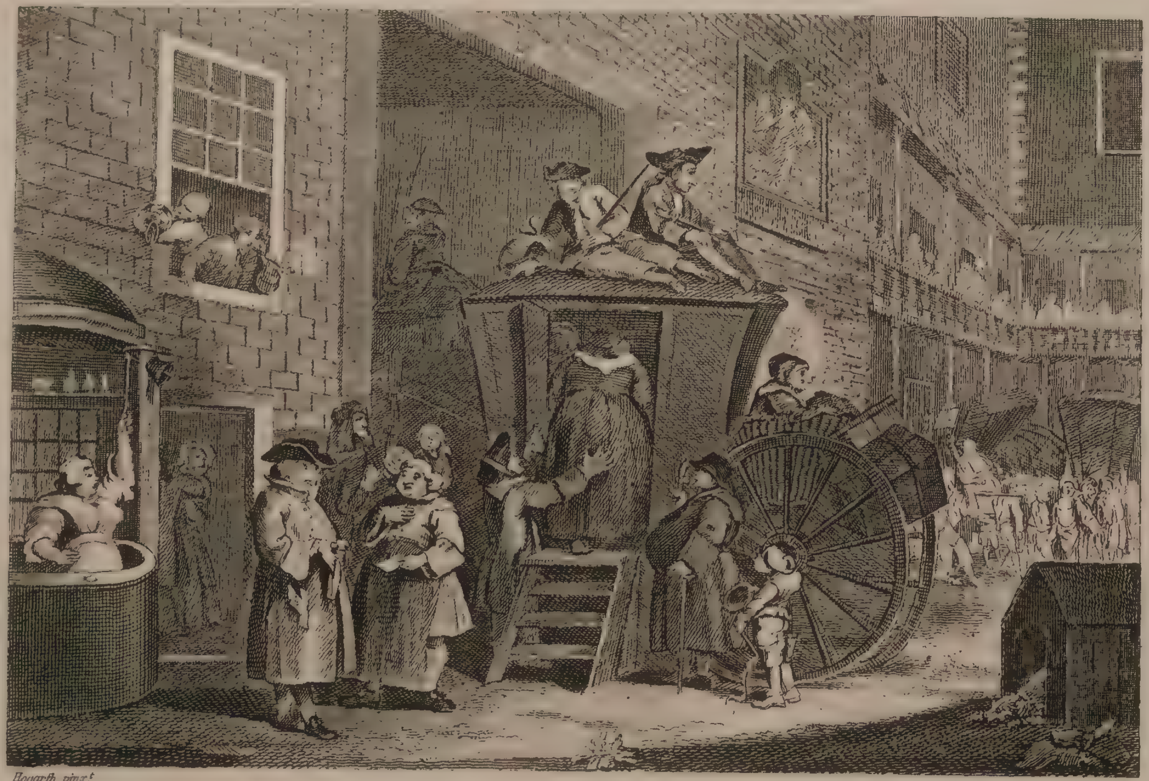
"The portrait which I painted with most pleasure," says Hogarth, "and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Thomas Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it.

"For the portrait of Mr. Garrick in Richard III. I was paid two hundred pounds (which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait), and that too by the sanction of several painters who had been previously consulted about the price, which was not given without mature consideration.

"Notwithstanding all this, the current remark was, that portraits were not my province; and I was tempted to abandon the only lucrative branch of my art, for the practice brought the whole nest of phyzmongers on my back, where they buzzed like so many hornets. All these people have their friends, whom they incessantly teach to call my women harlots, my Essay on Beauty borrowed, and my composition and engraving contemptible.

"This so much disgusted me, that I sometimes declared I would never paint another portrait, and frequently refused when applied to; for I found, by mortifying experience, that whoever would succeed in this branch, must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him. Whether or not this childish affectation will ever be done away is a doubtful question; none of those who have attempted to reform it have yet succeeded; nor, unless portrait painters in general become more honest, and their customers less vain, is there much reason to expect they ever will."

Though thus in a state of warfare with his brother artists, he was occasionally gratified by the praise of men whose judgment was universally acknowledged, and whose sanction became a higher honour, from its being neither lightly nor indiscriminately given.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook & Son sc.

A COUNTRY INN YARD.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, May 1st 1808

THE COUNTRY INN YARD;

OR, THE STAGE COACH.

The poet's adage, ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
Has stood the test of each revolving age;
Another simile perhaps will bear,
'Tis a STAGE COACH, where all must pay the fare;
Where each his entrance and his exit makes,
And o'er life's rugged road his journey takes.
Some unprotected must their tour perform,
And bide the pelting of the pitiless storm;
While others, free from elemental jars,
By fortune favour'd and propitious stars,
Secure from storms, enjoy their little hour,
Despise the whirlwind, and defy the shower.
Such is our life—in sunshine or in shade,
From evil shelter'd, or by woe assay'd:
Whether we sit, like Niobe, all tears,
Or calmly sink into the vale of years;
With houseless, naked Edgar sleep on straw,
Or keep, like Cæsar, subject worlds in awe—
To the same port our devious journeys tend,
Where airy hopes and sickening sorrows end;
Sunk every eye, and languid every breast,
Each weary pilgrim sighs and sinks to rest.

E.

AMONG the writers of English novels, Henry Fielding holds the first rank; he was the novelist of nature, and has described some scenes which bear a strong resemblance to that which is here delineated. The artist, like the author, has taken truth for his guide, and given such characters as are familiar to all our minds. The scene is a country inn yard, at the time passengers are getting into a stage-coach, and an election procession passing in the background. Nothing can be better described; we become of the party. The vulgar roar of our landlady is no less apparent than the grave, insinuating, imposing countenance of mine host. Boniface solemnly protests that a bill he is presenting to an old gentleman in a laced hat is extremely moderate. This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shows that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to suffer imposition. They are in general less sinned against than sinning. An ancient lady, getting into a coach, is, from her breadth, a very inconvenient companion in such a vehicle; but to atone for her rotundity, an old maid of a spare appearance, and in a most grotesque habit, is advancing towards the steps.

A portly gentleman, with a sword and cane in one hand, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postillion, who solicits his customary fee. The old woman smoking her short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her: cheered by the fumes of her tube, she lets the vanities of the world go their own way. Two passengers on the roof of the coach afford a good specimen of French and English manners. Ben Block, of the Centurion, surveys the subject of Le Grand Monarque with ineffable contempt.

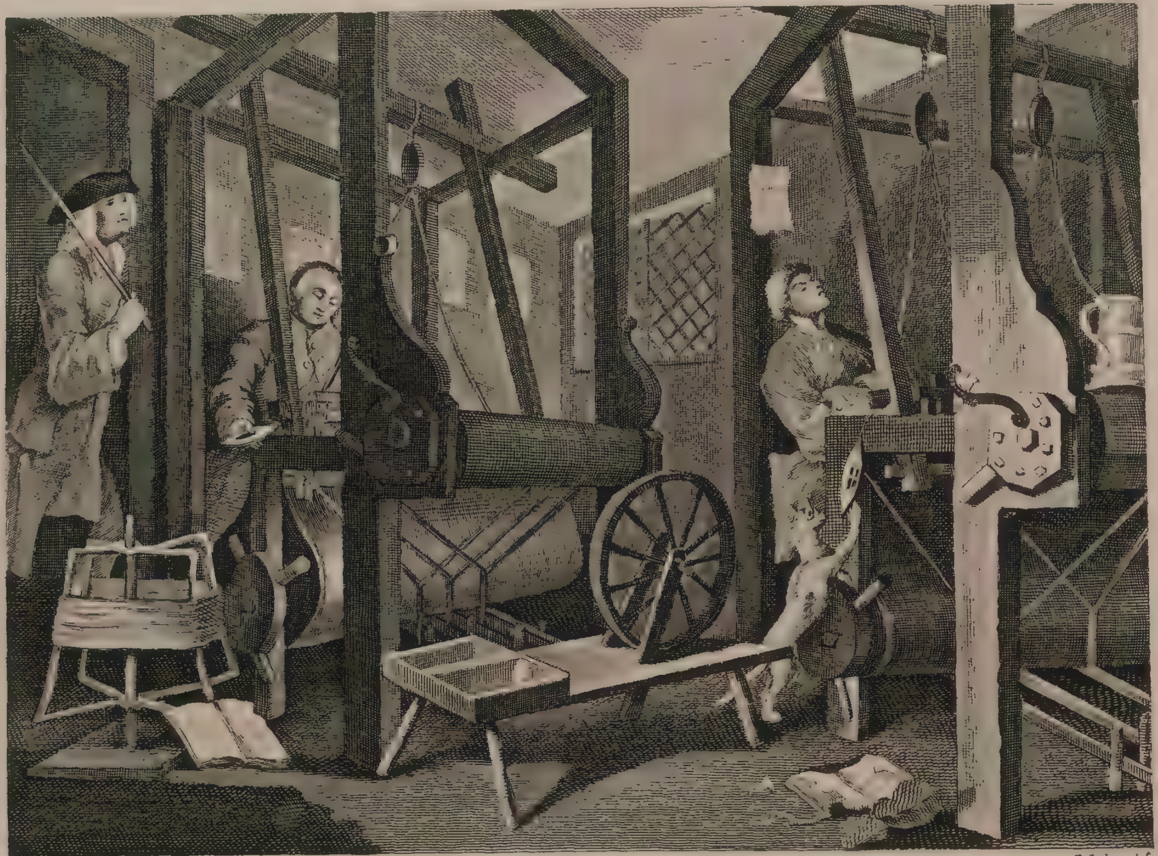
In the window are a very curious pair; one of them blowing a French horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness, which he feels from the fumes of his last night's punch. Beneath them is a traveller taking a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not to be moved by the clangour of the great bar bell, or the more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

The background is crowded with a procession of active citizens; they have chaired a figure with a horn-book, a bib and a rattle, intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramston. The hornbook, bib, and rattle are evidently displayed as punningly allusive to his name.*

Some pains have been taken to discover in what part of Essex this scene is laid; but from the many alterations made by rebuilding, removal, &c., it has not been positively ascertained, though it is probably Chelmsford.

---

* At this election a man was placed on a bulk, with a figure representing a child in his arms: as he whipped it he exclaimed, "What, you little child, must you be a member?" This election being disputed, it appeared from the register-book of the parish where Lord Castlemain was born, that he was but twenty years of age when he offered himself a candidate.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 2^d 1807.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

As our future welfare depends, in a great measure, on our own conduct in the outset of life, and as we derive our best expectations of success from our own attention and exertion, it may, with propriety, be asserted, that the good or ill fortune of mankind is chiefly attributable to their own early diligence or sloth; either of which becomes, through habit in the early part of life, both familiar and natural. This Mr. Hogarth has made appear in the following history of the two Apprentices, by representing a series of such scenes as naturally result from a course of Industry or Idleness, and which he has illustrated with such texts of Scripture as teach us their analogy with holy writ. Now, as example is far more convincing and persuasive than precept, these prints are, undoubtedly, an excellent lesson to such young men as are brought up to business, by laying before them the inevitable destruction that awaits the slothful, and the reward that generally attends the diligent, both appropriately exemplified in the conduct of these two fellow-'prentices; where the one, by taking good courses, and pursuing those purposes for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as shown in the last of these instructive prints.

In the chamber of the city of London, where apprentices are bound and enrolled, the twelve prints of this series are introduced, and, with great propriety, ornament the room.

PLATE I.

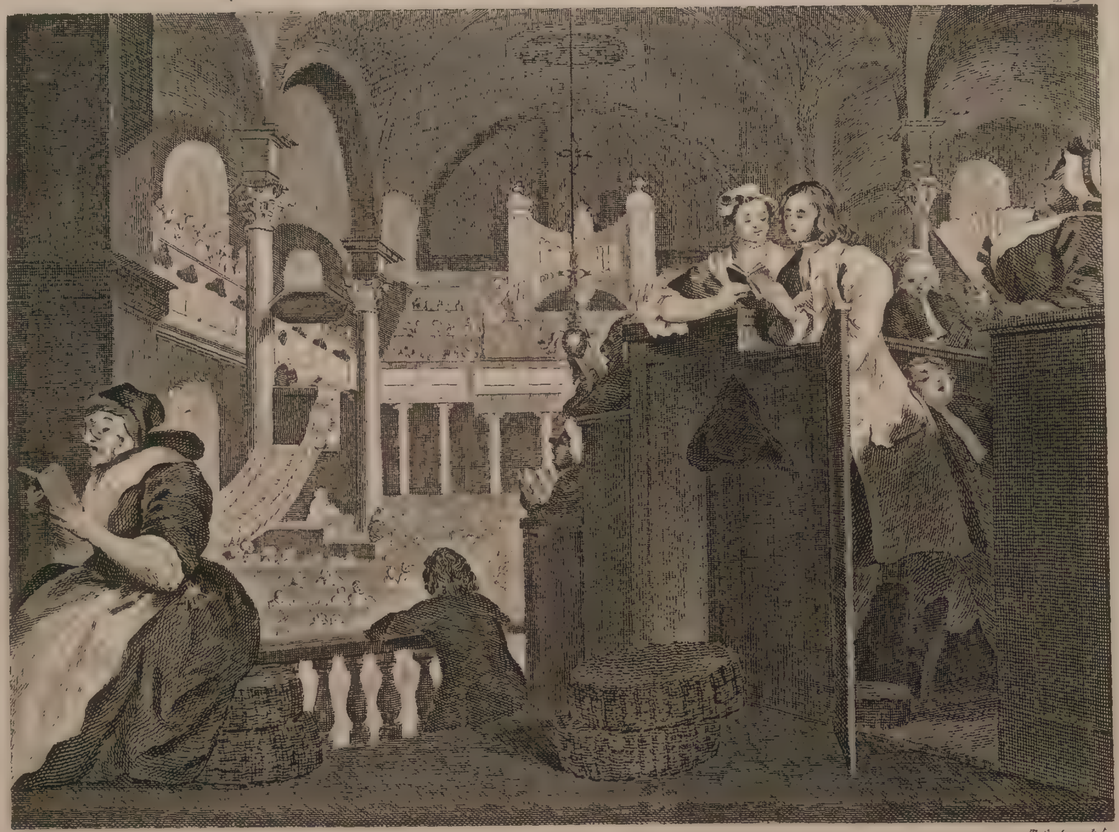
THE FELLOW-'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

"The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."
Proverbs, chap. xxiii., verse 21.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."—Proverbs, chap. x., verse 4.

The first print presents us with a noble and striking contrast in two apprentices at the looms of their master, a silk-weaver of Spitalfields: in the one we observe a serene and open countenance, the distinguishing mark of innocence: and in the other a sullen, down-cast look, the index of a corrupt mind and vicious heart. The industrious youth is diligently employed at his work, and his thoughts taken up with the business he is upon. His book, called the "'Prentice's Guide," supposed to be given him for instruction, lies open beside him, as if perused with care and attention. The employment of the day seems his constant study; and the interest of his master his continual regard. We are given to understand, also, by the ballads of the London 'Prentice, Whittingham the Mayor, &c., that hang behind him, that he lays out his pence on things that may improve his mind, and enlighten his understanding. On the contrary, his fellow-'prentice, with worn-out coat and uncombed hair, overpowered with beer, indicated by the half-gallon pot before him, is fallen asleep; and from the shuttle becoming the plaything of the wanton kitten, we learn how he slumbers on, inattentive alike to his own and his master's interest. The ballad of Moll Flanders, on the wall behind him, shows that the bent of his mind is towards that which is bad; and his book of instructions lying torn and defaced upon the ground, manifests how regardless he is of anything tending to his future welfare.

Nº 2.



Hogarth pinxt

T. Cook sculpt

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, May 1st 1807

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE II.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN.

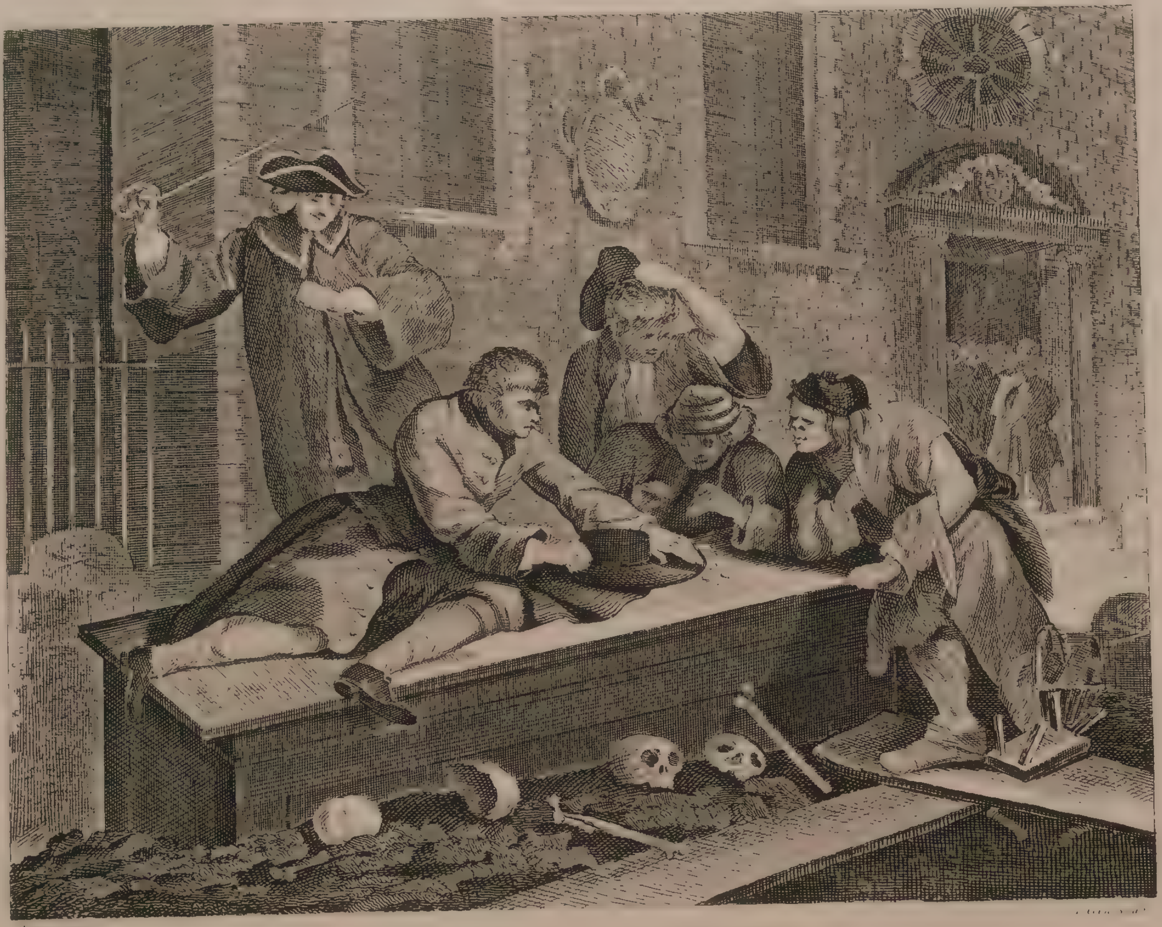
"O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day."—Psalm cxix., verse 97.

THIS plate displays our industrious young man attending divine service in the same pew with his master's daughter, where he shows every mark of decent and devout attention.

Mr. Hogarth's strong bias to burlesque was not to be checked by time or place. It is not easy to imagine anything more whimsically grotesque than the female Falstaff. A fellow near her, emulating the deep-toned organ, and the man beneath, who, though asleep, joins his sonorous tones in melodious chorus with the admirers of those two pre-eminent poets, Hopkins and Sternhold. The pew-opener is a very prominent and principal figure; two old women adjoining Miss West's seat are so much in shadow, that we are apt to overlook them: they are, however, all three making the dome ring with their exertions.

Ah! had it been king David's fate
To hear them sing ———

The preacher, reader, and clerk, with many of the small figures in the gallery and beneath, are truly ludicrous, and we regret their being on so reduced a scale, that they are scarce perceptible to the naked eye. It was necessary that the artist should exhibit a crowded congregation; but it must be acknowledged he has neglected the rules of perspective. The print wants depth. In the countenance of Miss West and her lover there is a resemblance. Their faces have not much expression; but this is atoned for by a natural and pleasing simplicity. Character was not necessary.



Hogarth pinx.

T. Cook sculp.

INDUSTRY & IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1, 1807.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

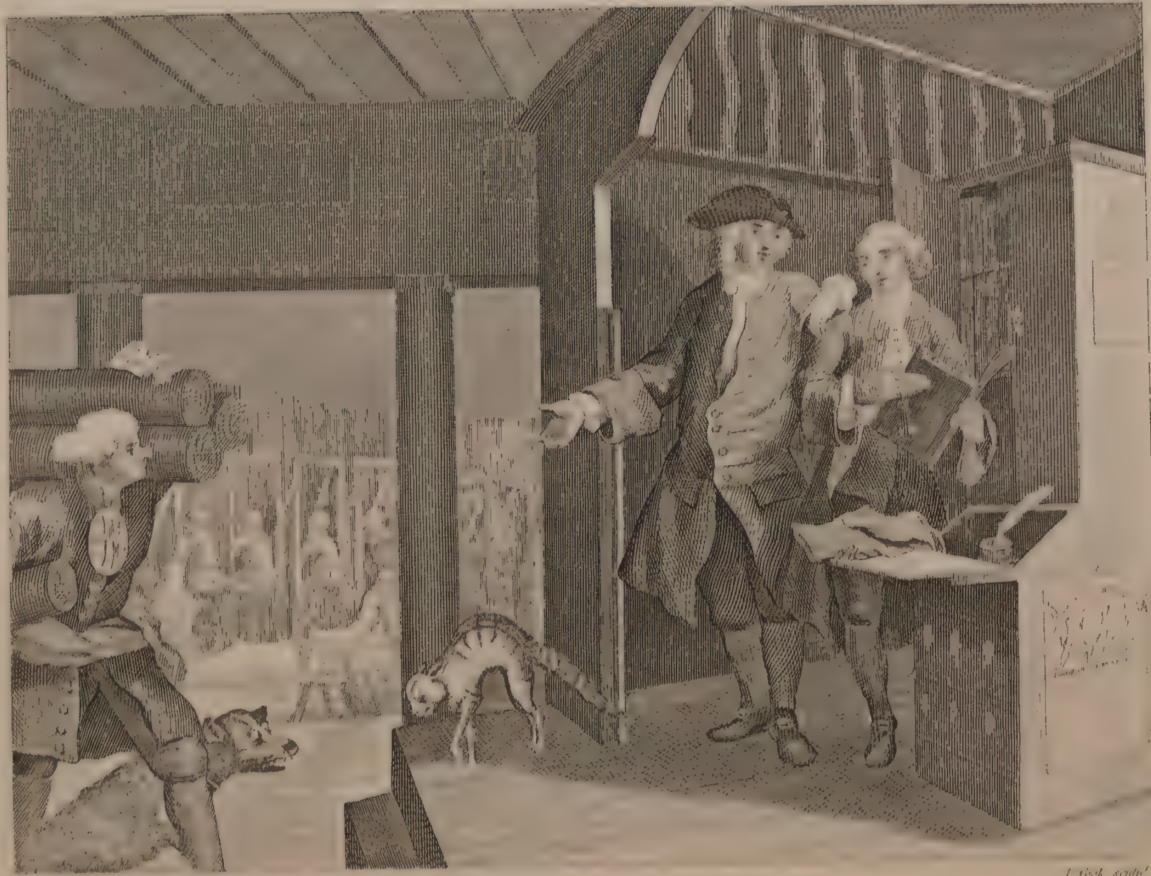
PLATE III.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCH-YARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

> "Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back of fools.'
> Proverbs, chap. xix., verse 29.

As a contrast to the preceding plate, of the industrious young man performing the duties of a Christian, is this, representing the idle 'prentice at play in the church-yard during divine service. As an observance of religion is allowed to be the foundation of virtue, so a neglect of religious duties has ever been acknowledged the forerunner of every wickedness; the confession of malefactors at the place of execution being a melancholy confirmation of this truth. Here we see him, while others are intent on the holy service, transgressing the laws both of God and man, gambling on a tomb-stone with the offscouring of the people, the meanest of the human species, shoe-blacks, chimney-sweepers, &c., for none but such would deign to be his companions. Their amusement seems to be the favourite old English game of hustle-cap, and our idle and unprincipled youth is endeavouring to cheat, by concealing some of the half-pence under the broad brim of his hat. This is perceived by the shoe-black, and warmly resented by the fellow with the black patch over his eye, who loudly insists on the hat's being fairly removed. The eager anxiety which marks these mean gamblers is equal to that of two peers playing for an estate. The latter could not have more solicitude for the turn of a die which was to determine who was the proprietor of ten thousand acres, than is displayed in the countenance of young Idle. Indeed, so callous is his heart, so wilfully blind is he to everything tending to his future welfare, that the tombs, those standing monuments of mortality, cannot move him: even the new-dug grave, the skulls and bones, those lively and awakening monitors, cannot rouse him from his sinful lethargy, open his eyes, or pierce his heart with the least reflection; so hardened is he with vice, and so intent on the pursuit of his evil course. The hand of the boy, employed upon his head, and that of the shoe-black, in his bosom, are expressive of filth and vermin; and show that our hero is within a step of being over-spread with the beggarly contagion. His obstinate continuance in his course, until awakened by the blows of the watchful beadle, point out to us that "stripes are prepared for the back of fools;" that disgrace and infamy are the natural attendants of the slothful and the scorner; and that there are but little hopes of his alteration, until he is overtaken in his iniquity, by the avenging hand of Omnipotence, and feels, with horror and amazement, the unexpected and inevitable approach of death. Thus do the obstinate and incorrigible shut their ears against the alarming calls of Providence, and sin away even the possibility of salvation.

The figures in this print are admirably grouped, and the countenance of the gamblers and beadle strikingly characteristic.



Hogarth pinxt

T. Cook sculpt

INDUSTRY & IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, July 1807

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE IV.

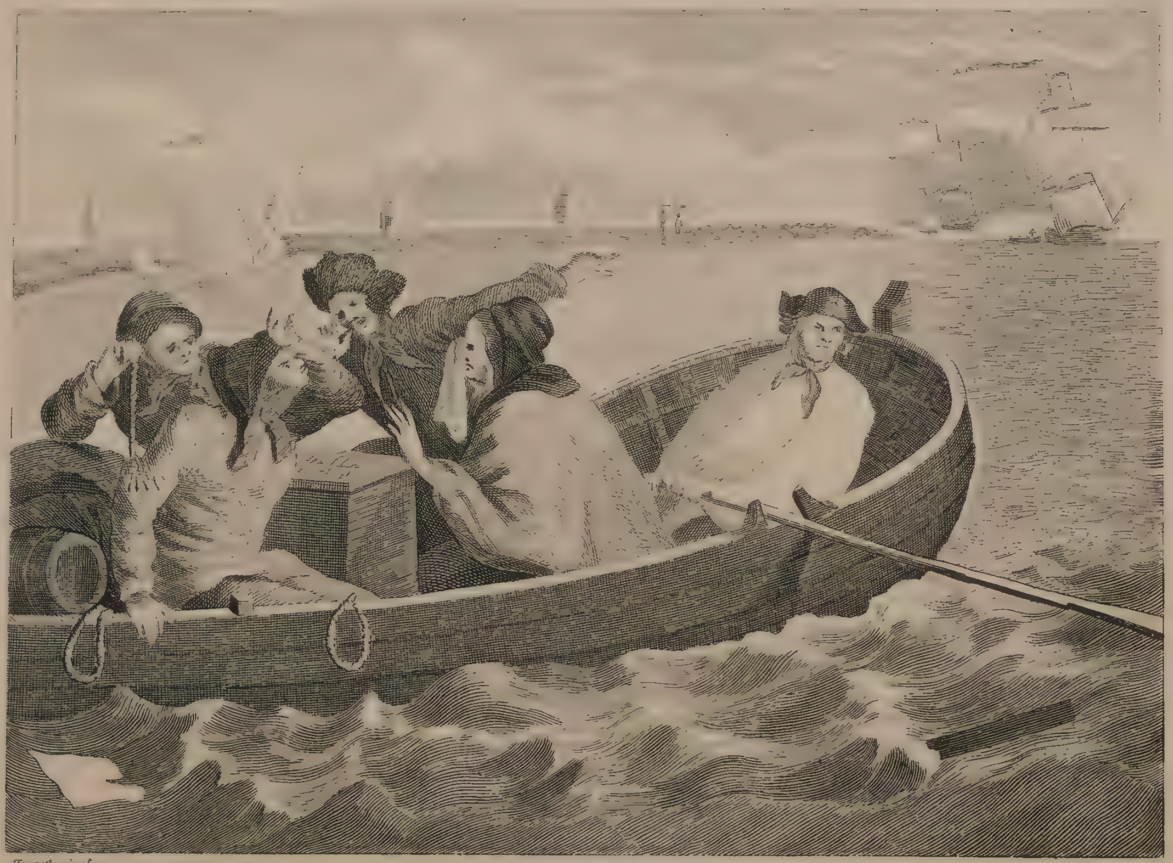
THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE AND INTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."—Matthew, chap. xxv., verse 21.

The industrious apprentice, by a discreet and steady conduct, attracts the notice of his master, and becomes a favourite: accordingly, we behold him here (exquisitely continued from the first and second prints) in the counting-house (with a distant view of the looms, and of the quilsters, winding quills for the shuttles, from whence he was removed), intrusted with the books, receiving and giving orders (the general reward of honesty, care, and diligence), as appears from the delivery of some stuffs by a city porter, from Blackwell-hall. By the keys in one hand and the bag in the other, we are shown that he has behaved himself with so much prudence and discretion, and given such proofs of fidelity, as to become the keeper of untold gold: the greatest mark of confidence he could be favoured with. The integrity of his heart is visible in his face. The modesty and tranquillity of his countenance tell us, that though the great trust reposed in him is an addition to his happiness, yet, that he discharges his duty with such becoming diffidence and care, as not to betray any of that pride which attends so great a promotion. The familiar position of his master, leaning on his shoulder, is a farther proof of his esteem, declaring that he dwells, as it were, in his bosom, and possesses the utmost share of his affection; circumstances that must sweeten even a state of servitude, and make a pleasant and lasting impression on the mind. The head-piece to the London Almanac, representing Industry taking Time by the forelock, is not the least of the beauties in this plate, as it intimates the danger of delay, and advises us to make the best use of time, whilst we have it in our power; nor will the position of the gloves, on the flap of the escritoire, be unobserved by a curious examiner, being expressive of that union that subsists between an indulgent master and an industrious apprentice.

The strong beer nose and pimpled face of the porter, though they have no connexion with the moral of the piece, are a fine caricatura, and show that our author let slip no opportunity of ridiculing the vices and follies of the age, and particularly here, in laying before us the strange infatuation of this class of people, who, because a good deal of labour requires some extraordinary refreshment, will even drink to the deprivation of their reason, and the destruction of their health. The surly mastiff, keeping close to his master, and quarrelling with the house cat for admittance, though introduced to fill up the piece, represents the faithfulness of these animals in general, and is no mean emblem of the honesty and fidelity of the porter.

In this print, neither the cat, dog, nor the porter are well drawn, nor is much regard paid to perspective; but the general design is carried on by such easy and natural gradations, and the consequent success of an attentive conduct displayed in colours so plain and perspicuous, that these little errors in execution will readily be overlooked.



Hogarth pinx^t.

T. Cook sculp^t.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Sep^r 1^st 1807.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

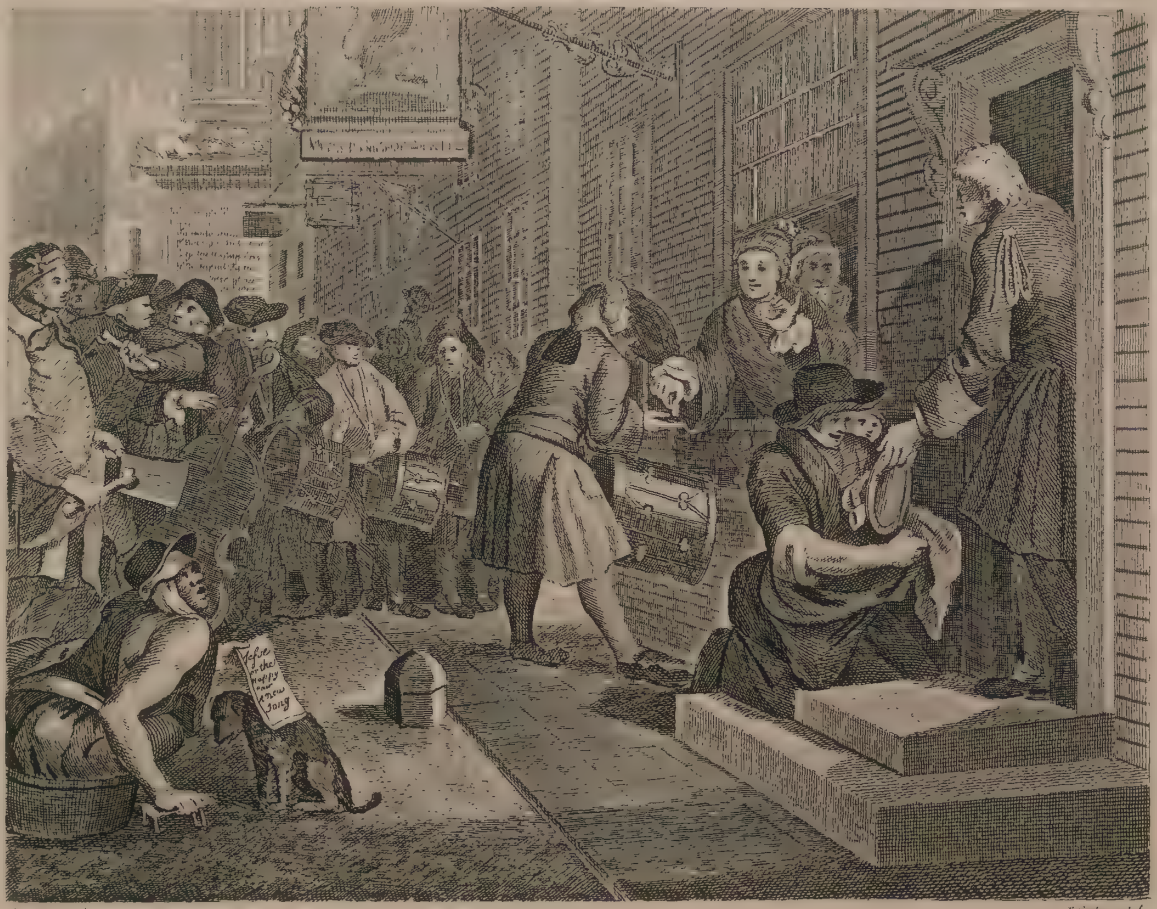
PLATE V.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Proverbs, chap. x., verse 1.

Corrupted by sloth and contaminated by evil company, the idle apprentice, having tired the patience of his master, is sent to sea, in the hope that the being removed from the vices of the town and the influence of his wicked companions, joined with the hardships and perils of a seafaring life, might effect that reformation of which his friends despaired while he continued on shore. See him then in the ship's boat, accompanied by his afflicted mother, making towards the vessel in which he is to embark. The disposition of the different figures in the boat, and the expression of their countenances, tell us plainly, that his evil pursuits and incorrigible wickedness are the subjects of their discourse. The waterman significantly directs his attention to a figure on a gibbet, as emblematical of his future fate, should he not turn from the evil of his ways; and the boy shows him a cat-o'-nine-tails, expressive of the discipline that awaits him on board of ship; these admonitions, however, he notices only by the application of his fingers to his forehead, in the form of horns, jestingly telling them to look at Cuckold's Point, which they have just passed; he then throws his indentures into the water with an air of contempt, that proves how little he is affected by his present condition, and how little he regards the persuasions and tears of a fond mother, whose heart seems ready to burst with grief at the fate of her darling son, and perhaps her only stay; for her dress seems to intimate that she is a widow. Well then might Solomon say, that "a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother;" for we here behold her who had often rejoiced in the prospect of her child being a prop to her in the decline of life, lamenting his depravity, and anticipating with horror the termination of his evil course. One would naturally imagine, from the common course of things, that this scene would have awakened his reflection, and been the means of softening the ruggedness of his disposition,—that some tender ideas would have crossed his mind and melted the obduracy of his heart; but he continues hardened and callous to every admonition.

The group of figures composing this print has been copied by the ingenious Lavater; with whose appropriate remarks we conclude our present description. "Observe," says this great analyst of the human countenance, "in the annexed group, that unnatural wretch, with the infernal visage, insulting his supplicating mother; the predominant character on the three other villain-faces, though all disfigured by effrontery, is cunning and ironical malignity. Every face is a seal with this truth engraved on it: 'Nothing makes a man so ugly as vice; nothing renders the countenance so hideous as villany.'"


Jesse
or the
Happy
pair
A new
Song

Hogarth pinx.t *T. Cook sculp.t*

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees & Orme Sep.r 1st 1807.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VI.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME, AND MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

" The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."—Proverbs, chap. xiii., verse 4.

The reward of industry is success. Our prudent and attentive youth is now become partner with his master, and married to his daughter. The sign, by which this circumstance is intimated, was at first inscribed Goodchild and West. Some of Mr. Hogarth's city friends informing him that it was usual for the senior partner's name to precede, it was altered.

To show that plenty reigns in this mansion, a servant distributes the remains of the table to a poor woman, and the bridegroom pays one of the drummers, who, according to ancient custom, attend with their thundering gratulations the day after a wedding. A performer on the bass viol, and a herd of butchers armed with marrow-bones and cleavers, form an English concert. (Madame Pompadour, in her remarks on the English taste for music, says, they are invariably fond of everything that is full in the mouth.) A cripple with the ballad of Jesse, or the Happy Pair, represents a man known by the name of Philip in the Tub, who had visited Ireland and the United Provinces; and, in the memory of some persons now living, was a general attendant at weddings. From those votaries of Hymen who were honoured with his epithalamiums, he received a small reward. To show that Messrs. West and Goodchild's habitation is near the monument, the base of that stately column appears in the back-ground. The inscription which until lately graced this structure, used to remind every reader of Pope's lines,

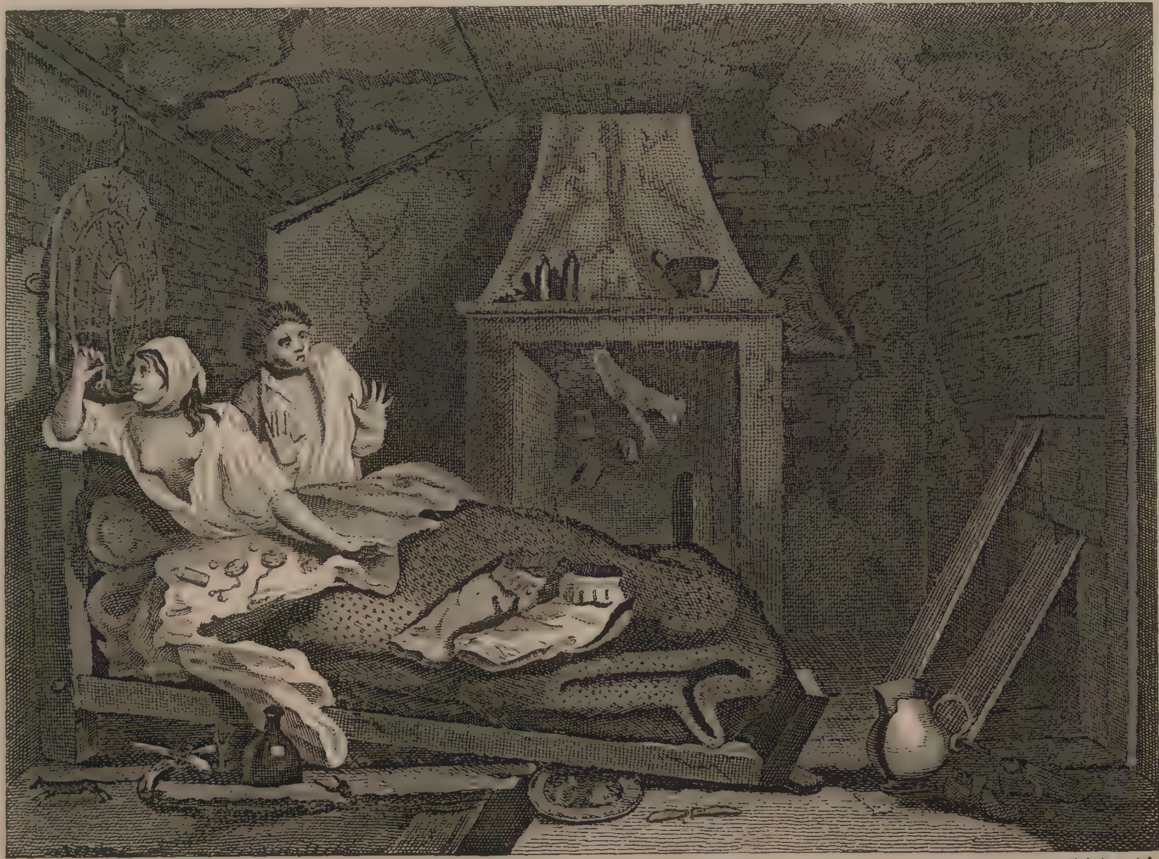
Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, rears its head, and lies, &c.

The Duke of Buckingham's epigram on this magnificent pillar is not so generally known :

Here stand I,
The Lord knows why;
But if I fall—
Have at ye all.

A footman and butcher, at the opposite corner, compared with the other figures, are gigantic; they might serve for the Gog and Magog of Guildhall.

It has been said that the thoughts in this print are trite, and the actions mean, which must be in part acknowledged, but they are natural, and appropriate to the rank and situation of the parties, and to the fashions of the time at which it was published.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^{r} 1st 1807.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VII.

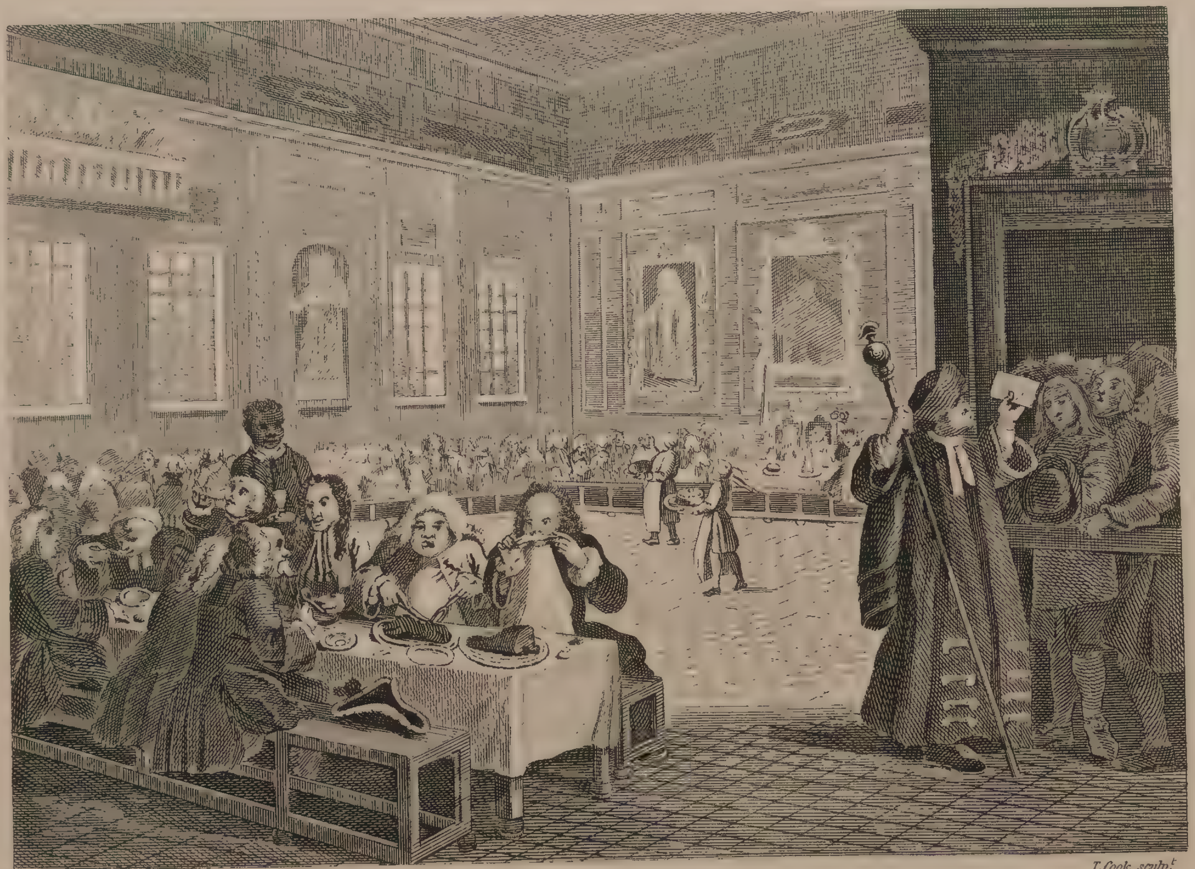
THE IDLE 'PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA, AND IN A GARRET WITH A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

"The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."—Leviticus, chap. xxvi., verse 6.

THE idle apprentice, as appears by this print, is advancing with rapid strides towards his fate. We are to suppose him returned from sea after a long voyage; and to have met with such correction abroad for his obstinacy, during his absence from England, that though it was found insufficient to alter his disposition, yet it determined him to pursue some other way of life; and what he entered on is here but too evident (from the pistols by the bed-side, and the trinkets his companion is examining, in order to strip him of) to be that of the highway. He is represented in a garret, with a common prostitute, the partaker of his infamy, awaking, after a night spent in robbery and plunder, from one of those broken slumbers which are ever the consequence of a life of dishonesty and debauchery. Though the designs of Providence are visible in everything, yet they are never more conspicuous than in this,—that whatever these unhappy wretches possess by wicked and illegal means, they seldom comfortably enjoy. In this scene we have one of the finest pictures imaginable of the horrors of a guilty conscience. Though the door is fastened in the strongest manner, with a lock and two bolts, and with the addition of some planks from the flooring, so as to make his retreat as secure as possible; though he has attempted to drive away thought by the powerful effects of spirituous liquors, plain from the glass and bottle upon the floor, still he is not able to brave out his guilt, or steel his breast against reflection. Behold him roused by the accidental circumstance of a cat's coming down the chimney, and the falling of a few bricks, which he believes to be the noise of his pursuers! Observe his starting up in bed, and all the tortures of his mind imprinted in his face! He first stiffens into stone, then all his nerves and muscles relax, a cold sweat seizes him.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

his hair stands on end, his teeth chatter, and dismay and horror stalk before his eyes. How different is the countenance of his wretched bed-fellow! in whom unconcern and indifference to everything but the plunder are plainly apparent. She is looking at an ear-ring, which, with two watches, an etwee, and a couple of rings, are spread upon the bed, as part of last night's plunder. The phials on the mantel-piece show that sickness and disease are ever attendant on prostitution; and the beggarly appearance of the room, its wretched furniture, the hole by way of window (by the light of which she is examining her valuable acquisition, and against which she had hung her old hoop-petticoat in order to keep out the cold), and the rat's running across the floor, are just and sufficient indications that misery and want are the constant companions of a guilty life.



Hogarth pinx^t.

T. Cook sculp^t.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan^y. 1st 1809.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

"With all thy gettings get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her."—Proverbs, chap. iv., verses 7, 8.

From industry become opulent, from integrity and punctuality respectable, our young merchant is now sheriff of London, and dining with the different companies in Guildhall. A group on the left side are admirably characteristic; their whole souls seem absorbed in the pleasures of the table. A divine, true to his cloth, swallows his soup with the highest *gout*. Not less gratified is the gentleman palating a glass of wine. The man in a black wig is a positive representative of famine; and the portly and oily citizen, with a napkin tucked in his button-hole, has evidently burnt his mouth by extreme eagerness.

The backs of those in the distance, behung with bags, major perukes, pinners, &c., are most laughably ludicrous. Every person present is so attentive to business, that one may fairly conclude they live to eat, rather than eat to live.

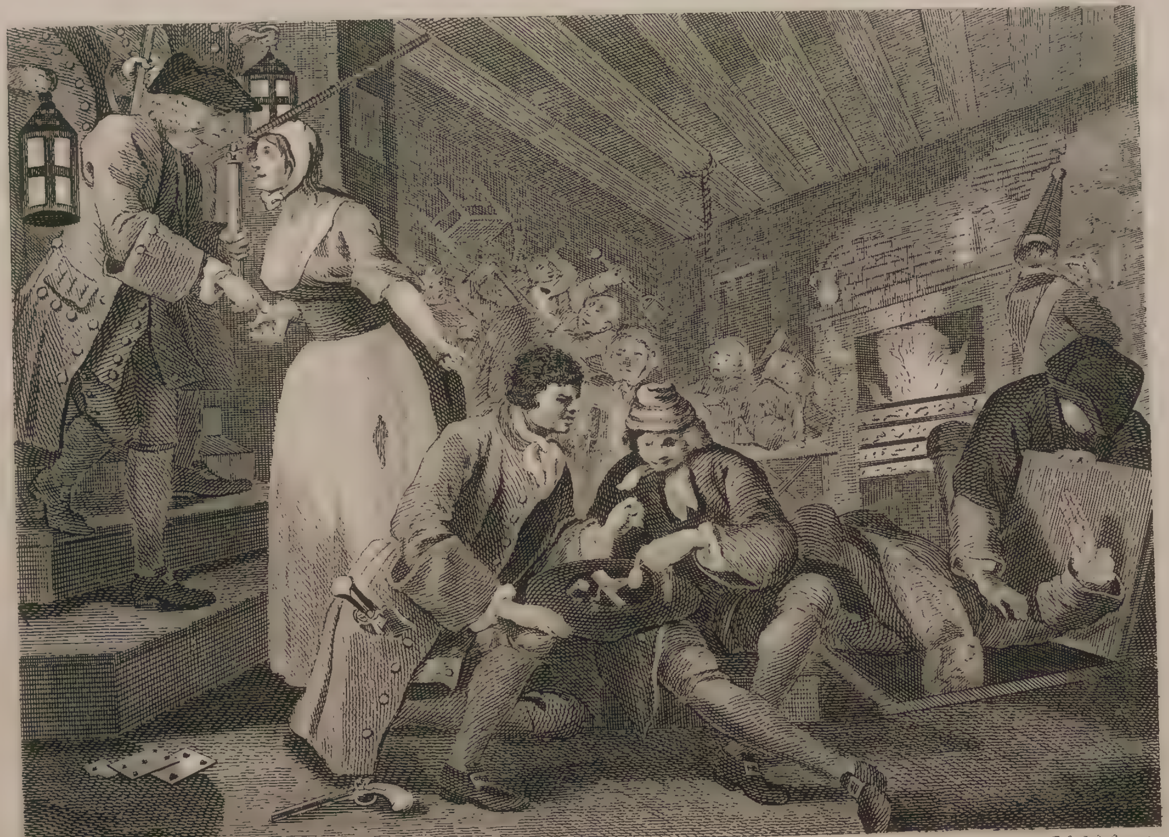
But though this must be admitted to be the case with this party, the following instance of city temperance proves that there are some exceptions. When the lord mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, chamberlain, &c., of the city of London were once seated around the table at a public and splendid dinner at Guildhall, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr. Alderman B——, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch,—I am within reach of both, sir?" "Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, sir," replied the alderman, "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon which are at this end of the table." "Mr. Alderman A——," continued the Chamberlain, "which would you choose, sir?" "Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother B——, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal the old Chamberlain rose from his seat, and, with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes round the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called "Silence!" which being obtained, he thus addressed the pretorian magistrate, who sat in the chair: "My Lord Mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of gluttony; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day utterly silenced, I humbly move, that your lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals, that two aldermen of the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either turtle soup or venison."

Notwithstanding all this, there are men, who, looking at the dark side, and perhaps rendered splenetic, and soured by not being invited to these sumptuous entertainments, have affected to fear, that their frequent repetition would have a tendency to produce a famine, or at least to check the increase, if not extirpate the species, of those birds, beasts, and fish, with which the tables of the rich are now so plentifully supplied. But these half reasoners do not take into their calculation the number of gentlemen so laudably associated for encouraging cattle being fed so fat that there is no lean left; or that more ancient association, sanctioned and supported by severe acts of parliament, for the preservation of the game. From the exertions of these and similar societies, we may reasonably hope there is no occasion to dread any such calamity taking place; though the Guildhall tables often groaning under such hecatombs as are recorded in the following account, may make a man of weak nerves and strong digestion shake his head and shudder a little. "On the 29th October, 1727, when George II. and Queen Caroline honoured the city with their presence at Guildhall, there were nineteen tables, covered with 1075 dishes. The whole expense of this entertainment to the city was £4889 4*s*."

To return to the print;—a self-sufficient and consequential beadle, reading the direction of a letter to Francis Goodchild, Esq., Sheriff of London, has all the insolence of office. The important and overbearing air of this dignified personage is well contrasted by the humble simplicity of the straight-haired messenger behind the bar. The gallery is well furnished with musicians busily employed in their vocation.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.

Besides the portrait of William the Third, and a judge, the hall is ornamented with a full length of that illustrious hero Sir William Walworth, in commemoration of whose valour the weapon with which he slew Wat Tyler was introduced into the city arms.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook & Son sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, August 1st 1808.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

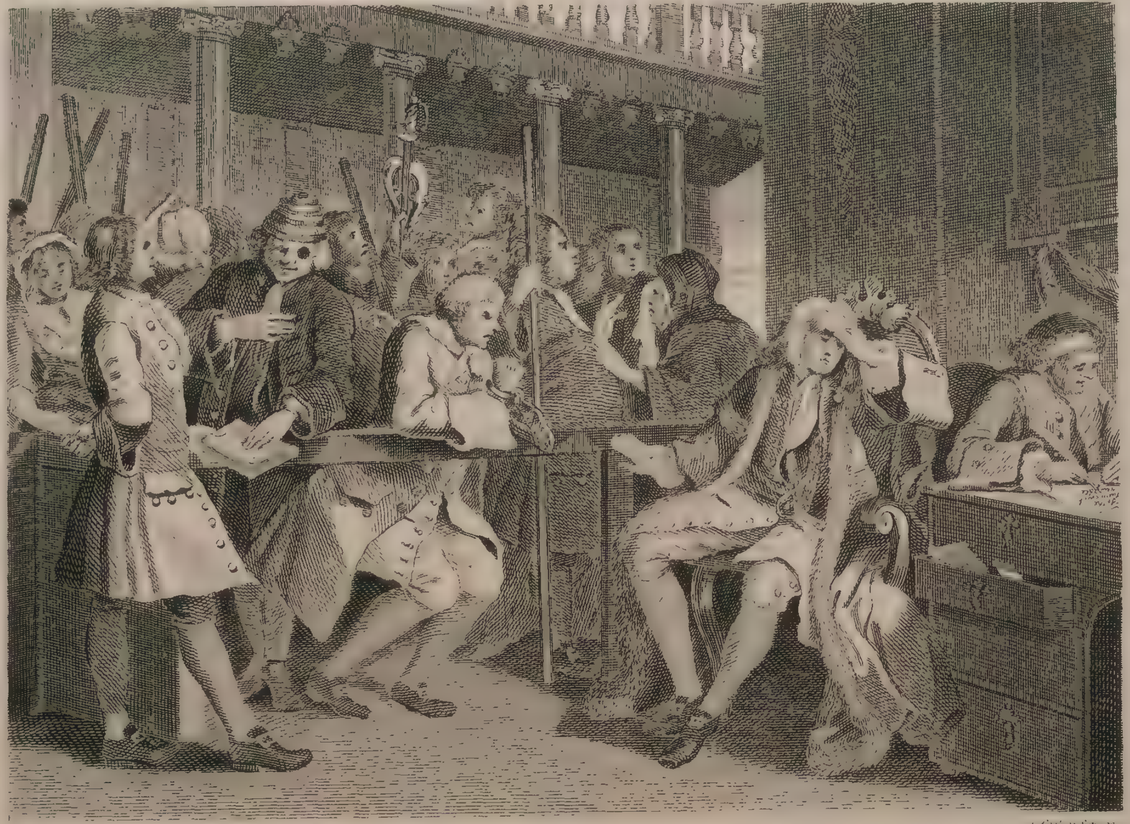
PLATE IX.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE, AND TAKEN IN A NIGHT CELLAR WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.

"The adulteress will hunt for the precious life."—Proverbs, chap. vi., verse 26.

From the picture of the reward of diligence, we return to take a further view of the progress of sloth and infamy; by following the idle 'prentice a step nearer to the approach of his unhappy end. We see him in the third plate herding with the worst of the human species, the very dregs of the people; one of his companions, at that time, being a one-eyed wretch, who seemed hackneyed in the ways of vice. To break this vile connexion he was sent to sea; but, no sooner did he return, than his wicked disposition took its natural course, and every day he lived served only to habituate him to acts of greater criminality. He presently discovered his old acquaintance, who, no doubt, rejoiced to find him so ripe for mischief: with this worthless, abandoned fellow, he enters into engagements of the worst kind, even those of robbery and murder. Thus blindly will men sometimes run headlong to their own destruction.

About the time when these plates were first published, which was in the year 1747, there was a noted house in Chick Lane, Smithfield, that went by the name of the Blood Bowl House, so called from the numerous scenes of blood that were almost daily carried on there; it being a receptacle for prostitutes and thieves; where every species of delinquency was practised; and where, indeed, there seldom passed a month without the commission of some act of murder. To this subterraneous abode of iniquity (it being a cellar) was our hero soon introduced; where he is now represented in company with his accomplice, and others of the same stamp, having just committed a most horrid act of barbarity (that of killing a passer-by, and conveying him into a place under ground, contrived for this purpose), dividing among them the ill-gotten booty, which consists of two watches, a snuff-box, and some other trinkets. In the midst of this wickedness, he is betrayed by his strumpet (a proof of the treachery of such wretches) into the hands of the high constable and his attendants, who had, with better success than heretofore, traced him to this wretched haunt. The back ground of this print serves rather as a representation of night-cellars in general, those infamous receptacles for the dissolute and abandoned of both sexes, than a further illustration of our artist's chief design; however, as it was Mr. Hogarth's intention, in the history before us, to encourage virtue and expose vice, by placing the one in an amiable light, and exhibiting the other in its most heightened scenes of wickedness and impiety, in hopes of deterring the half-depraved youth of this metropolis from even the possibility of the commission of such actions, by frightening them from these abodes of wretchedness; as this was manifestly his intention, it cannot be deemed a deviation from the subject. By the skirmish behind, the woman without a nose, the scattered cards upon the floor, &c., we are shown that drunkenness and riot, disease, prostitution, and ruin are the dreadful attendants of sloth, and the general forerunners of crimes of the deepest dye; and by the halter suspended from the ceiling, over the head of the sleeper, we are to learn two things—the indifference of mankind, even in a state of danger, and the insecurity of guilt in every situation.



Hogarth pinxt.

T. Cook & Son sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Novr. 1st 1808.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

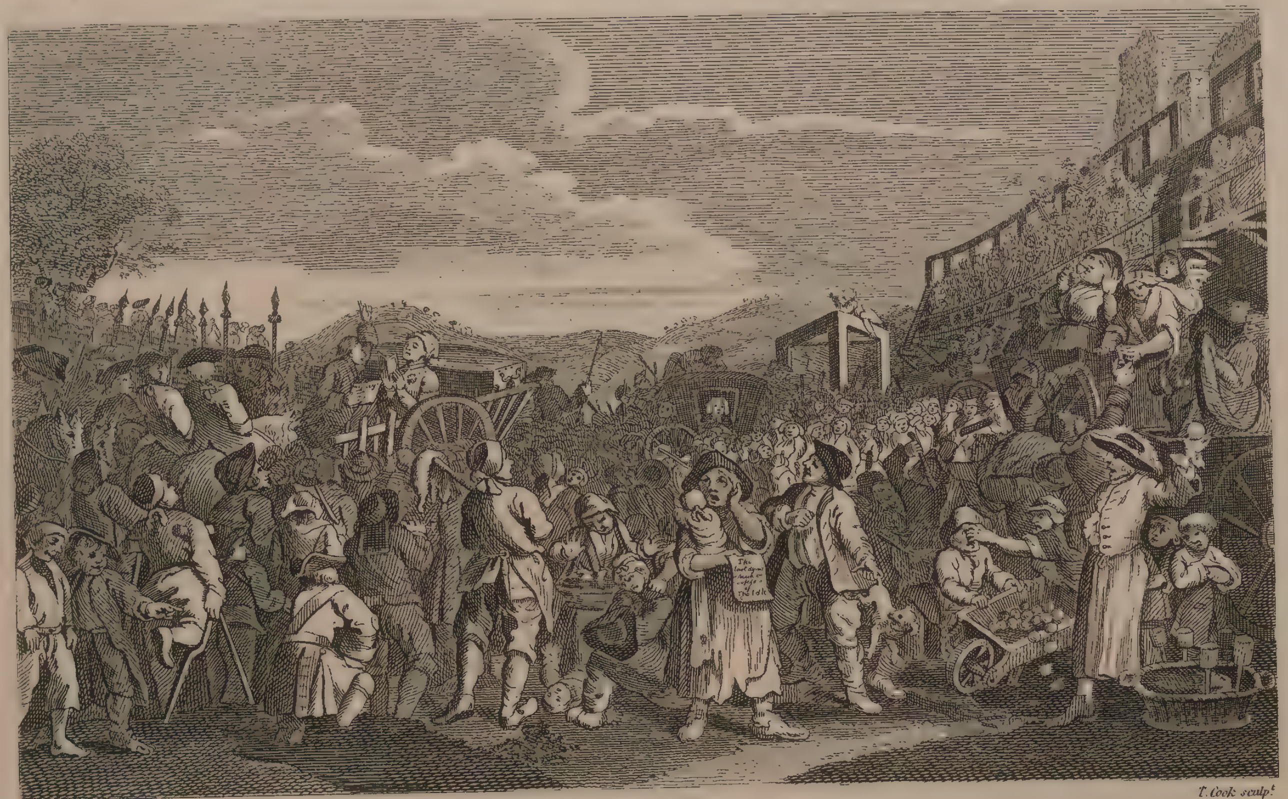
PLATE X.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON; THE IDLE ONE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM, AND IMPEACHED BY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."—Leviticus, chap. xix., verse 15.
"The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands."—Psalm ix., verse 16.

Imagine now this depraved and atrocious youth handcuffed, and dragged from his wicked haunt, through the streets to a place of security, amidst the scorn and contempt of a jeering populace; and thence brought before the sitting magistrate (who, to heighten the scene and support the contrast, is supposed to be his fellow-'prentice, now chosen an alderman), in order to be dealt with according to law. See him then at last, having run his course of iniquity, fallen into the hands of justice, being betrayed by his accomplice; a further proof of the perfidy of man, when even partners in vice are unfaithful to each other. This is the only print among the set, excepting the first, where the two principal characters are introduced; in which Mr. Hogarth has shown his great abilities, as well in description, as in a particular attention to the uniformity and connexion of the whole. He is now at the bar, with all the marks of guilt imprinted on his face. How, if his fear will permit him to reflect, must he think on the happiness and exaltation of his fellow-'prentice on the one hand, and of his own misery and degradation on the other! At one instant, he condemns the persuasions of his wicked companions; at another, his own idleness and obstinacy: however, deeply smitten with his crime, he sues the magistrate, upon his knees, for mercy, and pleads in his cause the former acquaintance that subsisted between them, when they both dwelt beneath the same roof, and served the same common master: but here was no room for lenity, murder was his crime, and death must be his punishment; the proofs are incontestable, and his mittimus is ordered, which the clerk is drawing out. Let us next turn our thoughts upon the alderman, in whose breast a struggle between mercy and justice is beautifully displayed. Who can behold the magistrate, here, without praising the man? How fine is the painter's thought of reclining the head on one hand, while the other is extended to express the pity and shame he feels that human nature should be so depraved! It is not the golden chain or scarlet robe that constitutes the character, but the feelings of the heart. To show us that application for favour, by the ignorant, is often idly made to the servants of justice, who take upon themselves on that account a certain state and consequence, not inferior to magistracy, the mother of our delinquent is represented in the greatest distress, as making interest with the corpulent self-swoln constable, who with an unfeeling concern seems to say, "Make yourself easy, for he must be hanged;" and to convince us that bribery will even find its way into courts of judicature, here is a woman feeing the swearing clerk, who has stuck his pen behind his ear that his hands might be both at liberty; and how much more his attention is engaged to the money he is taking, than to the administration of the oath, may be known from the ignorant, treacherous witness being suffered to lay his left hand upon the book; strongly expressive of the sacrifice, even of sacred things, to the inordinate thirst of gain.

From Newgate (the prison to which he was committed; where, during his continuance, he lay chained in a dismal cell, deprived of the cheerfulness of light, fed upon bread and water, and left without a bed to rest on) the prisoner was removed to the bar of judgment, and condemned to die by the laws of his country.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

INDUSTRY & IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1809.

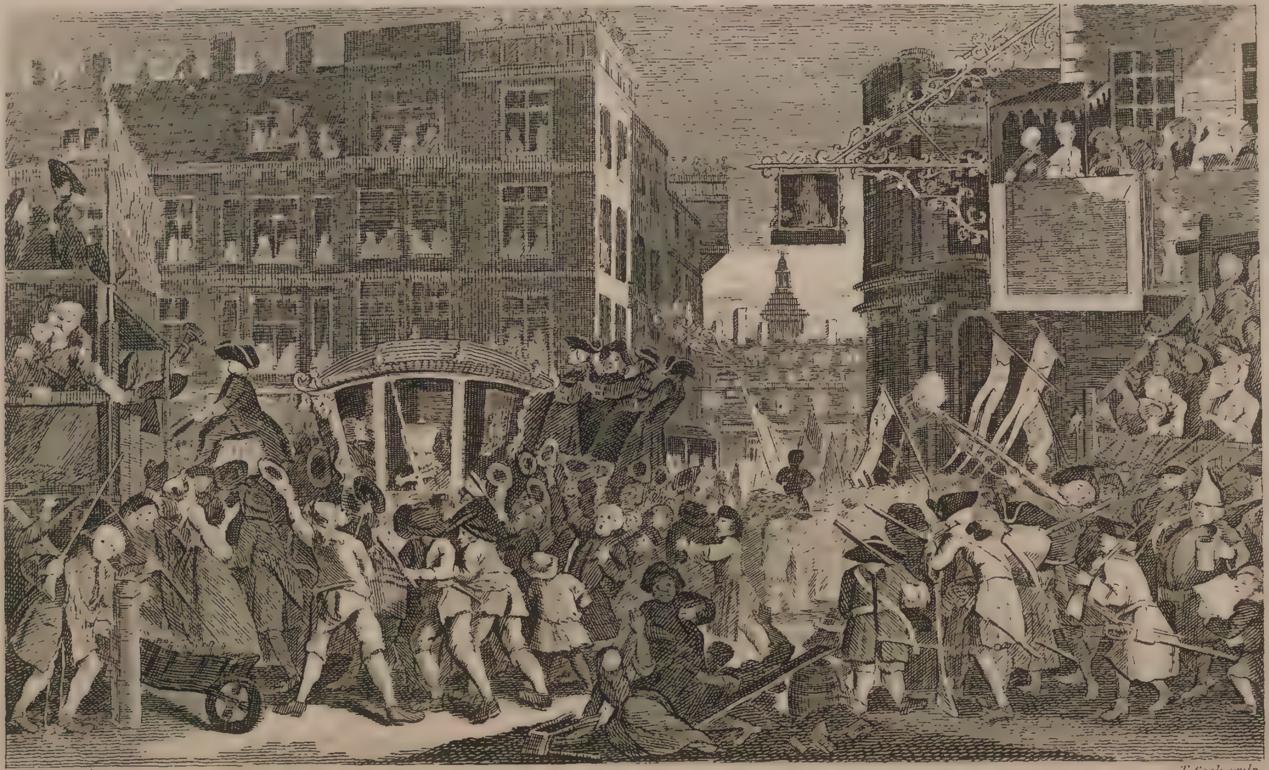
INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE XI.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

"When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress cometh upon them, then shall they call upon God, but he will not answer."—Proverbs, chap. i., verses 7, 8.

Thus, after a life of sloth, wretchedness, and vice, does our delinquent terminate his career. Behold him, on the dreadful morn of execution, drawn in a cart (attended by the sheriff's officers on horseback, with his coffin behind him), through the public streets to Tyburn, there to receive the just reward of his crimes,—a shameful, ignominious death. The ghastly appearance of his face, and the horror painted on his countenance, plainly show the dreadful situation of his mind; which we must imagine to be agitated with shame, remorse, confusion, and terror. The careless position of the Ordinary at the coach window, is intended to show how inattentive those appointed to that office are of their duty, leaving it to others, which is excellently expressed by the itinerant preacher in the cart, instructing from a book of Wesley's. Mr. Hogarth has in this print, digressing from the history and moral of the piece, taken an oportunity of giving us a humorous representation of an execution, or a Tyburn fair: such days being made holidays, produce scenes of the greatest riot, disorder, and uproar; being generally attended by hardened wretches, who go there, not so much to reflect upon their own vices, as to commit those crimes which must in time inevitably bring them to the same shameful end. In confirmation of this, see how earnestly one boy watches the motions of the man selling his cakes, while he is picking his pocket; and another waiting to receive the booty! We have here interspersed before us a deal of low humour, but such as is common on occasions like this. In one place we observe an old bawd turning up her eyes and drinking a glass of gin, the very picture of hypocrisy; and a man indecently helping up a girl into the same cart; in another, a soldier sunk up to his knees in a bog, and two boys laughing at him, are well imagined. Here we see one almost squeezed to death among the horses; there another trampled on by the mob. In one part is a girl tearing the face of a boy for oversetting her barrow; in another, a woman beating a fellow for throwing down her child. Here, we see a man flinging a dog among the crowd by the tail; there, a woman crying the dying speech of Thomas Idle, printed the day before his execution; and many other things too minute to be pointed out: two, however, we must not omit taking notice of, one of which is the letting off a pigeon, bred at the jail, fly from the gallery, which hastes directly home; an old custom, to give an early notice to the keeper and others, of the turning off or death of the criminal; and that of the executioner smoking his pipe at the top of the gallows, whose position of indifference betrays an unconcern that nothing can reconcile with the shocking spectacle, but that of use having rendered his wretched office familiar to him; whilst it declares a truth, which every character in this plate seems to confirm, that a sad and distressful object loses its power of affecting by being frequently seen.



Hogarth pinx.t T. Cook sculp.

INDUSTRY & IDLENESS.

Published by Longman, Hurst Rees & Orme, Aug. 1st 1809.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

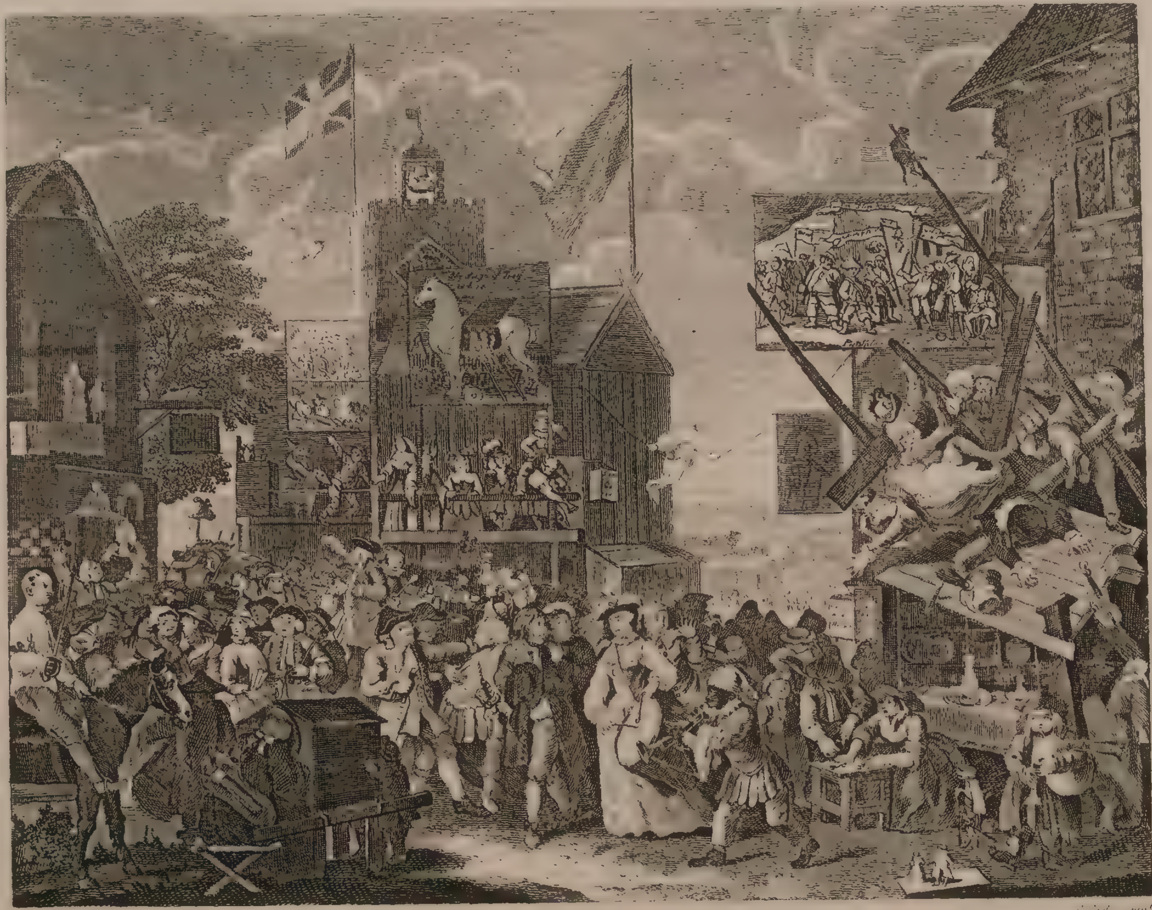
PLATE XII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour."—Proverbs, ch. iii., ver. 19.

Having seen the ignominious end of the idle apprentice, nothing remains but to represent the completion of the other's happiness; who is now exalted to the highest honour, that of lord mayor of London; the greatest reward that ancient and noble city can bestow on diligence and integrity. Our artist has here, as in the last plate, given a loose to his humour, in representing more of the low part of the lord mayor's show than the magnificent; yet the honour done the city by the presence of the prince and princess of Wales is not forgotten. The variety of comic characters in this print serves to show what generally passes on such public processions as these, when the people collect to gratify their childish curiosity, and indulge their wanton disposition, or natural love of riot. The front of this plate exhibits the oversetting of a board, on which some girls had stood, and represents them sprawling upon the ground; on the left, at the back of the scaffold, is a fellow saluting a fair nymph, and another enjoying the joke: near him is a blind man straggled in among the crowd, and joining in the general halloo: before him is a militia man, so completely intoxicated as not to know what he is doing; a figure of infinite humour. Though Mr. Hogarth has here marked out two or three particular things, yet his chief intention was to ridicule the city militia, which was at this period composed of undisciplined men, of all ages, sizes, and height; some fat, some lean, some tall, some short, some crooked, some lame, and in general so unused to muskets, that they knew not how to carry them. One, we observe, is firing his piece and turning his head another way, at whom the man above is laughing, and at which the child is frightened. The boy on the right, crying, "A full and true account of the ghost of Thomas Idle," which is supposed to have appeared to the mayor, preserves the connexion of the whole work. The most obtrusive figure in his lordship's coach is Mr. Swordbearer, in a cap like a reversed saucepan, which this great officer wears on these grand occasions. The company of journeymen butchers, with their marrow-bones and cleavers, appear to be the most active, and are by far the most noisy of any who grace this solemnity. Numberless spectators, upon every house, and at every window, dart their desiring eyes on the procession; so great indeed was the interest taken by the good citizens of London in these civic processions that, formerly, it was usual in a London lease to insert a clause, giving a right to the landlord and his friends to stand in the balcony, during the time of "the shows or pastimes, upon the day commonly called the lord mayor's day."

Thus have we seen, by a series of events, the prosperity of the one and the downfall of the other; the riches and honour that crown the head of industry, and the ignominy and destruction that await the slothful. After this it would be unnecessary to say which is the most eligible path to tread. Lay the roads but open to the view, and the traveller will take the right of course; give but the boy this history to peruse, and his future welfare is almost certain.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

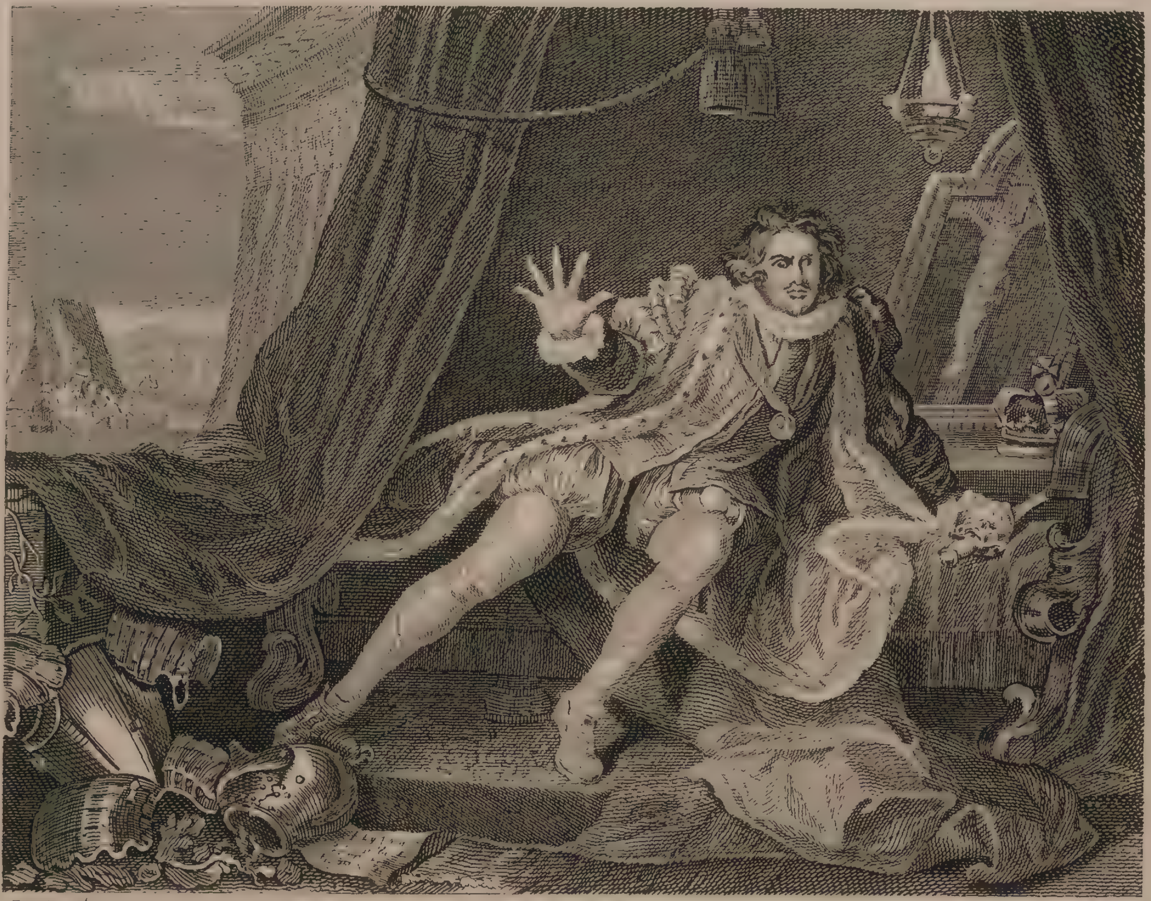
SOUTHWARK FAIR.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1807.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

The subject of the plate under consideration is that of the Borough Fair; a fair held some time since in the Borough of Southwark, though now suppressed. This fair was attended, generally, by the inhabitants of town and country, and, therefore, was one that afforded great variety; especially as, before its suppression, it was devoted to everything loose and irregular. A view of the scene, of which the following print is a faithful representation, will affirm this truth.

The principal view upon the left represents the fall of a scaffold, on which was assembled a strolling company, pointed out, by the paper lantern hanging in front, to be that belonging to Cibber and Bullock, ready dressed to exhibit "The Fall of Bajazet." Here we see merry-andrews, monkeys, queens, and emperors, sinking in one general confusion; and, that the crash may appear the greater, the stand beneath is humorously supposed to consist of earthenware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it; witness the boys and woman gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and the little bagpiper dancing his wooden figures. Above this scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the stage mutiny; whose figures are as follows:—On one side is Pistol, (strutting and crying out, "Pistol's alive,") Falstaff, Justice Shallow, and many other characters of Shakspeare. On the other, the manager bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, "it cost 6000*l*.," a scene-painter, who has laid his brushes aside, and taken up a cudgel; and a woman holding an ensign, bearing the words, "We'll starve 'em out." In the corner is a man, quiet and snug, hugging a bag of money, laughing at the folly of the rest; and behind, a monkey, perched upon a sign-iron, supposed to be that of the Rose Tavern in Drury Lane, squeaking out, "I am a gentleman." These paintings are in general designed to show what is exhibited within; but this alludes to a dispute that arose at the time when this print was published, which was in the year 1733, between the players and the patentee of Drury Lane, when young Cibber, the son of the Laureate, was at the head of the faction. Above, on one side, is an equilibrist swinging on a slack rope; and on the other, a man flying from the tower to the ground, by means of a groove fastened to his breast, slipping over a line strained from one place to the other. At the back of this plate is Lee and Harper's great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told, is represented "The Siege of Troy." The next paintings consist of the fall of Adam and Eve, and a scene in Punch's opera. Beneath is a mountebank, exalted on a stage, eating fire to attract the public attention; while his merry-andrew behind is distributing his medicines. Further back is a shift and hat, carried upon poles, designed as prizes for the best runner or wrestler. In front is a group of strollers parading the fair, in order to collect an audience for their next exhibition; in which is a female drummer, at that time well known, and remarked for her beauty, which we observe has caught the eye of two countrymen, the one old, the other young. Behind these men is a buskined hero, beset by a Marshalsea Court officer and his follower. To the right is a Savoyard exhibiting her farthing show; and behind, a player at back-sword riding a blind horse round the fair triumphantly, in all the boast of self-important heroism, affecting terror in his countenance, glorying in his scars, and challenging the world to open combat: a folly for which the English were remarkable. To this man a fellow is directing the attention of a country gentleman, while he robs him of his handkerchief. Next him is an artful villain decoying a couple of unthinking country girls to their ruin. Further back is a man kissing a wench in the crowd; and above, a juggler performing some dexterity of hand. Indeed it would be tedious to enter into an enumeration of the various matter of this plate; it is sufficient to remark that it presents us with an endless collection of spirited and laughable characters, in which is strikingly portrayed the character of the times.



Hogarth pinx.t [illegible]

Mr. GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD THE III.

Published by Longman, Hurst Rees, & Orme, Sept.r [illegible]

GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue!—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold, fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh.—

Such is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. The lamp, diffusing a dim religious light through the tent, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, and unsheathed sword at his hand, and the armour lying on the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments. Those who are acquainted with this prince's history, need not be told that he was naturally bold, courageous, and enterprising; that when business called him to the field, he shook off every degree of indulgence, and applied his mind to the management of his affairs. This may account for his being stripped no otherwise than of his armour, having retired to his tent in order to repose himself upon his bed, and lessen the fatigues of the preceding day. See him then hastily rising, at dead of night, in the utmost horror from his own thoughts, being terrified in his sleep by the dreadful phantoms of an affrighted imagination, seizing on his sword, by way of defence against the foe his disordered fancy presents to him. So great is his agitation, that every nerve and muscle is in action, and even the ring is forced from his finger. When the heart is affected, how great is its influence on the human frame!—it communicates its sensibility to the extreme parts of the body, from the centre to the circumference, as distant water is put in motion by circles, spreading from the place of its disturbance. The paper on the floor containing these words,—

Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and is sold,

brought him by the Duke of Norfolk, saying he found it in his tent, and lying here unattended to, as a mark of contempt, plainly informs us that however a man may attempt to steel himself against the arrows of conscience, still they will find a way to his breast, and shake the sinner even in his greatest security. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deserving the severest punishment; for Providence has wisely ordained that sin should be its own tormentor, otherwise, in many cases, the offender would, in this life, escape unpunished, and the design of Heaven be frustrated. But Richard, though he reached a throne, and by that means was exempt from the sufferings of the subject, yet could not divest himself of his nature, but was forced to give way to the workings of the heart, and bear the tortures of a distracted mind. The expression in his face is a master-piece of execution, and was a great compliment paid by Mr. Hogarth to his friend Garrick; yet not unmerited, as all that have seen him in the part must acknowledge the greatness of the actor. The figures in the distance, two of whom,

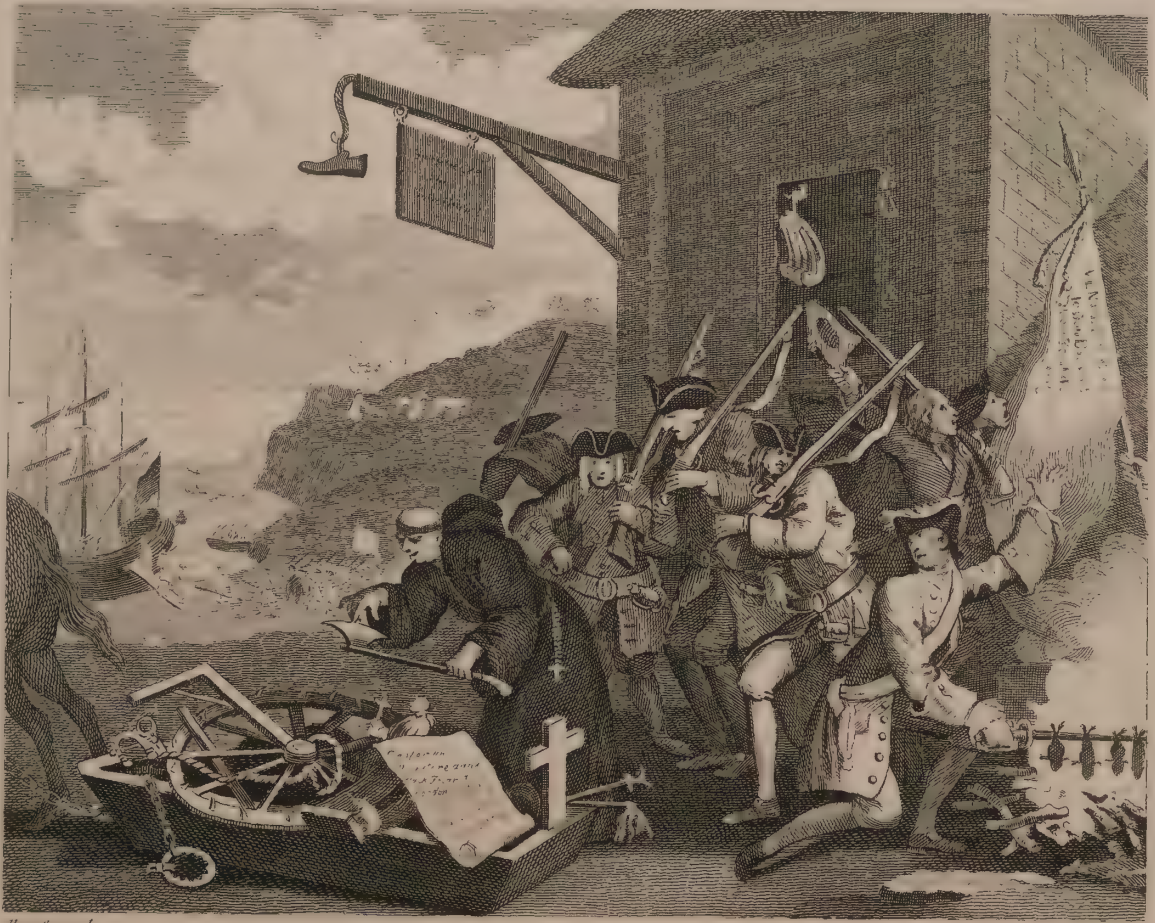
> Like Sacrifices by their fires of watch,
> With patience sit, and inly ruminate
> The morning's danger,

are properly introduced, and highly descriptive.

The tents of Richmond are so near

> That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
> The secret whispers of each other's watch.

Considered as a whole, the composition is simple, striking, and original, and the figures well drawn. The whole moral tenour of the piece informs us that conscience is armed with a thousand stings, from which royalty itself is not secure; that of all tormentors, reflection is the worst; that crowns and sceptres are baubles, compared with self-approbation; and that nought is productive of solid happiness, but inward peace, and serenity of mind.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

FRANCE.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1807

THE INVASION; OR FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

In the two following designs, Mr. Hogarth has displayed that partiality for his own country and contempt for France, which formed a strong trait in his character. He neither forgot nor forgave the insults he suffered at Calais, though he did not recollect that this treatment originated in his own ill-humour, which threw a sombre shade over every object that presented itself. Having early imbibed the vulgar prejudice that one Englishman was a match for four Frenchmen, he thought it would be doing his country a service to prove the position. How far it is either useful or politic to depreciate the power, or degrade the character of that people with whom we are to contend, is a question which does not come within the plan of this work. In some cases it may create confidence, but in others lead to the indulgence of that negligent security by which armies have been slaughtered, provinces depopulated, and kingdoms changed their rulers.

PLATE I.

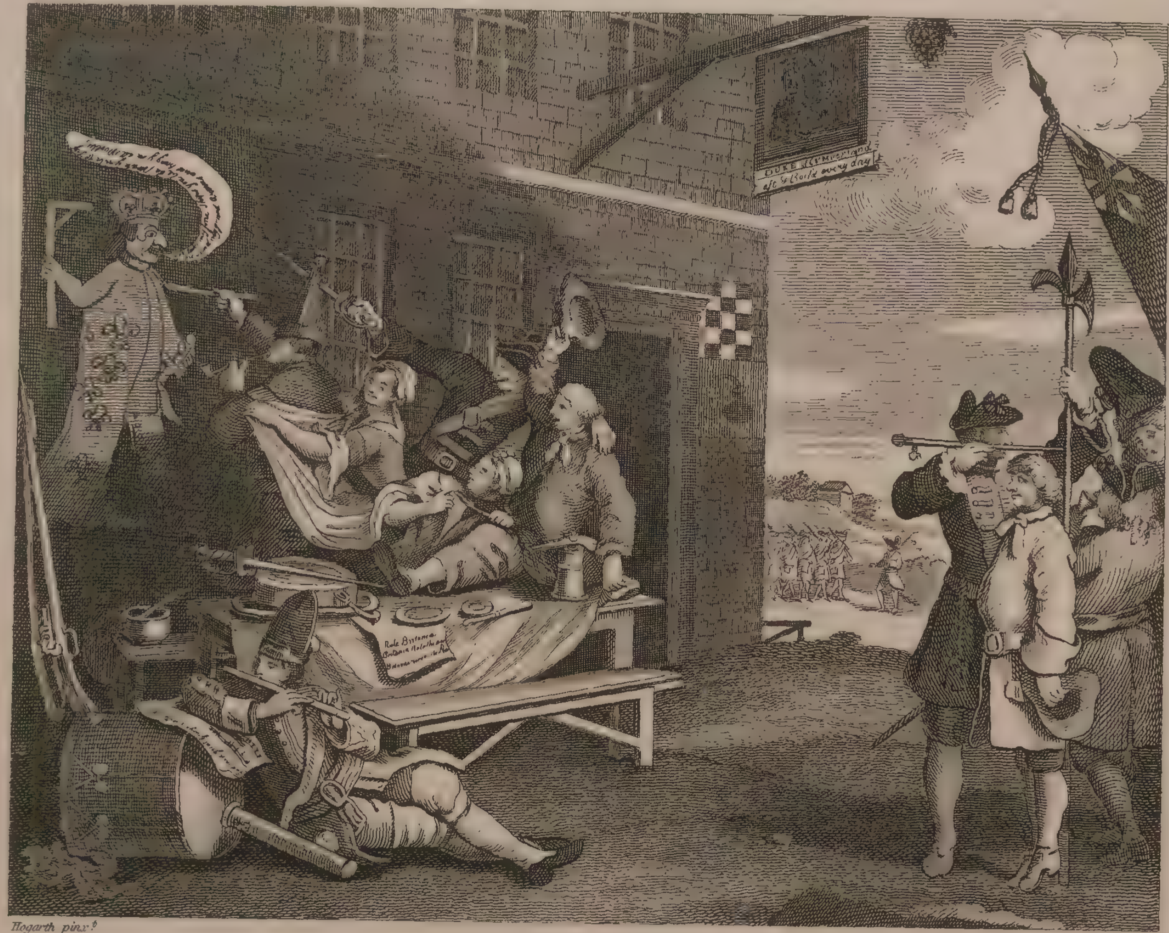
FRANCE

With lantern jaws, and croaking gut,
See how the half-starv'd Frenchmen strut,
And call us English dogs:
But soon we'll teach these bragging foes
That beef and beer give heavier blows
Than soup and roasted frogs.

The priests, inflam'd with righteous hopes,
Prepare their axes, wheels, and ropes,
To bend the stiff-neck'd sinner;
But should they sink in coming over,
Old Nick may fish 'twixt France and Dover,
And catch a glorious dinner.

The scenes of all Mr. Hogarth's prints, except The Gate of Calais, and that now under consideration, are laid in England. In this, having quitted his own country, he seems to think himself out of the reach of the critics, and in delineating a Frenchman, at liberty to depart from nature, and sport in the fairy regions of caricature. Were these Gallic soldiers naked, each of them would appear like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: so forlorn! that to any thick sight he would be invisible. To see this miserable wo-begone refuse of the army, who look like a group detached from the main body and put on the sick list, embarking to conquer a neighbouring kingdom, is ridiculous enough, and at the time of publication must have had great effect. The artist seemed sensible that it was necessary to account for the unsubstantial appearance of these shadows of men, and has hinted at their want of solid food, in the bare bones of beef hung up in the window, the inscription on the alehouse sign, *Soupe maigre au Sabot Royal*," and the spider-like officer roasting four frogs which he has impaled upon his sword. Such light and airy diet is whimsically opposed by the motto on the standard, which two of the most valorous of this ghastly troop are hailing with grim delight and loud exultation. It is, indeed, an attractive motto, and well calculated to inspire this famishing company with courage,—"*Vengeance, avec la bonne Bière, et bon bœuf d'Angleterre.*" However meagre the military, the church militant is in no danger of starving. The portly friar is neither emaciated by fasting nor weakened by penance. Anticipating the glory of extirpating heresy, he is feeling the sharp edge of an axe to be employed in the decollation of the enemies to the true faith. A sledge is laden with whips, wheels, ropes, chains, gibbets, and other inquisitorial engines of torture, which are admirably calculated for the propagation of a religion that was established in meekness and mercy, and inculcates universal charity and forbearance. On the same sledge is an image of St. Anthony, accompanied by his pig, and the plan of a monastery to be built at Black Friars.

In the back-ground are a troop of soldiers so adverse to this English expedition, that their sergeant is obliged to goad them forward with his halberd. To intimate that agriculture suffers by the invasion having engaged the masculine inhabitants, two woman, ploughing a sterile promontory in the distance, complete this catalogue of wretchedness, misery, and famine.


DUKE of Cumberland
every day
Rule Britannia

Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

ENGLAND.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees &

THE INVASION.

PLATE II.

ENGLAND.

See John, the soldier, Jack, the Tar,
With sword and pistol arm'd for war,
Should Mounseer dare come here;
The hungry slaves have smelt our food,
They long to taste our flesh and blood,
Old England's beef and beer.

Britons, to arms! and let 'em come,
Be you but Britons still, strike home,
And, lion-like, attack 'em,
No power can stand the deadly stroke
That's given from hands and hearts of oak,
With liberty to back 'em.

From the unpropitious regions of France our scene changes to the fertile fields of England.

> "England! bound in with the triumphant sea,
> Whose rocky shores beat back the envious siege
> Of wat'ry Neptune.

Instead of the forlorn and famished party who were represented in the last plate, we here see a company of well-fed and high-spirited Britons, marked with all the hardihood of ancient times, and eager to defend their country.

In the first group a young peasant, who aspires to a niche in the temple of fame, preferring the service of Mars to that of Ceres, and the dignified appellation of soldier to the plebeian name of farmer, offers to enlist. Standing with his back against the halberd to ascertain his height, and, finding he is rather under the mark, he endeavours to reach it by rising on tiptoe. This artifice, to which he is impelled by towering ambition, the sergeant seems disposed to connive at—and the sergeant is a hero, and a great man in his way; "your hero always must be tall, you know."

To evince that the polite arts were then in a flourishing state, and cultivated by more than the immediate professors, a gentleman artist, who to common eyes must pass for a grenadier, is making a caricature of *le grand monarque*, with a label from his mouth worthy the speaker and worthy observation, "You take a my fine ships; you be de pirate; you be de teef: me send my grand armies, and hang you all." The action is suited to the word, for with his left hand this most Christian potentate grasps his sword, and in his right poises a gibbet. The figure and motto united produce a roar of approbation from the soldier and sailor, who are criticising the work. It is so natural that the Helen and Briseis of the camp contemplate the performance with apparent delight, and, while one of them with her apron measures the breadth of this herculean painter's shoulders, the other, to show that the performance has some point, places her forefinger against the prongs of a fork. The little fifer, playing that animated and inspiring tune, "God save the king," is an old acquaintance; we recollect him in the March to Finchley. In the background is a sergeant, teaching a company of young recruits their manual exercise.

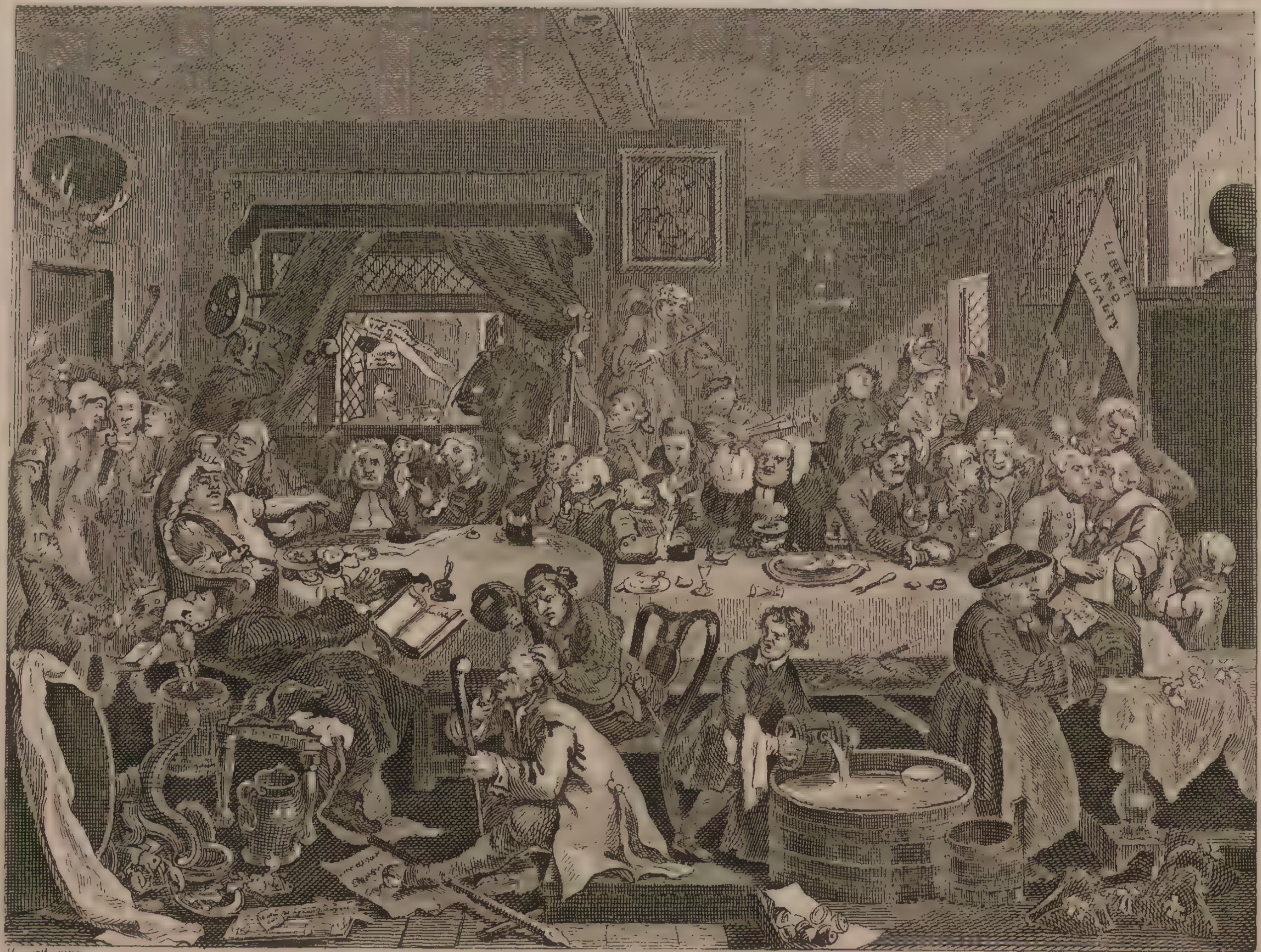
This military meeting is held at the sign of the Gallant Duke of Cumberland, who is mounted upon a prancing charger,

> As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
> To turn and wield a fiery Pegasus,
> And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Underneath is inscribed "Roast and boiled every day," which, with the beef and beverage upon the table, forms a fine contrast to the *soupe maigre*, bare bones, and roasted frogs, in the last print. The bottle painted on the wall, foaming with liquor, which, impatient of imprisonment, has burst its cerements, must be an irresistible invitation to a thirsty traveller. The soldier's sword laid upon the round of beef, and the sailor's pistol on the vessel containing the ale, intimate that these great bulwarks of our island are as tenacious of their beef and beer, as of their religion and liberty.

These two plates were published in 1756; but in the London Chronicle for October 20, 1759, is the following advertisement: "This day are republished, Two prints designed and etched by William Hogarth, one representing the preparations on the French coast for an intended invasion; the other, a view of the preparations making in England to oppose the wicked designs of our enemies; proper to be stuck up in public places, both in town and country, at this juncture."

The verses which were inserted under each print, and subjoined to this account, are, it must be acknowledged, coarse enough. They were, however, written by David Garrick.


LIBERTY AND LOYALTY

Hogarth pinx.

T. Cook sculp.

HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Oct 1st 1809

THE ELECTION.

PLATE I.

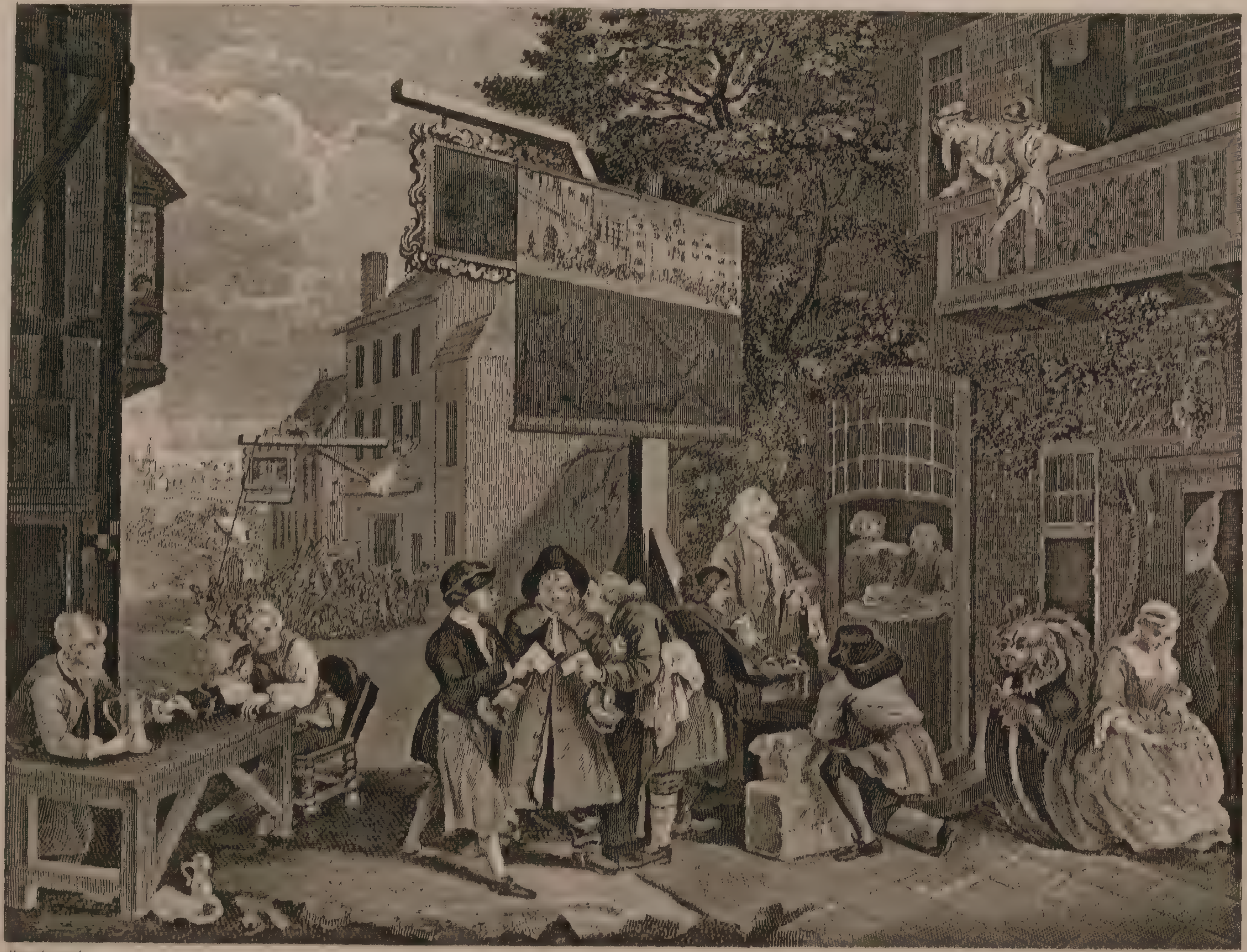
AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

Few scenes in life are more full of humour than those of a county election of the olden times. The variety of characters to be met with there frequently draw a smile from the most grave and rigid.

Our artist commences this humorous series with an entertainment at an inn in the county town, opened by one of the candidates for the reception of his friends, some time before the poll, in order to secure his interest; without which he would have had little chance of success. To preserve the connexion of this piece, we are to suppose it a general election for knights of the shire, when two members of the Whig party are chosen in opposition to two of the Tory. But as, when the court and country are put in different scales, the weight of the second, at least in appearance, makes the first kick the beam; those in the Tory interest are obliged to wear the faces of the Whig in order to carry the point in question. Such is the case of the party present, evident by the slashed picture of the king, which they are supposed to have demolished, through a pretended aversion to the court; and the flag, on which is painted "Give us our eleven days," alluding to the alteration of the style in the year 1752, which gave great displeasure in England; these things, with some others, such as the foppish dress of the candidate, the name of the person next him (one of his agents), viz., Sir Commodity Taxem, known by the address of a letter just presented him by the leering cobbler, who has him by the hand, and whom he solicits, thinking he has taken him in for some service, and by the motto on the butcher's favour (who is pouring gin on the broken head of another), namely, "For our country." By these and other circumstances it is past doubt that the party present are Tories under false colours. To confirm this further, we see the opposite party throwing bricks and stones at the window, one of which has knocked down an attorney from his seat, who was employed in casting up the votes. Without is a flag carried by the mob, bearing these words, "Marry and multiply in spite of the devil and the court," and the effigy of a Jew, on whose breast is written

"No Jews," alluding to two unpopular acts that passed about the same time. To revenge this riotous proceeding without, observe a man throwing a stool out in return, and another emptying a vessel of urine on their heads; at these seasons decency and distinction are laid aside. As a proof of this, see here an assembly of all ranks of people; view the condescending candidate paying his respects to a female voter, an old toothless jade, who, in obedience to the word of command, viz. "Kiss him, Moll" (from the man above her, who is shedding the fiery ashes on the member's wig), is not only doing that, but taking other indecent liberties with him, while the girl is endeavouring to rob him of his ring. Before this woman is one Abel Squat, a dealer in ribands, gloves, and stockings, brought as presents on the occasion, for which he has received a promissory note of 50*l.* payable in six months, which he does not seem to relish. At the middle of this table, on the further side, sits a crooked object, ridiculing one of the fiddlers for his enormous length of chin, not considering his own deformity, even in that very part. In front is a boy making punch in a mashing tub, of which one of the corporation behind the young woman near the window, seems to have got his fill. But this entertainment does not consist in drinking only, eating to excess is also part of it, as is shown by a parson and an alderman, voraciously cramming themselves, to the destruction of their health. Though the dishes are removed from the table, we see this guttling divine feasting luxuriously on the remains of a haunch of venison, even when all the rest have done, indulging his palate by heating it in a chafing dish of coals, though he is almost fainting with the task.

With respect to the alderman, behold him after dinner, gorged with oysters, dying with one upon his fork, and a barber-surgeon vainly attempting to recover him by bleeding. Behind this man's chair is a puritan tailor with uplifted hands, refusing to take a bribe, and his wife abusing him for so doing; "Curse your squeamish conscience," says she, "are not your wife and children starving? have they clothes to their backs, or stockings to their feet? take it, or, by all that's just, you rue the consequence." Beneath the window is an old gentleman afflicted with the gravel. On his right hand is a droll genius making game of him, twisting his handkerchief into the representation of a face, and moving it with infinite humour while he chants the song of "An old woman clothed in gray." In this room we may imagine a variety of noises, loud and boisterous, which is increased by the addition of a few catgut-scrapers, and a north country bag-piper. The only thing in this plate further to be noticed is the elector's coat of arms against the wainscot, viz., three guineas proper, with the motto, "Speak and have;" whose crest is a bawling mouth: hence we are taught that, in elections, honesty is shut out of doors, and gold the only prevailing argument.



Hogarth pinx.

T. Cook sculp.

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme, Jan. 1 1807.

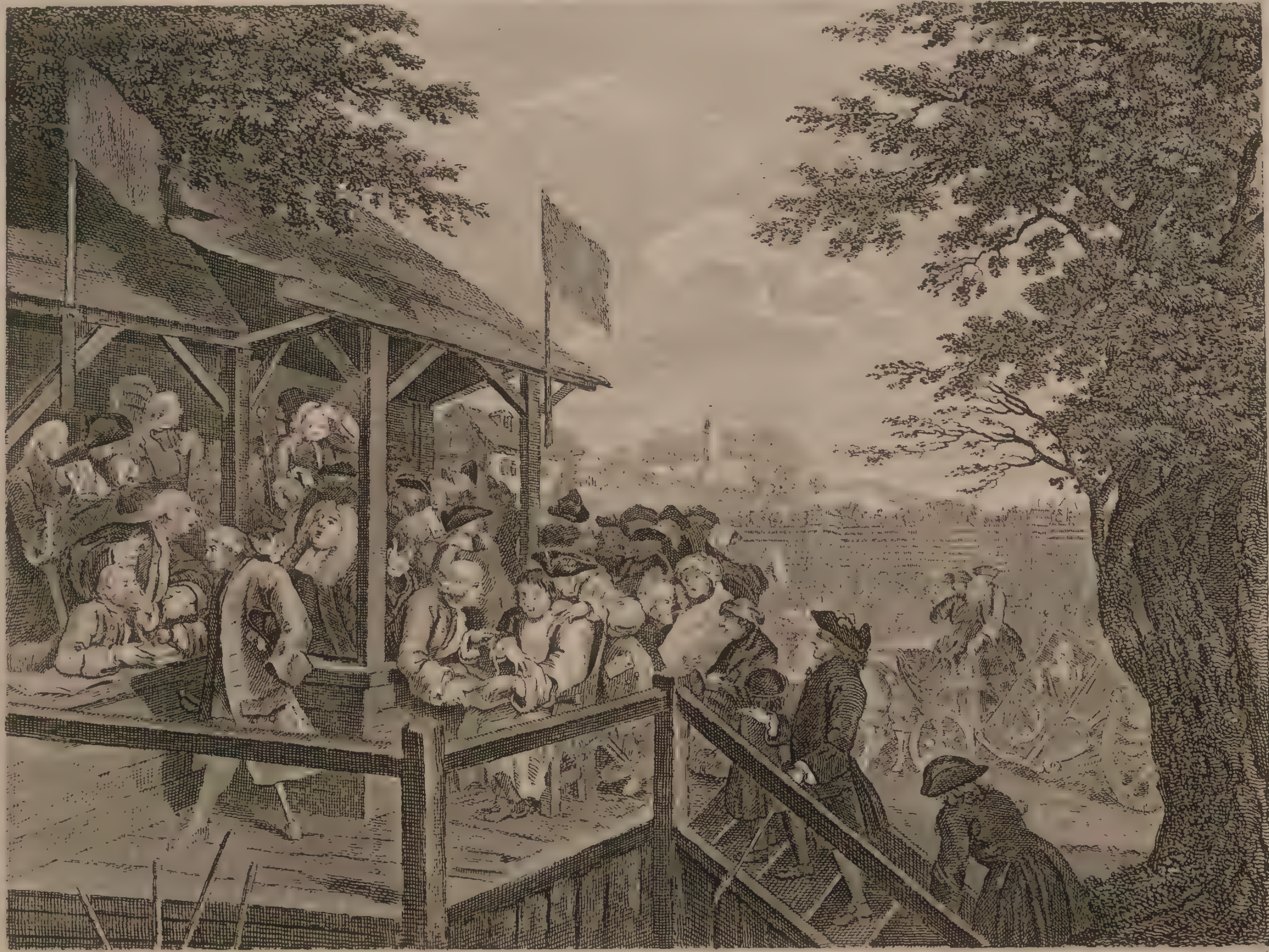
THE ELECTION.

PLATE II.

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

In this print we are introduced to the opposite party, in an active canvass in a country village, prodigally scattering money among the inhabitants; for at these times nothing paves the way like gold, which, as a celebrated writer observed, is the strongest argument, and a most wonderful clearer of the understanding, dissipating every doubt and scruple in an instant. Mark then an agent for one of the candidates making interest with the ladies, by offering them presents from the box of a travelling Jew, in order to gain their favour, which is oftener effected by baubles and sights than by any degree of patriotism; he is supposed to entertain the village with a puppet-show, for admission to which a porter has just brought from the printer's some quires of tickets, together with a quantity of bills, usually distributed on these occasions, requesting of the electors their vote and interest. The cloth, bearing the insignia of this exhibition, is allusive to the subject; the lower part represents Punch profusely throwing money to the populace, while the upper part offers a view of the Treasury loading a wagon with money, in order to secure a parliamentary interest. In this piece Mr. Hogarth has taken an opportunity of ridiculing the clumsiness and absurdity of the building of the Horse Guards, in the heaviness of its steeple, which he has made to resemble a butt; and the lowness of the gateway taking off the coachman's head, as he passed through it, when his Majesty went first to the House of Lords, after it was finished. In the front of this piece stands a country freeholder, beset on both sides by emissaries of different parties, presenting cards of invitation to dinner, in order to curry favour; one of whom, viz., he in the cap, is supposed to be an attendant at the Crown, the other master of the Royal Oak; both are offering bribes, but one a much larger than the other; and the determination of the farmer is sufficiently known by the cast of his eye, which expressly declares that, though his necessity obliges him to take a fee from both, his conscience bids him vote for him that gives the most. The woman counting her money, which the grenadier eyes with so much wishfulness, is the mistress of the inn; and is introduced to show us that the general attention of all ranks of people is fixed upon that saint-seducing object, money; she sits upon the head of an old ship, fixed at the door, as is commonly seen at public-houses, which represents a lion ready to swallow a flower-de-luce (the French arms); emblematical of the animosity subsisting between England and France. As this scene would be imperfect without some eating and drinking, which is the very life of electioneering, our author has given us two men hard at it, in the larder; one tearing a fowl to pieces with his teeth, and the other playing away upon a buttock of beef. On the opposite side of this plate are two ale-house politicians, a barber and a cobbler, who, with a total ignorance of men and measures, are settling the affairs of state, and planning sieges with half-pence and pieces of tobacco-pipe. As in the first plate the persons present wore only the cloak of reality, in this they show themselves absolutely in earnest. The people having here assembled to break the windows, tear down the sign (which one is sawing through on the top), and demolish the house, opened by the contrary party, are so bent on their object that the discharge of a gun is disregarded; so headstrong and ungovernable is the mob.

In this state of tumult and dissipation the time is spent till the day of election, when every agent is supposed to head his party, and march into town with a formal procession, the bells ringing, music playing, streamers flying, and people shouting. It is almost impossible to conceive the noise, the hurry, the bustle, and joyous confusion of the populace, each party striving to be the loudest, and endeavouring by all the acts of opposition to suppress the other. Now all business is superseded by enjoyment, fighting and feasting is the employment of the day, all distinction is laid aside, and the beggar is as great as the lord. Having then made all the interest possible, and secured every vote in their power, the next step is to poll them.



Hogarth pinxt. T. Cook sculpt.

POLLING AT THE HUSTINGS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jany. 1st 1808.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE III.

THE POLLING.

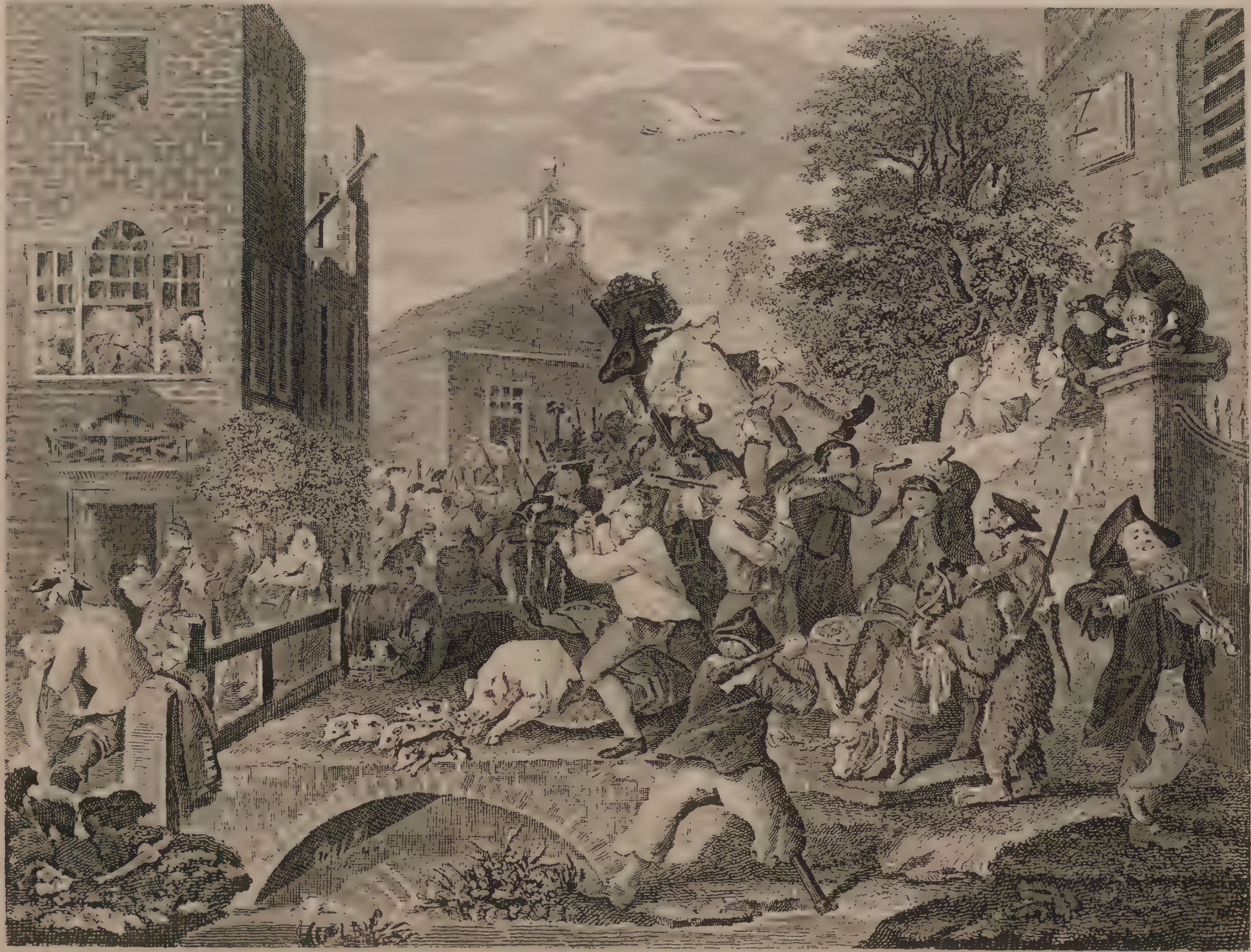
WITH the glorious ambition of serving their country, added to an eagerness of displaying their own importance, the maimed, the lame, the blind, the deaf, and the sick, hasten to the hustings to give their *independent* votes. The contending candidates, seated at the back of the booth, anticipate the event. One of them, coolly resting upon his cane in a state of stupid satisfaction, appears to be as happy as his nature will admit, in the certainty of success. Very different are the feelings of his opponent, who, rubbing his head with every mark of apprehensive agitation, contemplates the state of the poll, and shudders at the heavy expense of a contest, in which he is likely to be the loser. Such are the cares of a candidate.

The first person that tenders his oath to the swearing clerk is an old soldier, and probably a brave one, for he has lost a leg, an arm, and a hand, in the service of his country. They were severed by the sword of an enemy, but the trunk and heart remain entire, and are entitled to more respect than is paid them by the brawling advocate, who, with that loud and overbearing loquacity for which Billingsgate and the bar are so deservedly eminent, puts in a protest against his vote. The objection is not founded upon this heroic remnant of war having forfeited his franchise by any improper conduct, but upon the letter, the black letter of the law, "which," says our quibbling counsellor, "ordains, that the person who makes an affidavit, shall lay his right hand upon the book; now this man, having had his right hand severed from his arm, and, as he informs us, left it in Flanders, cannot comply with the letter of the law, and, therefore, is not competent to make an affidavit; that being once admitted, which I do contend must be admitted, he cannot be deemed competent to vote." "That," replies another gentleman of the black robe, "I most pointedly deny; for, though this valiant veteran, who is a half-pay officer, has lost much of his blood, and three of his limbs in the service of his king and defence of his fellow-subjects, yet the sword, which deprived him of his hand, has not deprived him of his birthright. God forbid it should! It might as well be argued and asserted, that this gentleman is excluded from the rites of matrimony, because he cannot pledge his hand. Thanks to our religion and our constitution, neither law nor gospel hold such language, and it is beneath me to waste any more words in the confutation of it. I will only add, and I do insist upon my opinion being confirmed by every statute upon the case, that the law must and will consider this substitute for a hand to be as good as the hand itself; and his laying that upon the book is all which the law ought to require,—all the law can require,—all the law does require."

Leaving these two bright luminaries of their profession to throw dust, and render that obscure which, without their explanation, would have been perfectly clear, let us attend to the son of Solomon, who is fastened in his chair, and brought to give his voice for a fit person to represent him in parliament. This is evidently a deaf idiot, but he is attended by a man in fetters, very capable of prompting him, who is at this moment roaring in his ear the name of the gentleman for whom he is to vote. Behind him are two fellows, carrying a man wrapped in a blanket, apparently in so languid a state that he cannot be supposed to feel much interest in the concerns of a world he is on the point of leaving. The catalogue of this motley group of electors is concluded by a blind man and a cripple, who are slowly and cautiously ascending the steps that lead to the hustings. In the group an artist is drawing a profile of one of the candidates, and, in both air and character, this Sayers of his day has given a very striking resemblance of his original. The constable, fatigued by double duty, is at peace with all mankind,—a deep sleep is upon him. Many of the crowd are attentively listening to the soft sounds of a female syren, warbling forth a brown paper libel on one of the candidates, in that universal language which those that cannot read may yet understand,—the hero of this satire being delineated as suspended to a gibbet on the top of the ballad.

In the sinister corner is a view of Britannia's chariot oversetting, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box. Here is one of the few instances where Hogarth has mounted into the cloudy heights of allegory; and here, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, he is not happy: it is a dark and dangerous region, in which almost every aeronaut of the art has lost himself, and confused his earth-born admirers. On a bridge in the back-ground is a carriage with colours flying, and a cavalcade composed of worthy and independent freeholders, advancing to give their suffrages with all possible *éclat*.

The village in the distance has a pretty effect. Of the church we may fairly say, as Charles II. did of that at Harrow on the Hill, It is the visible church.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t.

CHAIRING THE MEMBERS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, May 1st 1807.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE IV.

CHAIRING THE MEMBER.

The polling being concluded, the books cast up, and the returning officer having declared our candidate duly elected, he is now exhibited in triumph. Seated in an arm-chair, and exalted upon the shoulders of four tried supporters of the constitution, he is borne through the principal streets, which are promiscuously crowded with enemies as well as friends. In this aerostatic voyage there seems to be some danger of a wreck, for a thresher, having received an insult from a sailor, in the act of revenging it, flourishes his flail in as extensive an orbit as if he were in his own barn. The end of this destructive instrument coming in contact with the skull of a bearer of our new-made member, the fellow's head rings with the blow, his eyes swim, his limbs refuse their office, and, at this inauspicious moment, the effects of the stroke, like an electric shock, extend to the exalted senator. He trembles in every joint, the hat flies from his head, and, without the intervention of Juno or Minerva, he must fall from the seat of honour to the bed of stone. Terrified at his impending danger, a nervous lady, who with her attendants is in the church-yard, falls back in a swoon. Regardless of her distress, two little chimney sweepers upon the gate-post are placing a pair of gingerbread spectacles on a death's head. Their sportive tricks are likely to be interrupted by a monkey beneath, who, arrayed *en militaire,* is mounted upon a bear's back. The firelock slung over this little animal's shoulder, in a fray between the bear and a biped, is accidentally discharged, in a direction that, if loaded, must carry leaden death to one of the gibing soot-merchants above.

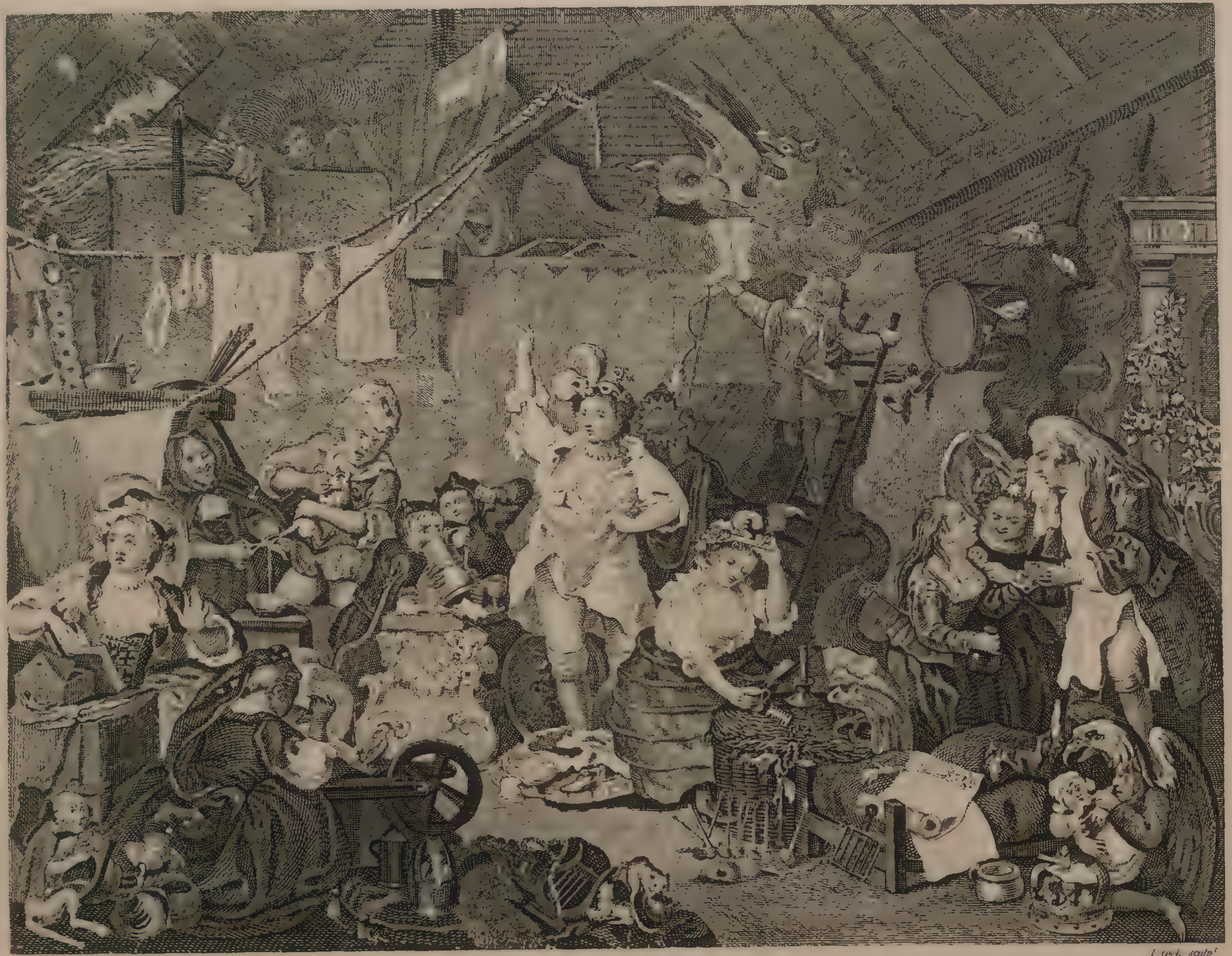
At an opposite corner, a naked soldier is taking a few refreshing grains of best Virginia, and preparing to dress himself after the performance of a pugilistic duet. On the other side of the rails, a half-starved French cook, a half-bred English cook, and a half-roasted woman-cook, are carrying three covers for the lawyer's table. Near them is a cooper inspecting a vessel that had been reported leaky, and must speedily be filled with home-brewed ale for the gratification of the populace. Twc fellows are forcing their way through the crowd in the back-ground with a barrel of the same liquor. Coming out of a street behind them, a procession of triumphant electors hail the other successful candidate, whose shadow appears on the wall of the court-house. In Mr. Attorney's first floor are a group of the defeated party glorying in their security, and highly delighted with the confusion below. One of these, distinguished by a riband, is said to be intended for the Duke of Newcastle, who was eminently active on these occasions. A poor old lady is unfortunately thrown down by a litter of pigs, which, followed by their mamma, rush through the crowd with as much impetuosity as if the whole herd were possessed. One of this agreeable party has leaped, not into the ocean, but the brook, and the whole family are on the point of following its example.

In Le Brun's Battle of the Granicus, an eagle is represented as hovering over the plumed helmet of Alexander; this thought is very happily parodied in a goose, flying immediately over the tie-wig of our exalted candidate.

An inscription on the sun-dial, when joined to the mortuary representation on the church gate-post has been supposed to imply a pun, hardly worthy of Hogarth, but which yet I am inclined to suspect he intended. "'We must,' on the sun-dial," say some of his illustrators, "means, 'We must die all,' (*dial.*)"

All the incidents in this very whimsical plate are naturally, and yet skilfully combined: the whole is in the highest degree laughable, and every figure stamped with its proper character. The apprehensive terror of the unwieldy member, the Herculean strength of the exasperated thresher, and the energetic attitude of the maimed sailor, deserve peculiar praise.

Previous to the publication of this series, Mr. Hogarth's satire was generally aimed at the follies and vices of individuals. He has here ventured to dip his pencil in the ocean of politics, and delineated the corrupt and venal conduct of our electors in the choice of their representatives. That these four plates display a picture in any degree applicable to the present times cannot be expected, but they are fine satires on times gone by, when the people of Great Britain were so far from being influenced by a reverence for public virtue, that they began to suspect it had no existence.



Hogarth pinxt.

T. Cook sculp^t

STROLLING PLAYERS.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^r 1st 1806.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

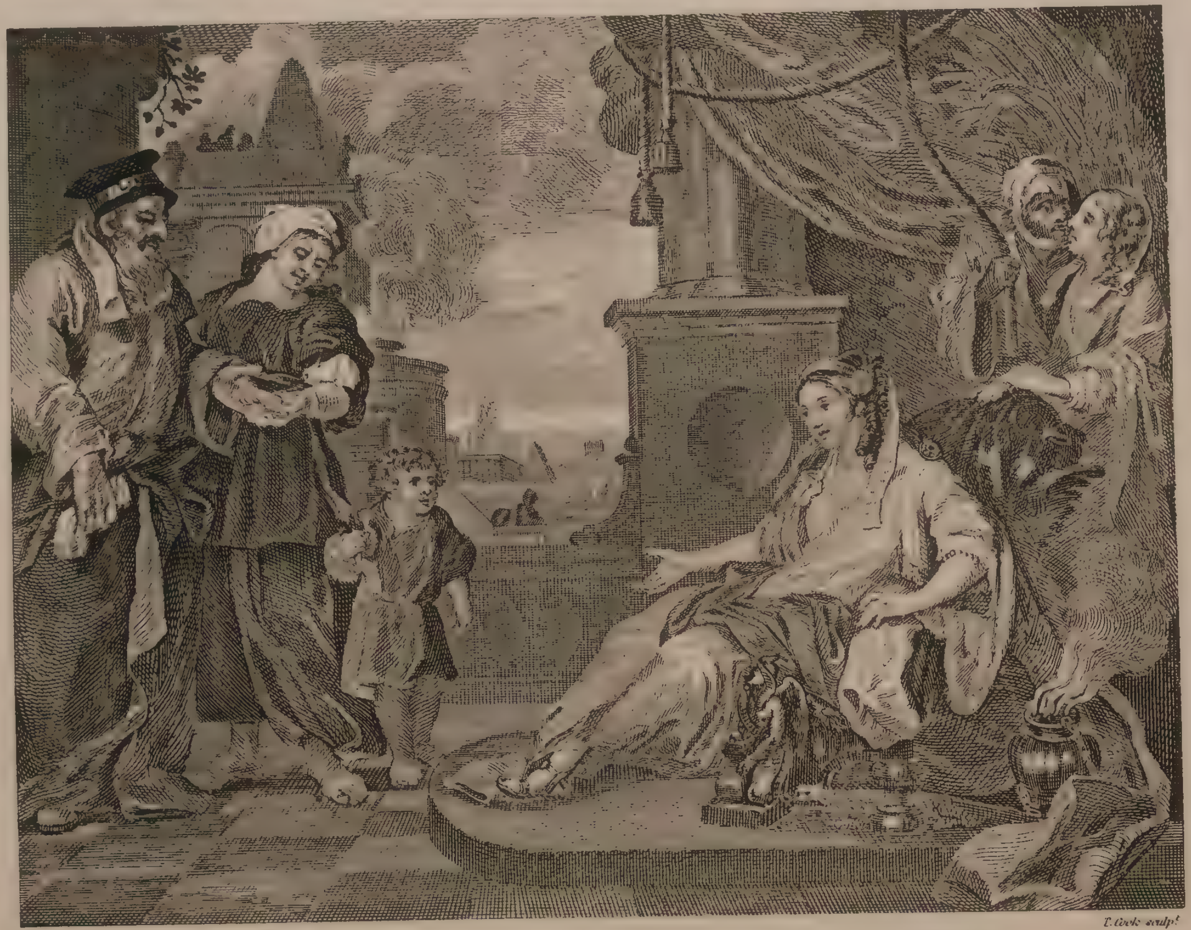
Hard is the fortune of a strolling player,
Necessity's rough burden doom'd to bear;
And scanty is the pittance he can earn,
Wandering from town to town, from barn to barn.
Where are my forty knights? cries frantic Lear,
A page replies—your majesty, they're here,
When, lo!—two bailiffs and a writ appear."

If variety is any ways entertaining, or if the life of a painting consists in its diversity of figures, the piece before us claims our particular attention; none abound more with contrasted subjects, nor can their *vis comica* be more conspicuous: every group is crowded with humour, every subject with matter of laughter. Here we see confusion mixed with uniformity, and inconsistency united with propriety; royalty let down to the ensigns of beggary, and beggary set off by the regalia of royalty. Most people are, indeed, acquainted with stage exhibitions, but few have any idea of their apparatus. Mr. Hogarth, therefore, desirous of communicating that pleasure he frequently enjoyed himsef, and of profiting by the design, published this plate in the year 1738, when the attention of the public was called to this class of people, it being just before the act against strolling players took place.

The place from whence this scene is taken is supposed to be a barn, belonging to an inn in some country town, intimated by the corn and flail aloft, the hen and chickens at roost (though here) upon a wave, and the eggs upon a bed. The time is evening, the *company from the theatres at London* dressing and preparing to perform a farce, which, we are told by the play-bill on the bed, is called "The Devil to pay in Heaven," (a very suitable subject), with entertainments of tumbling and rope dancing. Such, we are to conceive, is their poverty, that they have but one room for all purposes; witness the bed, the gridiron, the urinal, the food, and all the stage apparatus; viz. scenes, flags, paint-pots, pageants, brushes, clouds, waves, ropes, besoms, drums, trumpets, salt-boxes, and other musical instruments, crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, dark-lanterns, cushions, periwigs, feathers, hampers of jewels, and contrivances for conjuring, thunder, lightning, dragons, daggers, poison, candles, and clay. The characters they are dressing for in this farce, are Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, and Cupid; with devils, ghosts, and attendants. Jupiter, we see, is holding Cupid's bow, directing the little fellow to reach his stockings, which were hung to dry upon the clouds. Queen Juno is rehearsing her part, while the sable goddess Night, represented by a negro girl in a starry robe, is mending a hole in her majesty's hose. Diana, though stripped, is raving in all the high swoln rant of tragedy; while Flora, at her feet, is attentively pomatuming her hair with a tallow candle, ready to powder it with flour from a dredging box, heedless of her wicker toilet's taking fire from a neighbouring flame. On the right of her is Aurora with her rosy face, ridding the charming *intoxicated* syren of some of her close companions, while she is comforting a female hero, wrapt up with the toothach, with a glass of spirits, who, greatly unlike the generality of her sex, is weeping at the thoughts of wearing the breeches,—for the smallness of a strolling company frequently obliges women to play the parts of men, and men to fill the characters of women; nay, by the monkey's being habited in the farther corner, it is intimated that the farce they are going to perform has such a variety of characters, that they are under the necessity of making the monkey perform the part of an attendant. Beneath this woman's feet is a girl, dressed up by way of Eagle, cramming a new born infant with scalding pap. Humorously has our author set the pannikin upon the act of parliament against strolling players, and that upon a crown. This crown once pressed the brow of haughty Bolingbroke.

And when young Harry did the crown purloin,
He wept—because it was not current coin.

At the back of this plate are two young devils (their horns just budded), contending for a draught of beer. Behind them is a female tumbler and the ghost, employed in extracting blood from the tail of a cat, in order to assist them in some sanguinary representation. The faces of these two women are finely contrasted; in one, we observe age and pleasantry, in the other, youth and distress. But the greatest piece of humour in the whole, is the agreeable engagement of two of the company in a cloud above, who, though retired from the eyes of all below, are unguardedly open to the discovery of a man through the broken roof.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

MOSES BROUGHT TO PHARAOHS DAUGHTER.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1809.

MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son, and she called his name Moses."—Exodus, chap. ii., ver. 10.

Among the many benevolent institutions which do honour to this nation, the hospital for maintaining exposed and deserted infants may be ranked as one of the most humane and political. Let the austere enthusiast censure it as an encouragement to vice, and the rigid moralist declaim against giving sanction to profligacy, it is still an useful and a benevolent foundation.

To protect the helpless, give refuge to the innocent, and render that unoffending being a useful member of society, whose parents may be too indigent to give it proper sustenance, or wicked enough to destroy it, is fulfilling one great precept of religion, and must afford a pure and exalted gratification to every philanthropic mind.

That it is found necessary to restrict the plan, and confine the charity in such narrow limits, is much to be lamented. Compassion and policy demand that the doors should be open to every proper object.

With each infant was then sent some little memorial by which it might be known at a future day. The following lines were written by an unfortunate widow, and pinned to the breast of a child who was received into the hospital:

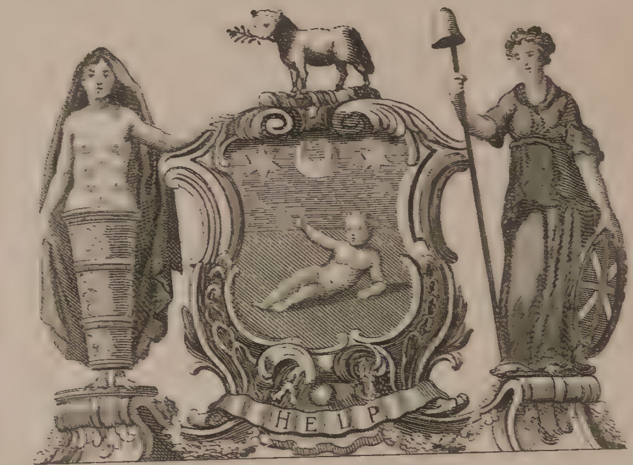
Go, gentle babe, thy future life be spent
In virtuous purity and calm content;
Life's sunshine bless thee, and no anxious care
Sit on thy brow, and draw the falling tear;
Thy country's grateful servant may'st thou prove,
And all thy life be happiness and love.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, a person of respectable appearance went to the hospital, and requested to see the chapel, great room, &c. He then desired to speak with the treasurer, to whom he presented a ten pound bank-note, expressing a wish that it might be recorded as a small but grateful memorial from the first orphan who was apprenticed by the charity: he added, "I was that orphan, and, in consequence of the education I here received, have had the power of acquiring an independence with integrity and honour."

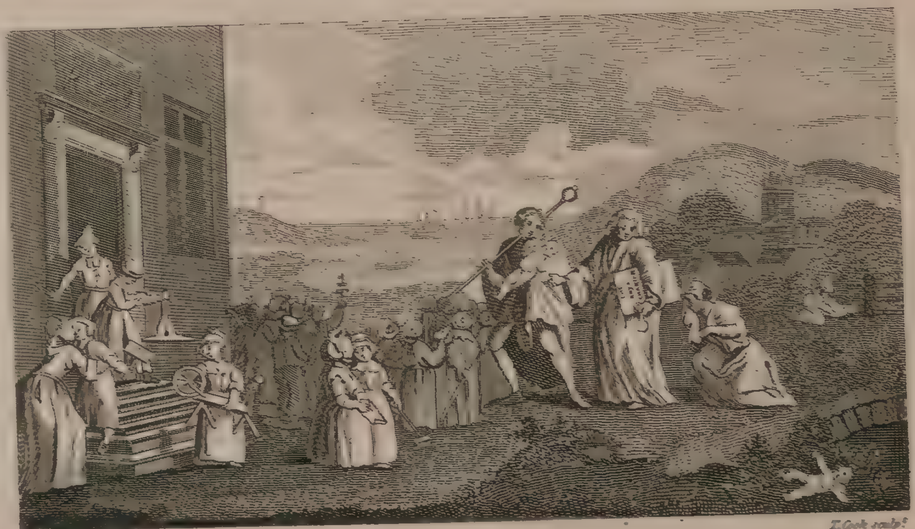
To this asylum for deserted infancy Mr. Hogarth was one of the earliest benefactors; and to this institution presented the picture from which this print is engraved; there is not, perhaps, in holy writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation.

The history of Moses being deserted by his mother, exposed among the bulrushes, and discovered and protected by the daughter of Pharaoh, is known to every one who has read the Bible: those who have not, may find it there recorded, with many other things well worthy their attention. At the point of time here taken, the child's mother, whom the princess considers as merely its nurse, has brought him to his patroness, and is receiving from the treasurer the wages of her services. The little foundling naturally clings to his nurse, though invited to leave her by the daughter of a monarch. The eyes of an attendant, and a whispering Ethiopian, convey an oblique suspicion that the child has a nearer affinity to their mistress than she chooses to acknowledge.

Considered as a whole, this picture has a more historic air than we often find in the works of Hogarth. The royal Egyptian is graceful, and in some degree elevated. The treasurer is marked with austere dignity, and the Jewess and child with nature. The scene is superb, and the distant prospect of pyramids, &c., highly picturesque and appropriate to the country. To exhibit this scene, the artist has placed the groups at such a distance as crowd the corners, and leave the centre unoccupied. As the Greeks are said to have received the rudiments of art from Egypt, the line of beauty on the base of a pillar is properly introduced. A crocodile creeping from under the stately chair may be intended to mark the neighbourhood of the Nile, but is a poor and forced conceit.



ARMS OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.



Hogarth pinx!

T. Cook sculp!

SEVERAL CHILDREN OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme July 1st 1809.

THE FOUNDLINGS.

———————— No mother's care
Shielded our infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand our youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth our virtues, and from vice restrain'd;
But strangers, pitying strangers, hear our cry,
And with parental care each want supply.

Picart introduced Hogarth's print of a woman swearing a child into his work, and was pleased to call it a religious ceremony; Mr. Ireland observes, that in the print before us we have a scene which may properly be so denominated; for, surely, rescuing deserted, unoffending, and helpless innocence from destruction, providing an asylum for childhood, initiating youth in habits of industry, and rendering those whose parents were unable to protect them, useful members of society, is a religious as well as a political institution.

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps the mother mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drop mingling with the milk it drew;
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears.

Hogarth, by presenting some of his works to the Foundling Hospital, was, in fact, an early benefactor to the charity; he made the annexed design for the use of this institution. It was engraved by F. Morellan la Cave, as the head-piece to a power of attorney from the trustees of the charity to those gentlemen who were appointed to receive subscriptions towards the building, &c.

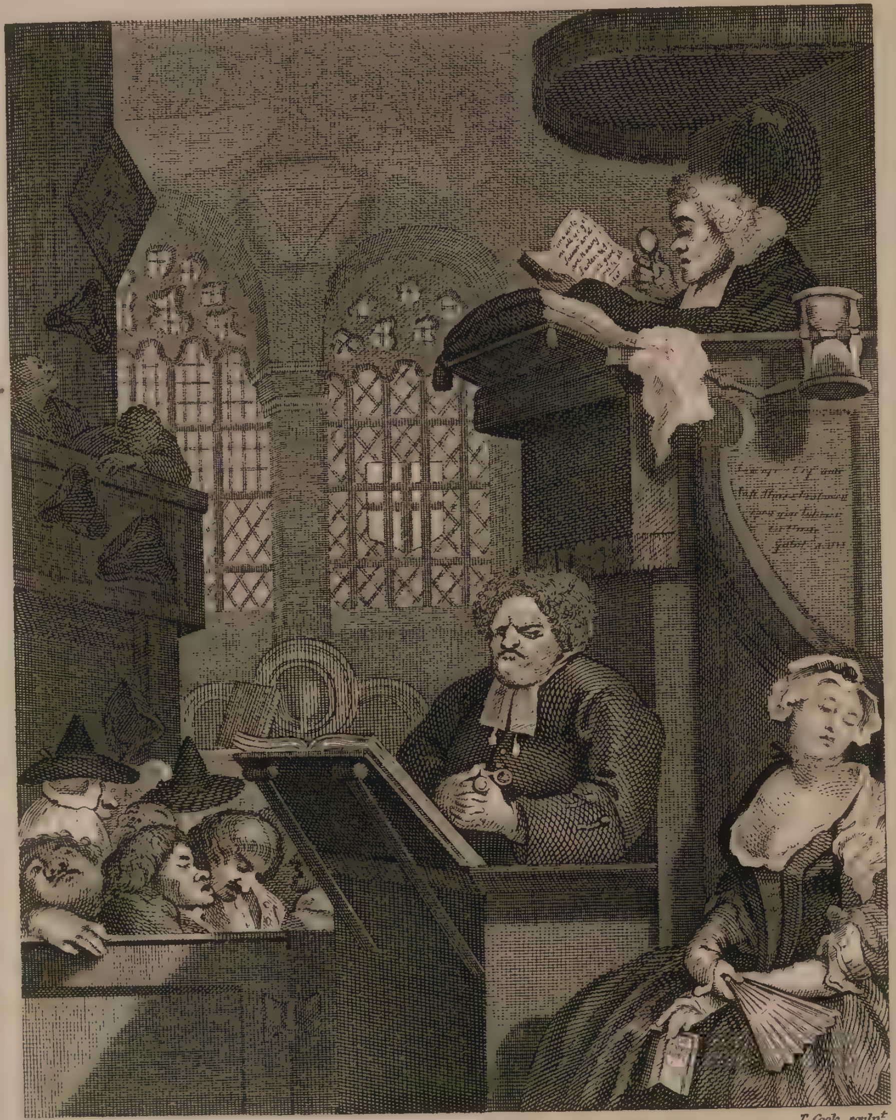
The artist has made his old friend, Captain Coram, a principal figure, and as this excellent and venerable man was, in fact, the founder of the charity, it is with great propriety he is introduced. Before him the beadle of the hospital carries an infant, whose mother, having dropped a dagger, with which she might have been momentarily tempted to destroy her child, kneels at his feet, while he, with that benevolence with which his countenance was so eminently marked, bids her be comforted, for her babe will be nursed and protected.

On the dexter side of the print is a new-born infant, left close to a stream of water, which runs under the arch of a bridge. Near a gate, on a little eminence in the pathway above, a woman leaves another child to the casual care of the next person who passes by. In the distance is a village with a church.

In the other corner are three boys, coming out of a door, with the king's arms over it: as emblems of their future employments, one of them poises a plummet, a second holds a trowel, and a third, whose mother is fondly pressing him to her bosom, has in his hand a card for combing wool. The next group, headed by a lad elevating a mathematical instrument, are in sailors' jackets and trowsers; those on the right hand, one of whom has a rake, are in the uniform of the school.

The attributes of the little girls in the fore-ground, a spinning-wheel, sampler, and broom, indicate female industry and ingenuity.

It must be admitted that the scene here represented is a painter's anticipation, for the charter was not granted until October, 1739, and this design was made only three years afterwards; but the manner in which the charity has been since conducted has realized the scene.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan^{y}. 1st 1809.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

Were we to form our opinion of the preacher from his countenance and attitude, we are convinced that he would lull to soft repose the most lively assembly that ever congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's Dunciad; which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to Somnus. He

> ———————— In one lazy tone,
> Through the long, heavy, painful page, drawls on.
> Soft creeping words on words the sense compose;
> At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
> As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
> Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
> Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
> As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine;
> And now to this side, now to that they nod, &c.

The clerk, infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a voluptuously blooming damsel, who, in studying the service of matrimony, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this pronouncer of amen are visibly directed to her.

In the pew opposite are five swains of the village;

> Each mouth distended, and each head reclin'd,
> They soundly sleep.

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring Theocritus as the Chloe and Daphne of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than old women. They are awake. Whether the artist intended by this to show that they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction, for the preacher entreats them to go to rest, or meant it as a compliment to the softer sex, let those who have studied their characters determine.

In the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the decency to hide his face; but the other is evidently in full song.

The heavy architecture and grotesque decorations lead us to conjecture that this now venerable edifice was once the cottage of Baucis and Philemon, so exquisitely described by Swift.

Grown to a church by just degrees—
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

The children in the wood are now exalted above the Gothic windows. One of them we see transformed to an angel; which, to prove its being of a more exalted species, and no longer a mere mortal, has four thighs.

The pretty Robin-redbreasts which
Did cover them with leaves

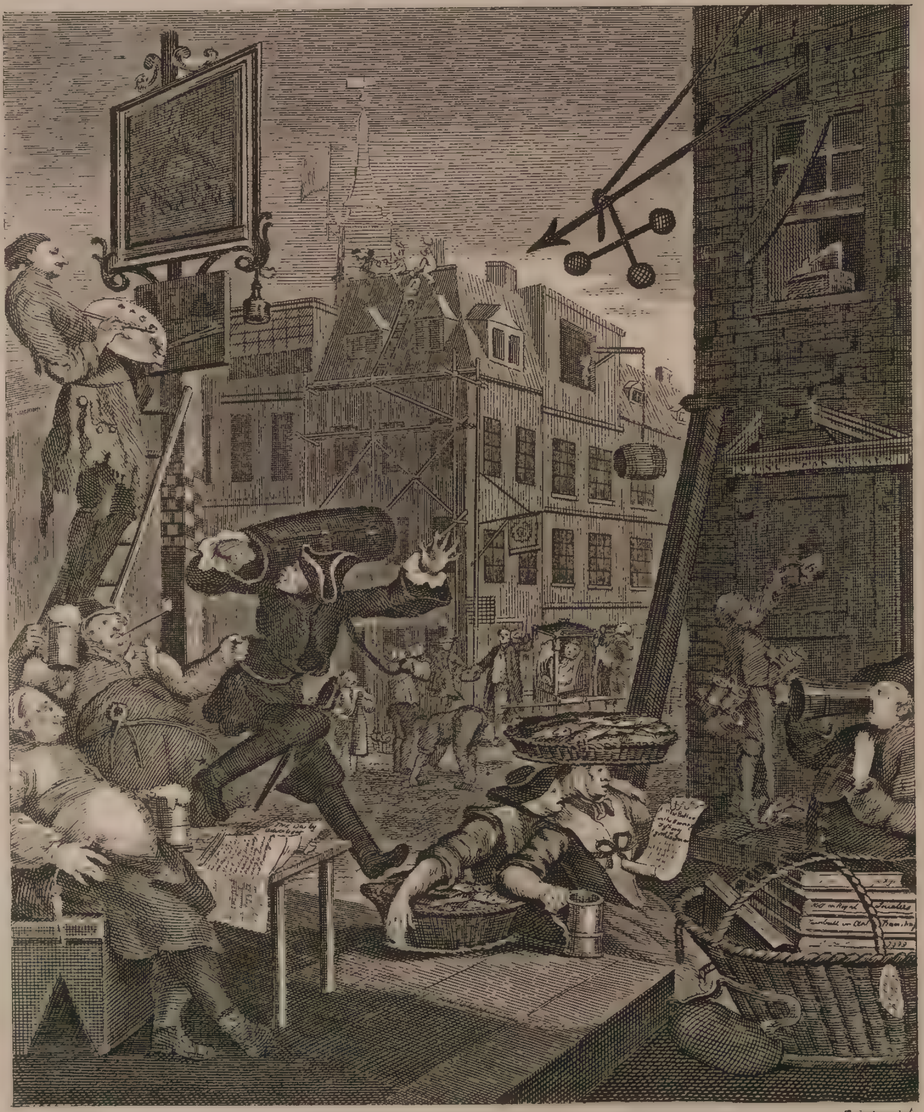
have undergone a transmigration much to their advantage. It has somewhat sullied their plumage, but they have assumed a more important appearance, and the loss of beauty is compensated by an abundant increase in bulk and dignity. Exalted to the upper part of a fluted pillar, and seated in heraldic state, they seem to mortal eyes the emblems of wisdom, the symbols of Minerva.

A lion and companion unicorn, concealed by the pillar, was originally a headpiece to that excellent old ballad, beginning with

The fierce lion of faire Englonde
Didde swallowe the lillie of France.

With jaws extended wide enough to swallow a bed of lilies, he is one of the supporters to the king's arms.

The pews carry evident marks of having been once a Gothic bedstead; the cumbrous load of oak with which it was canopied, still supported by large square posts. The windows are intended for companions, but there is an evident difference in their proportions, and the rest of the building is in equal good keeping. On the whole we may conjecture that its contriver had neither studied Vitruvius, ıor considered uniformity as requisite in architecture.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

BEER STREET.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, May 1st 1807.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

The nature and use of aliments maketh men either chaste or incontinent; either courageous or cowardly; either meek or quarrelsome: let those who deny these truths come to me; let them follow my counsel in eating and drinking, and I promise them they will find great helps thereupon towards moral philosophy. They will acquire more prudence, more diligence, more memory.—GALEN.

FULLY impressed with the truth of this axiom, Mr. Hogarth engraved the two following prints, in which he has considered porter as the liquor natural to an English constitution, and that villanous distillation, gin, as pernicious and poisonous. While that noble beverage, properly termed British Burgundy, refreshes the weary, exhilarates the faint, and cheers the depressed, an infernal compound of juniper and fiery spirits debases the mind, destroys the constitution, and brings its thirsty votaries to an untimely grave.

BEER STREET.

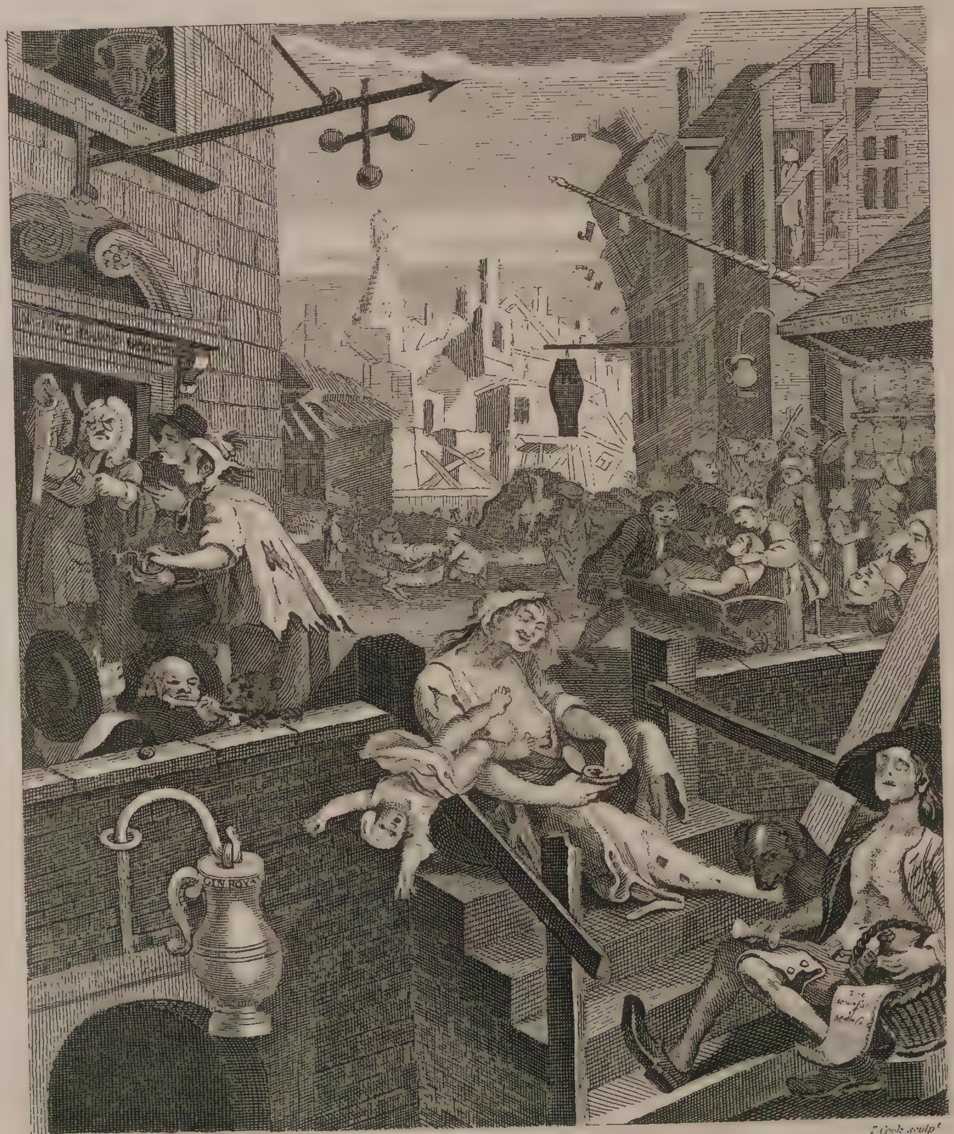
Beer, happy product of our isle,
Can sinewy strength impart:
And, wearied with fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart.

Labour and art, upheld by thee,
Successfully advance;
We quaff the balmy juice with glee,
And water leave to France.

Genius of health, thy grateful taste
Rivals the cup of Jove;
And warms each English, generous breast,
With liberty and love.

THIS admirable delineation is a picture of John Bull in his most happy moments. In the left corner, a butcher and a blacksmith are each of them grasping a foaming tankard of porter. By the king's speech and the Daily Advertiser upon the table before them, they appear to have been studying politics, and settling the state of the nation. The blacksmith, having just purchased a shoulder of mutton, is triumphantly waving it in the air. Next to him a drayman is whispering soft sentences of love to a servant-maid, round whose neck is one of his arms; in the other hand, a pot of porter. Two fishwomen, furnished with a flagon of the same liquor, are chanting a song of Mr. Lockman's on the British Herring Fishery. A porter, having put a load of waste paper on the ground, is eagerly quaffing this best of barley wine.

On the front of a house in ruins is inscribed Pinch, Pawnbroker, and, through a hole in the door, a boy delivers a full half-pint. In the back-ground are two chairmen. They have joined for three-pennyworth to recruit their spirits, and repair the fatigue they have undergone in trotting between two poles, with a ponderous load of female frailty. Two paviours are washing away their cares with a heart-cheering cup. In a garret window, a trio of tailors are employed in the same way; and on a house-top are four bricklayers equally joyous. Each of these groups seems hale, happy, and well clothed; but the artist who is painting a glass bottle, from an original which hangs before him, is in a truly deplorable plight; at the same time that he carries in his countenance a perfect consciousness of his talents in this creative art.



Hogarth pinx^t.

T. Cook sculp^t

GIN LANE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^r. 1^st. 1807.

GIN LANE.

Gin, cursed fiend! with fury fraught,
Makes human race a prey;
It enters by a deadly draught,
And steals our life away.

Virtue and Truth, driv'n to despair,
Its rage compels to fly,
But cherishes, with hellish care,
Theft, murder, perjury.

Damn'd cup! that on the vitals preys,
That liquid fire contains;
Which madness to the heart conveys,
And rolls it through the veins.

From contemplating the health, happiness, and mirth flowing from a moderate use of a wholesome and natural beverage, we turn to this nauseous contrast, which displays human nature in its most degraded and disgusting state. The retailer of gin and ballads, who sits upon the steps, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, is horribly fine. Having bartered away his waistcoat, shirt, and stockings, and drank until he is in a state of total insensibility; pale, wan, and emaciated, he is a perfect skeleton. A few steps higher is a debased counterpart of Lazarus, taking snuff; thoroughly intoxicated, and negligent of the infant at her breast, it falls over the rail into an area, and dies, an innocent victim to the baneful vice of its depraved parent. Another of the fair sex has drank herself to sleep. As an emblem of her disposition being slothful, a snail is crawling from the wall to her arm. Close to her we discover one of the lords of the creation gnawing a bare bone, which a bull-dog, equally ravenous, endeavours to snatch from his mouth. A working carpenter is depositing his coat and saw with a pawnbroker. A tattered female offers her culinary utensils at the same shrine: among them we discover a tea-kettle, pawned to procure money to purchase gin. An old woman, having drank until she is unable to walk, is put into a wheel-barrow, and in that situation a lad solaces her with another glass. With the same poisonous and destructive compound, a mother in the corner drenches her child. Near her are two charity-girls of St. Giles's, pledging each other in the same corroding compound. The scene is completed by a quarrel between two drunken mendicants, both of whom appear in the character of cripples. While one of them uses his crutch as a quarter-staff, the other with great good will aims a stool, on which he usually sat, at the head of his adversary. This, with a crowd waiting for their drams at a distiller's door, completes the catalogue of the quick. Of the dead there are two; besides an unfortunate child, whom a drunken madman has impaled upon a spit. One, a barber, who having probably drank gin until he has lost his reason, has suspended himself by a rope in his own ruinous garret: the other, a beautiful woman, whom, by the direction of the parish beadle, two men are depositing in a shell. From her wasted and emaciated appearance, we may fairly infer, she also fell a martyr to this destructive and poisonous liquid. On the side of her coffin is a child lamenting the loss of its parent.

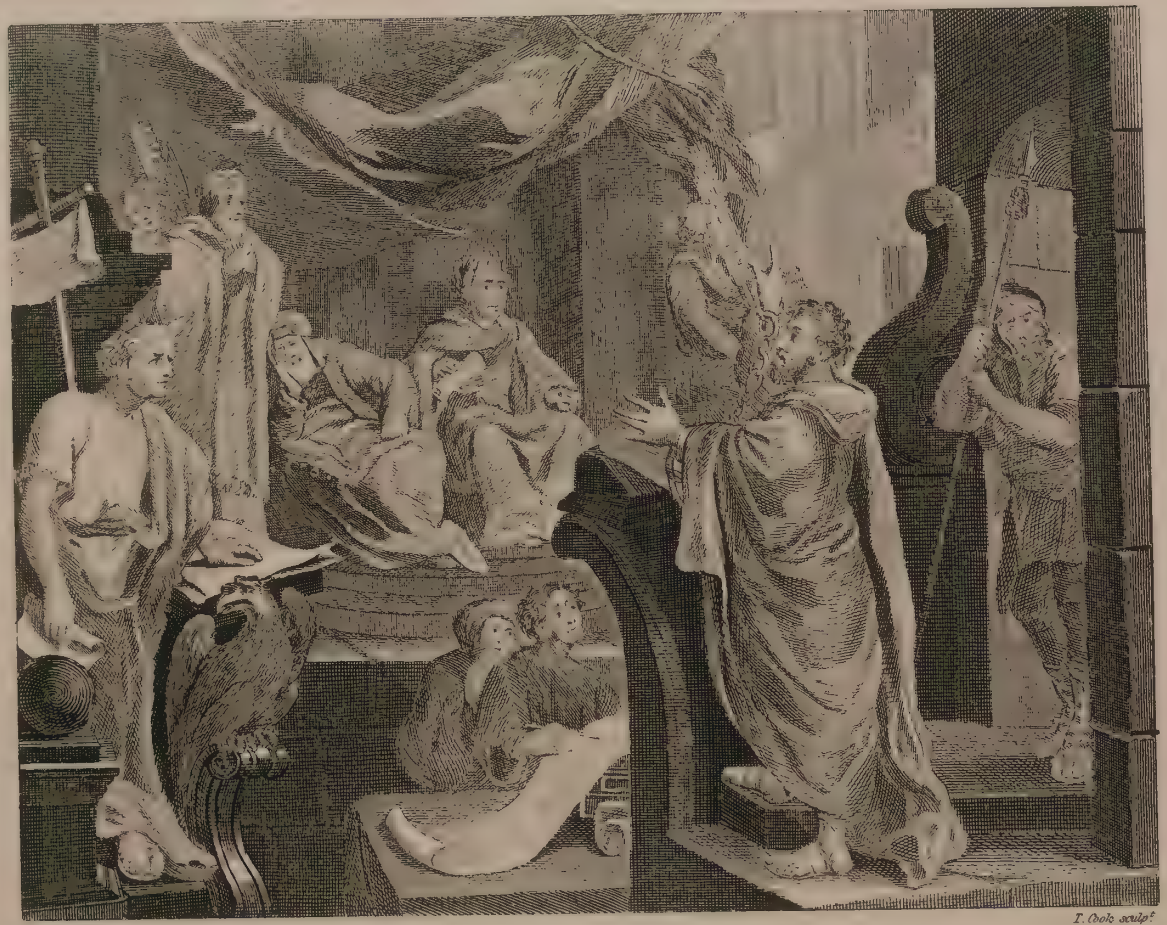
The large pewter measure hung over a cellar, on which is engraved "Gin Royal," was once a common sign; the inscription on this cave of despair, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence, clean straw for nothing," is worthy observation; it exhibits the state of our metropolis at that period.

The scene of this horrible devastation is laid in a place which was, some years since, properly enough called the Ruins of St. Giles's. Except the pawnbroker's, distiller's, and undertaker's, the houses are literally ruins. These doorkeepers to Famine, Disease and Death, living by the calamities of others, are in a flourishing state.

To the perspective little attention is paid, but the characters are admirably discriminated. The emaciated retailer of gin is well drawn. The woman with a snuff-box has all the mawkish marks of debasement and drunkenness. The man gnawing a bone, a dog tearing it from him, and the pawnbroker, have countenances in an equal degree hungry and rapacious.

Our modern GIN TEMPLES form a striking contrast to those of Hogarth's time, and are aptly described in the London daily press.

"The expense incurred in fitting up gin-shop bars in London is almost incredible, every one vying with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass work, finely-veined mahogany, gilding, and ornamental painting. The carving of one ornament alone in the Grapes gin-shop, Old-street Road, cost 100*l.*; the workmanship was by one of the first carvers in wood in London. Three gin-shops have been lately fitted up in Red Lion-street, at an expense for the bar alone, of upwards of 2000*l.* Time was when gin was only to be found in by-lanes and blind alleys—in dirty obscure holes, 'yclep'd dramshops; but now gin is become a giant demi-god, a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy gold-beplastered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Juggernaut is but a fool to him, for the devotees of Juggernaut, though they put themselves into the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot wheels, are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the great spirit Gin devote themselves to lingering misery; for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, nasty existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish, to steep themselves in poverty to the very lips, and die at last poor, sneaking, beadle-kicked, gruel-swoln paupers. In these temples of the great spirit Gin may be seen maudlin, unwashed multitudes, the ancient and the infant of a span long, old men and maidens, grandsires and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding, jostling, and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the flaunting priestesses dole out to them in return for their copper offerings."



Hogarth pinx^t T. Cook sculp^t

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

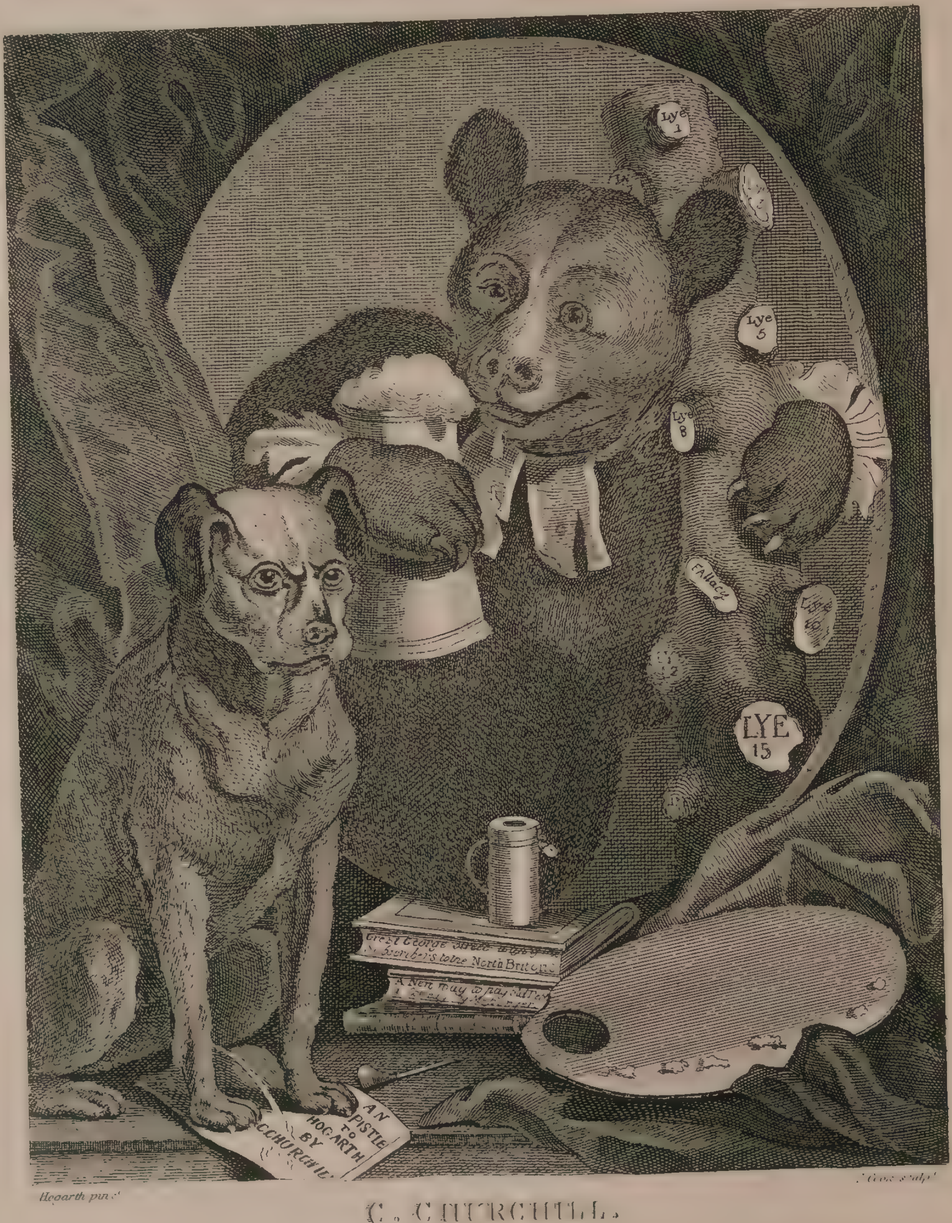
Published by Longman Hurst Rees, & Orme, Nov^r 1st 1807.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.—Acts, xxiv. 25.

The subject of this plate is that of the preaching of St. Paul, when brought as a prisoner from Jerusalem to Cæsarea, and summoned to appear before Felix, the governor of Judea, as we find it recorded in holy writ, to answer many misdemeanours maliciously alleged against him. This Felix was a favourite, a creature of Claudius Cæsar, then emperor of Rome. He was sensual and avaricious, and exercised in Judea, where he was appointed governor, a royal power with a mercenary soul. When this is considered, the subjects on which the apostle spoke appear to be chosen with great art and propriety, and calculated to rouse the person to whom they were addressed from the state of insensibility into which he had been so long plunged. He treated of righteousness (that is, justice), temperance, and of judgment to come. The Christian religion being favourable to all men, St. Paul might have discoursed upon one of those points that would have flattered his noble hearer; he might have spoken of the greatness of sovereigns, and its relation to that of the Supreme Being; he might have said, "the magistrate carries not the sword in vain;" that God himself has told them "they are gods, and children of the Most High." But all this art was unknown to our apostle; he pierces the stubborn heart of Felix, penetrates the centre of his passions, finds a way to that conscience that had long been buried, and shakes the sinner in his greatest security. He preaches of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. He preaches of righteousness; here he supported the rights of the widow and the orphan: made it appear that kings and magistrates are established to uphold the interests of the people, and not to follow their own caprices; that the end of sovereign power is, that all may be happy under the vigilance of one, and not that one should prey upon the substance of all; that abuse of power betrays a baseness of soul, and that it is an act of cruelty to oppress the wretched, who have nothing but their cries and tears to defend them. He preaches of temperance; here he set forth the disorders of luxury, and its inconsistency with Christianity. In short, he preaches of judgment to come; and it was this that gave weight to his ministry; he proved the truth of it, described its preparation, displayed its dreadful pomp, and made its awful sounds resound in the ears of Felix, who at that time knew no other god than an incestuous Jupiter, or a voluptuous Venus. He sets before him the great and the small; Felix, the favourite of Cæsar, and Paul before Felix; he sets them before him all summoned with, "Rise, ye dead, from your graves, and come to judgment." At this his mind is alarmed, his heart quakes, the roll drops from his trembling hand, his teeth chatter, his knees beat one against another, and his whole frame shudders. What a surprising sight is here!—The governor trembles, while the prisoner speaks with firmness! The prisoner, though in chains, makes his judge tremble! Behold the miraculous force of conscience! Take notice of the united attention of the whole court; and mark the effect in their faces! One is enraptured at his doctrine; a second receives the dreadful truths with salutary fear; a third is inwardly convicted; a fourth attends with eagerness to catch the heavenly accents from his tongue; and Tertullus ceases his accusation with disappointed amazement. With respect to Ananias the high-priest, his eyes and position manifestly declare his abhorrence of the man, give us to understand that the apostle's words rankle in his heart, and that, though he secretly feels the power of conviction, still he cannot smother his professed hatred of the Christians.

The original painting, which has occasioned much difference of opinion as to its merits, having by some been as greatly overpraised as by others underrated, is in Lincoln's Inn Hall, a place to which the subject is admirably adapted.


Lye 1
Lye 5
Lye 8
Fallacy
Lye 10
LYE 15
Great George Street a List of the Subscribers to the North Briton
A New way to pay old Debts
AN EPISTLE TO HOGARTH BY C CHURCHILL

Hogarth pin.t

T. Cook sculp.t

C. CHURCHILL.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme. Nov 1st 1807

THE BRUISER, CHARLES CHURCHILL,

(ONCE THE REVEREND,)

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES.

REGALING HIMSELF AFTER HAVING KILLED THE MONSTER CARICATURA, THAT SO SORELY GALLED HIS VIRTUOUS FRIEND, THE HEAVEN-BORN WILKES.

But he had a club
This dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye.
Dragon of Wantley.

Enraged by the publication of Mr. Wilkes's portrait, Mr. Charles Churchill wrote a most virulent and vindictive satire, which he entitled, An Epistle to William Hogarth. The painter was not blest with that meek forbearance which induces those who are smote on one cheek to turn the other also. He was an old man, but did not wish to be considered as that feeble, superannuated, helpless animal, which the poet had described. He scarcely wished to live

After his flame lack'd oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits.

Apprehensive that the public might construe his delaying a reply to proceed from inability, he did not wait the tedious process of a new plate, but took a piece of copper on which he had, in the year 1749, engraven a portrait of himself and dog, erased his own head, and in the place of it introduced the divine, with a tattered band and torn ruffles.—"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

In this we must acknowledge there was more ill-nature than wit. It is rather caricature than character, and more like the coarse mangling of Tom Browne, than the delicate yet wounding satire of Alexander Pope. For this rough retort he might, however, plead the poet's precedent. His opponent had brandished a tomahawk, and Hogarth, old as he was, wielded a battle-axe in his own defence. A more aggravated provocation cannot well be conceived. The attack was unmerciful, unmanly, unjust. Let the following extract speak for itself:

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those powers which nature gave,
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays that jealousy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And, to secure thy credit, blast his own:
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend;
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame:
When with the pride of man resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong;
And on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know,
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

He must be a very weak artist, indeed, who would bury the talents which nature gave, to gratify the whims of another man; but, admitting a painter had been found who suffered blank concealment to obscure those rays which jealousy could not endure, we cannot comprehend how it concerned Hogarth. His walk was all his own: even now he need not dread a rival there. Mr. Churchill acknowledges that in walks of humour

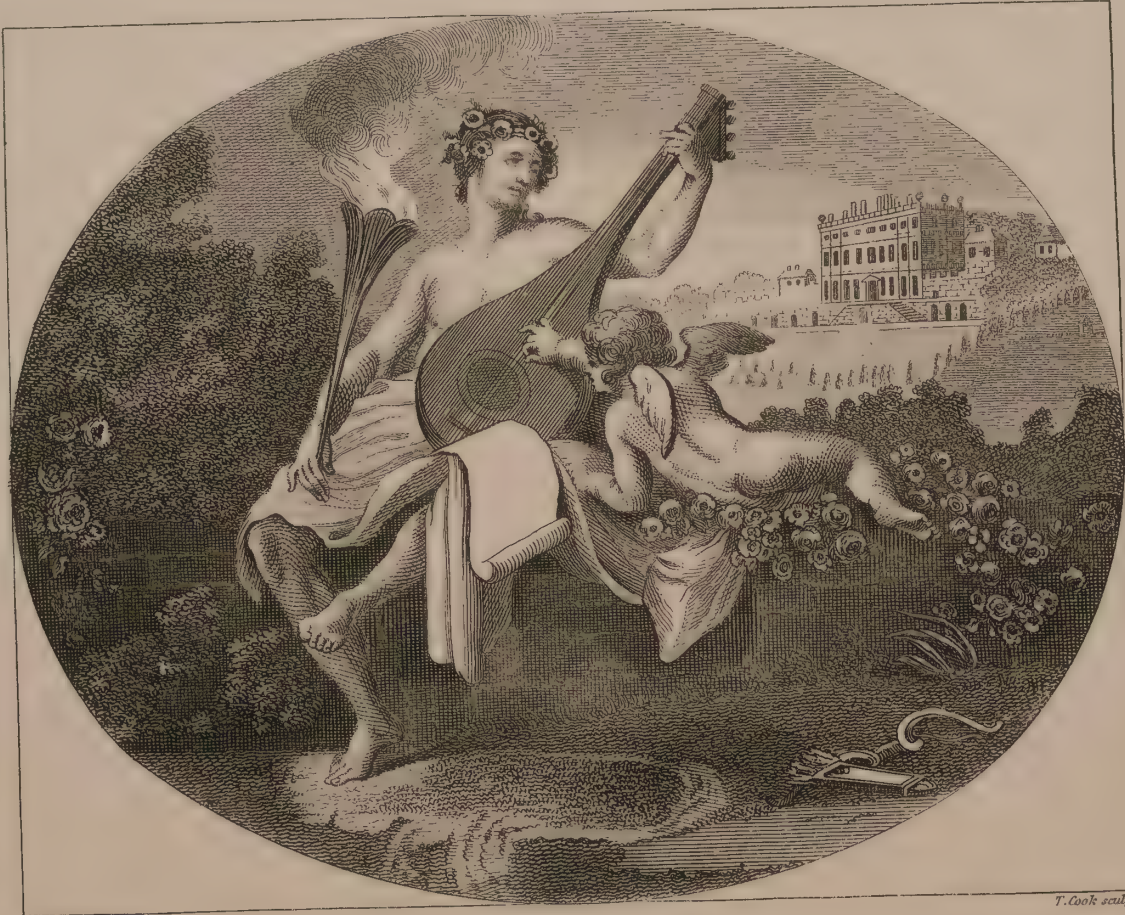
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

Being unrivalled, we do not see why he should dread a rival, nor can we conceive he could be jealous of talents which he must be conscious were inferior to his own.

To enumerate farther examples would be painful as well as tedious: the graven image must be attended to. It represents Mr. Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, the poet's favourite beverage, and, like another Hercules, armed with a knotted club, to attack hydras, destroy dragons, and discomfit giants!

From the two letters inscribed on the club, it appears that the painter considered Churchill as a writer in the North Briton; and, from the words "fallacy, lie the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, &c.," on each of the knots, that he also considered him as a poet who did not pay the strictest regard to truth.

To designate more positively the object of his ridicule, and render this rude representative still more ludicrous, it is decorated with a band and a pair of ruffles; and with these characteristic ornaments, though it remains a good bear, it becomes a sort of overcharged portrait of the reverend satirist, and is said to resemble him.



Hogarth pinx!

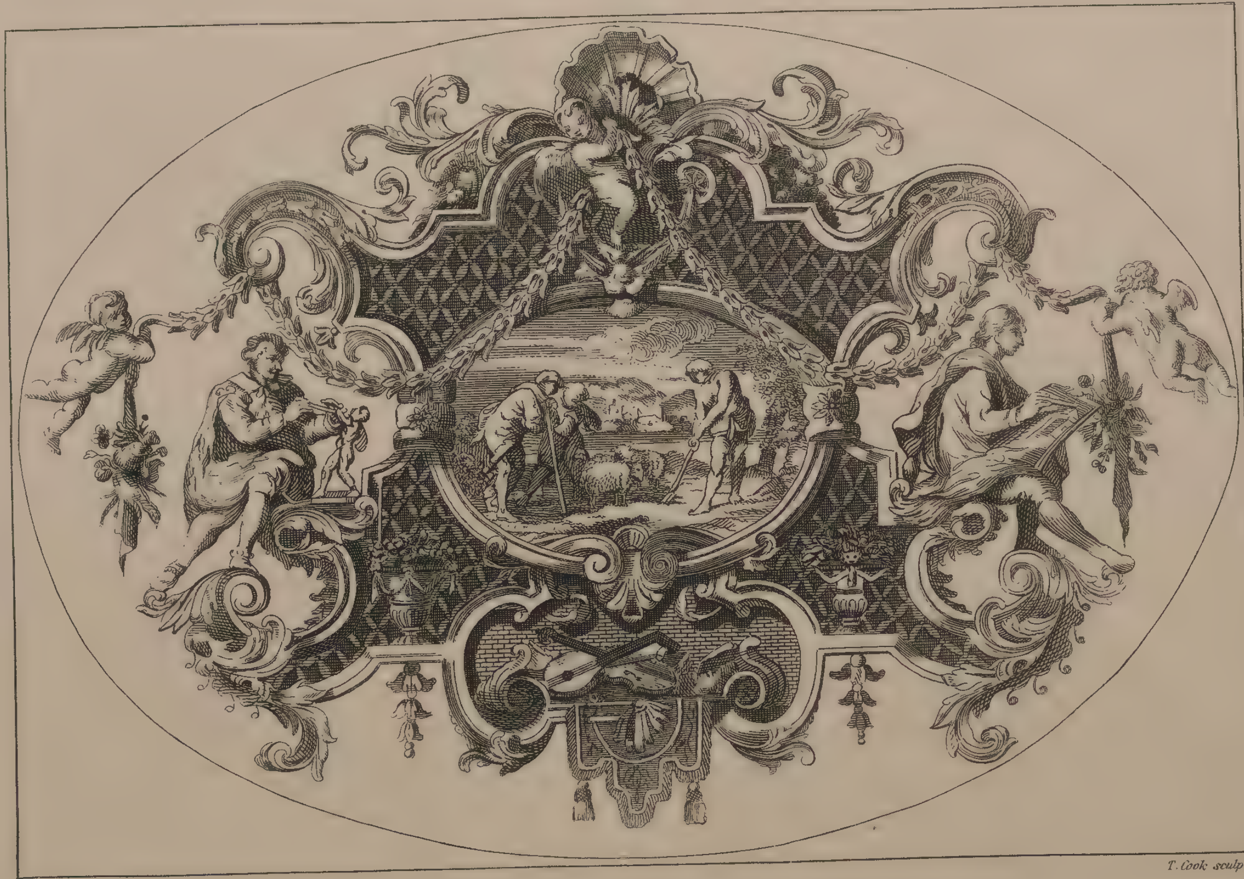
T. Cook sculp.

HYMEN & CUPID.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Aug.1st 1809.

HYMEN AND CUPID.

This plate, representing Hymen and Cupid, with a view of a magnificent villa at a distance, was intended as a ticket for Sigismonda, which Hogarth proposed to be raffled for. It is often marked with ink 2*l.* 2*s.* The number of each ticket was to have been inserted on the scroll hanging down from the knee of the principal figure. Perhaps none of them were ever disposed of. This plate, however, must have been engraved about 1762 or 1763. Mr. Nichols observed of this plate, that had he not seen many copies marked by the hand of Hogarth, he should have supposed it to be only a ticket for a concert or music meeting.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

IMPRESSION FROM A SILVER TANKARD.

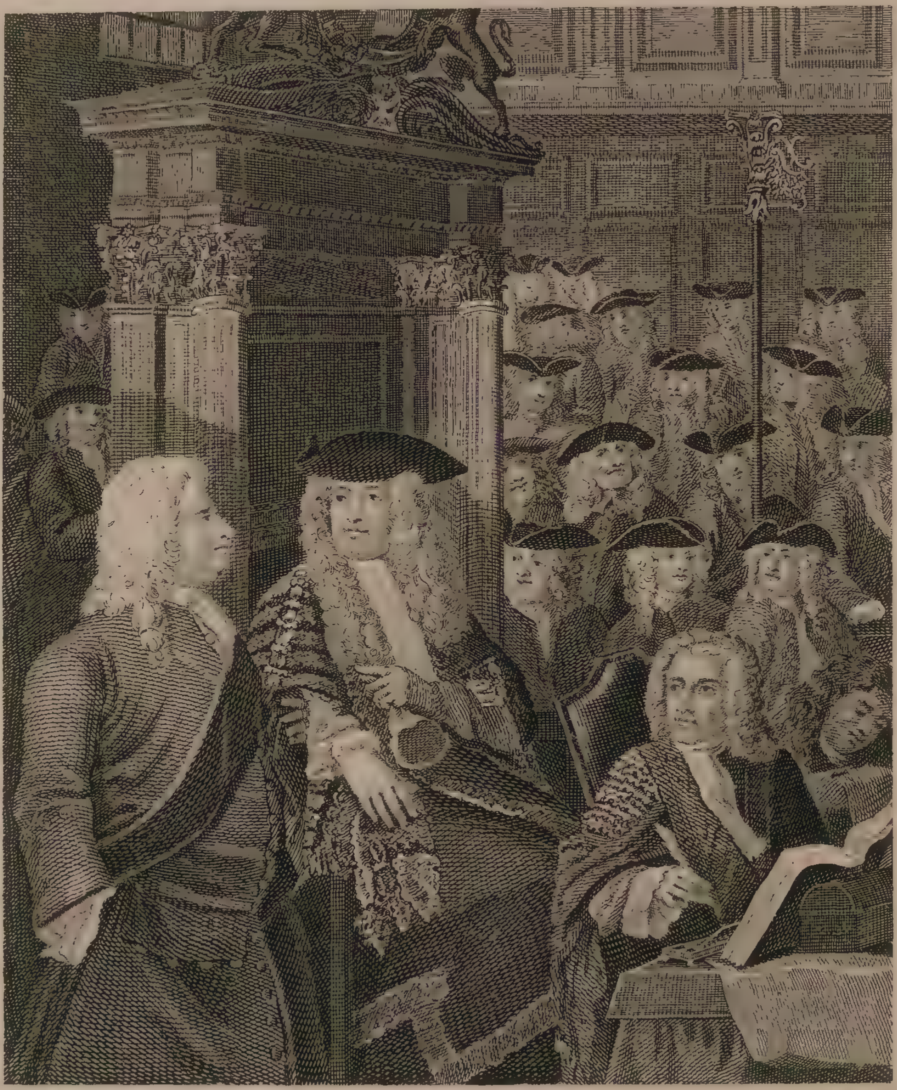
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, May 1st 1809.

IMPRESSION FROM A TANKARD.

THIS print represents an impression from a tankard belonging to a club of artists, who met weekly at the Bull's Head in Clare Market. Of this society Hogarth was a member. A shepherd and his flock are here represented.

Mr. Ireland, in speaking of this print, observes, "A few impressions from this tankard have been fortunately preserved: I say fortunately, for I esteem the whole of this production as worthy the refined taste of the present day; nor do we find in it any trace of the vulgarisms so often imputed to Hogarth. The allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture are well drawn, and as happily disposed. The landscape in the oval I judge to be the story of Laban and his sheep. It went also by the name of Jacob's Well; and is said to have been in allusion to the sign of the house where the club was held; but to this we give no credit, as it was certainly known by the sign of the Spiller's Head. The ornaments that are introduced are selected with taste; nor is it too much encumbered: and there is a simplicity and elegance in the *ensemble*, that does great credit to the taste and talents of our artist.

"From this specimen we have fair ground to infer that he was not deficient in those refinements in the art, which so justly captivate and engage the nicer eye of the connoisseur. However alluring this style of design and execution may have been, he seems to have produced few works in this manner. These could not enchain the talent of Hogarth; he had a nobler pursuit, the study of human nature; and the hydra-headed monster of follies and vices that is too frequently attendant on her train. These became the just objects of the talent he so happily possessed; and in that pursuit he stands unrivalled, and will, in all probability, hold his deserved pre-eminence. Study and observation may create a host of laborious and high-finishing artists; yet it is nature alone that can produce the mind of a Hogarth."



Hogarth pinx^{t} *T. Cook sculp^{t}*

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

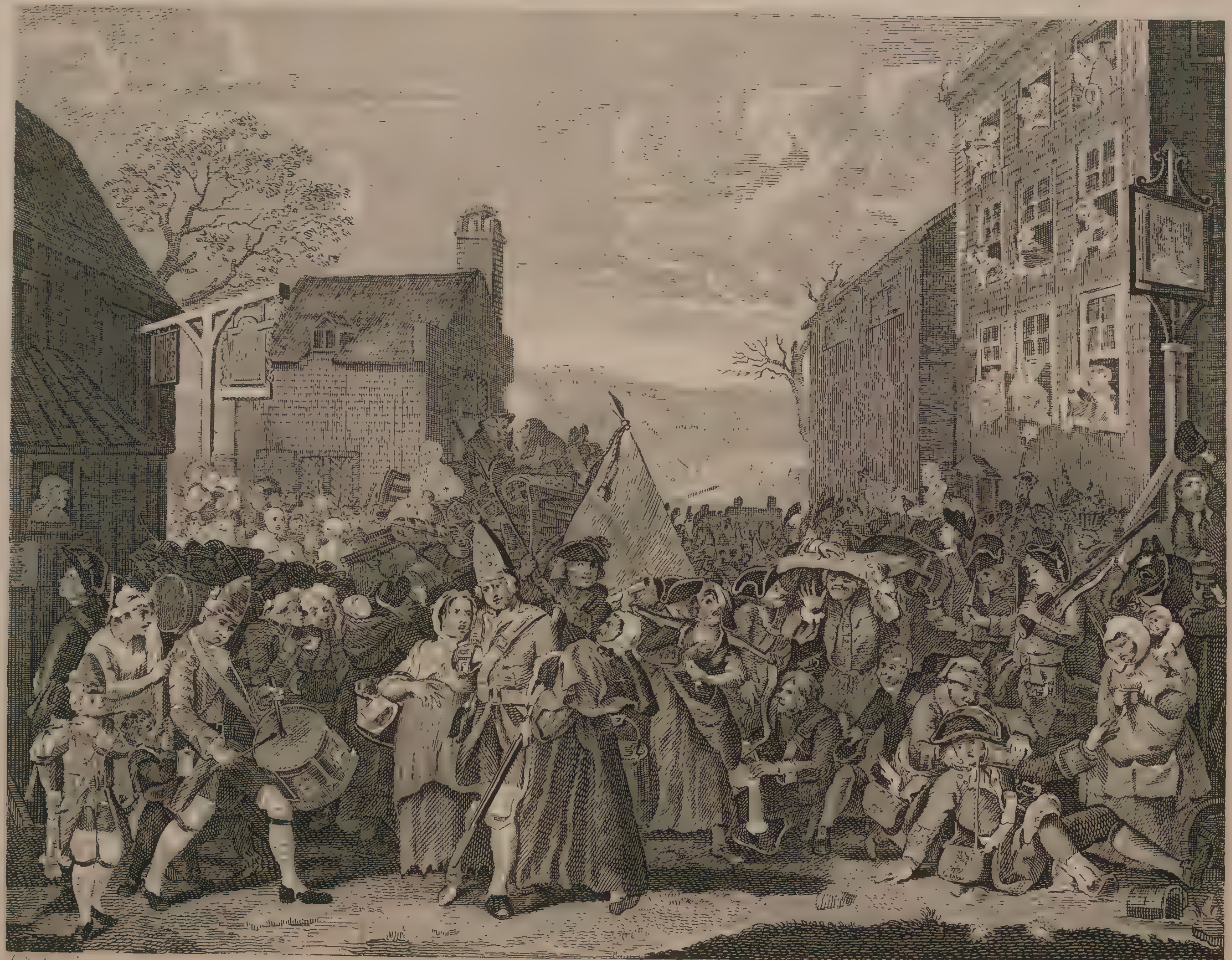
First Published in 1803, by M^{r}. E. Harding, & copied by his permission.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme. July 1st 1809.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIS print of the House of Commons in Sir Robert Walpole's time, and which was recently destroyed by fire, is from an original picture painted by Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill, in the collection of Earl Onslow, and contains, besides many figures in the back-ground, the following prominent portraits:

1. Sir Robert Walpole.
2. The Right Hon. Arthur Onslow.
3. Sidney Godolphin, Father of the House.
4. Sir Joseph Jekyl.
5. Colonel Onslow.
6. Edward Stables, Esq., Clerk of the House of Commons.
7. Sir James Thornhill.
8. Mr. Aske, Clerk Assistant H.

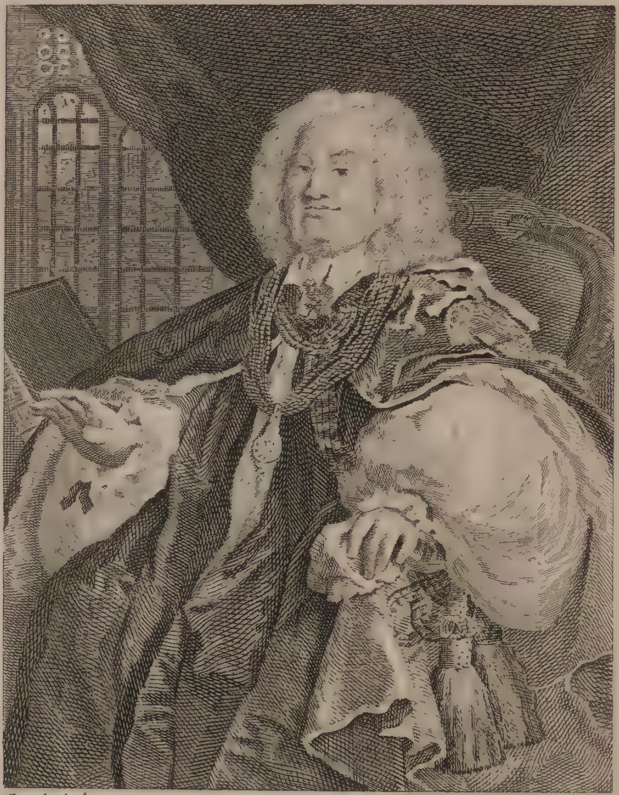


THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees & Orme Nov. 1st 1809.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

The spot this scene represents is Tottenham Court Turnpike, from whence we have a view of Hampstead and Highgate in the distance. The first object that presents itself below these hills is a body of soldiers, marching in tolerable order, with their baggage-wagon beside them. This regularity is indeed less observed in front, occasioned in part by the interruption they meet with, owing to the narrowness of the passage through the gate, and the license allowed to the sons of liberty on quitting their homes. A young grenadier, of good mien, is the principal object of the first group; he is accompanied, or rather seized on and beset by two woman, of different cast, disposition, and character. We are to understand they are both *enceinte,* and are claiming him for the father. One attempts to melt him with tears, the other to alarm him with threats: and so obstreperous is the latter, that the sergeant behind finds himself obliged to interfere. They are engaged also in different pursuits, one being a ballad singer, the other a news carrier; the former selling prints in favour of government, the latter against it. This we learn from the song of "God save the King," and the picture of the Duke of Cumberland, among other things, in the basket of the former; the Remembrancer, the London Evening Post, and the Jacobite Journal, in possession of the other. On the left of this group is a young officer kissing a milk girl; which gives an arch wag an opportunity of robbing her of her milk, which he is pouring into his hat, and of which a chimney-sweeper's boy appears very desirous to partake. This incident attracts the attention of a pastry-cook behind, who seems to enjoy the piece of roguery, at which the man beside him points, at the same time that he is stealing one of the pies from his head. Behind the pastry-cook is a man carrying a barrel of strong beer, which a soldier has pierced with a gimlet, in order to fill his canteen, while another is keeping guard lest any should interrupt him. This last is comfortably drunk. A little further back is a priggish lieutenant, bringing up the rear of the company before him, stalking in all the pride of military march, coveting the notice of the women. On the right of the principal group is a Frenchman, represented as a man of some importance, in order to render him more ridiculous. He is whispering to a Scotchman, to whom he is communicating the contents of a letter he has just received, which we are to suppose relate to the event that occasions this march. Behind this Frenchman is an ale-house, in front of which is a drummer, who, by beating on his drum, endeavours to shake off the thoughts of leaving his family, who in vain attempt to affect him by their tender farewell. On his right is a fifer, adding his noise to that of the drum; this lad, by the sweetness of his figure, is a beautiful contrast to the squalidness of the objects about him. In the group on the right of this plate, opposite to that of the drummer, is another soldier, exceedingly drunk, to whom his comrade (who has snatched up a hen from her brood of chickens and conveyed it into his pouch) is in vain endeavouring to give a draught of water; a sort of female sutler offers him a glass of gin with more success, which the infant on her back, who seems too well accustomed to this liquor, is trying to get at; for so general is the use of it, among the lower class of people, become, as to be the comforting cordial of every age. On the other side, behind, are two fellows stripped, and boxing; a circumstance we seldom miss seeing wherever there is a crowd. In this contest more seem engaged than the two men who are fighting. Here we see a woman, supposed to be the wife of one of them, eager to get in, to part them, but kept back; there, a fellow encouraging the other, who appears to flag through the loss of an eye. But the principal figure is the cobbler above, near the sign-post, who is finely described with doubled fists, ready to fly at him who seems the victor; or, in the bruiser's phrase, to take up the conqueror. In short, to give a particular description of every minute object in this print would be an almost endless task, and to throw out any reflection on the various matter would be needless. Let it suffice to say, that we have here a faithful representation of nature, which speaks for itself, and so largely enriched with the true vis comica, or spirit of humour, that the more we examine it, the greater pleasure we have; and the longer we view it, the more beauties we find.



Hogarth pinxt

T. Cook sculpt

BISHOP HOADLY.

No. 67.

A. D. 1743.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jany 1st 1809.

BISHOP HOADLY.

THIS portrait of Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, was first engraved by Baron, from a portrait in a grand style, by Hogarth.

Few writers of eminence have been so frequently or so illiberally traduced as Dr. Hoadly; yet fewer still have had the felicity of "living till a nation became his converts," and knowing "that sons have blushed that their fathers had been their foes." This great divine was born November 4, 1676; educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge; was elected lecturer of St. Mildred, Poultry, 1701; was rector of St. Peter le Poor in 1704, and of Streatham in 1710; king's chaplain, February 16, 1715–16; bishop of Bangor, March 18, following; translated to Hereford in 1721, to Salisbury in 1723, and to Winchester in 1734, which he held nearly twenty-seven years; till, on April 17, 1761, at his house at Chelsea, in the same calm that he had enjoyed amidst all the storms that blew around him, he died, full of years and honours, beloved and regretted by all good men, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His useful labours, which will ever be esteemed by all lovers of the natural, civil, and religious rights of Englishmen, were collected into three large volumes in folio, 1773, by his son, Dr. John Hoadly (then Chancellor of Winchester, and the only surviving male of a numerous and respectable family), who prefixed to them a short account of the bishop's life.

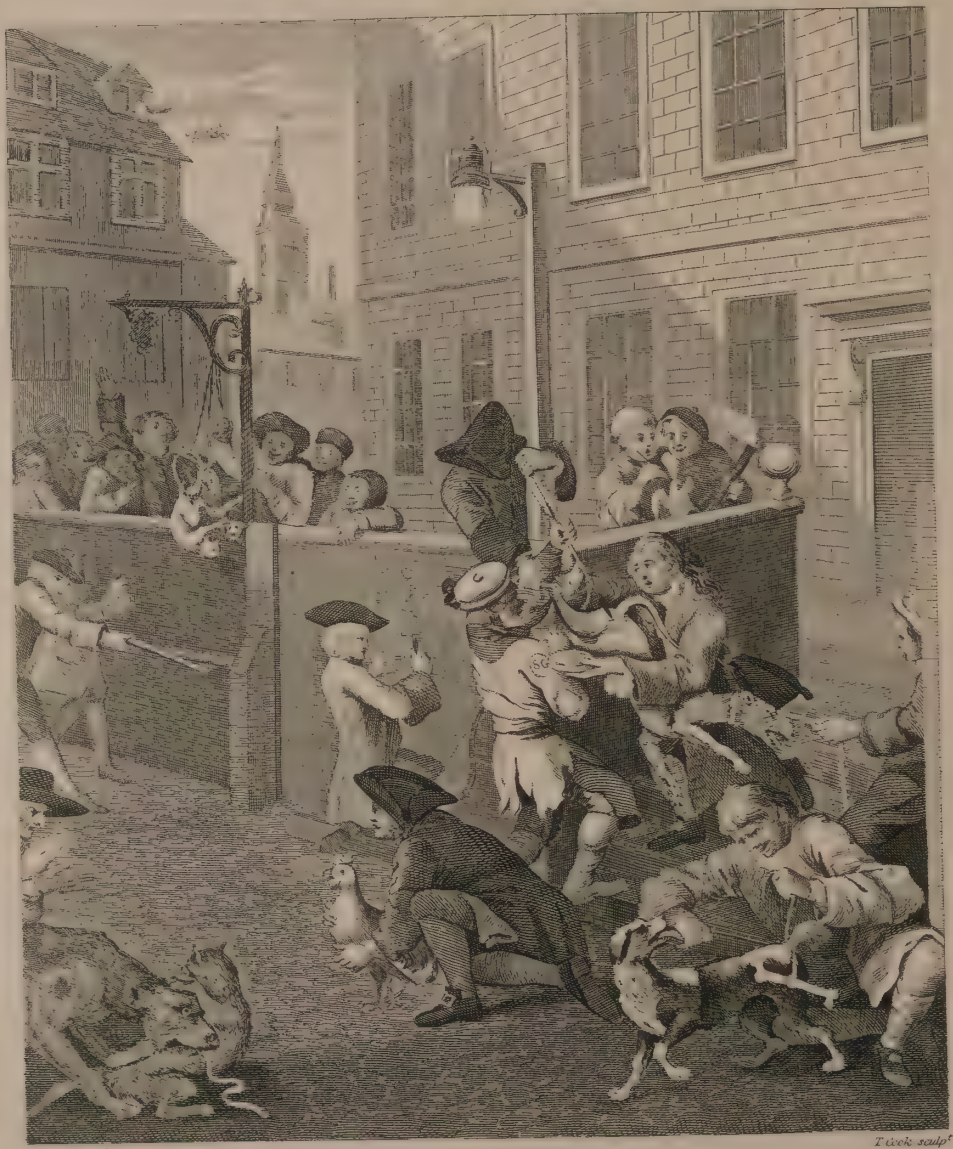
Concerning this portrait of Bishop Hoadley, Dr. John Hoadly wrote the following whimsical epistle to the artist.

"TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"Dear Billy,

"You were so kind as to say you would touch up the Doctor, if I would send him to town. Lo! it is here.—I am at Alresford for a day or two, to shear my flock and to feed 'em: (money, you know, is the sinews of war;) and having this morning taken down all my pictures, in order to have my room painted, I thought I might as well pack up Dr. Benjamin, and send him packing to London. My love to him, and desire him, when his wife says he looks charmingly, to drive immediately to Leicester Fields (Square, I mean, I beg your pardon), and sit an hour or two, or three, in your painting room. Do not set it by, and forget it now, —don't you. My humble service waits upon Mrs. Hogarth, and all good wishes upon your honour, and

I am, dear Sir,
Your obliged and affectionate
J. Hoadly."



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, May 1st *1807.*

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

> "The poorest beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

THIS pathetic lesson of humanity is given by the poet of nature. Aiming at the same end by different means, our benevolent artist here steps forth as the instructor of youth, the friend to mercy, and advocate of the brute creation.

In the prints before us, an obdurate boy begins his career of cruelty by tormenting animals; repeated acts of barbarity sear his heart, he commits a deliberate murder, and concludes in an ignominious death. These gradations are natural, I had almost said inevitable; and that parent who discovers the germ of barbarity in the mind of a child, and does not use every effort to exterminate the noxious weed, is an accessory to the evils which spring from its baneful growth. To check these malign propensities, becomes more necessary from the general tendency of our amusements. Most of our rural and even infantine sports are savage and ferocious. They arise from the terror, misery, or death of helpless animals. A child in the nursery is taught to impale butterflies and cockchafers. The schoolboy's proud delight is clambering a tree

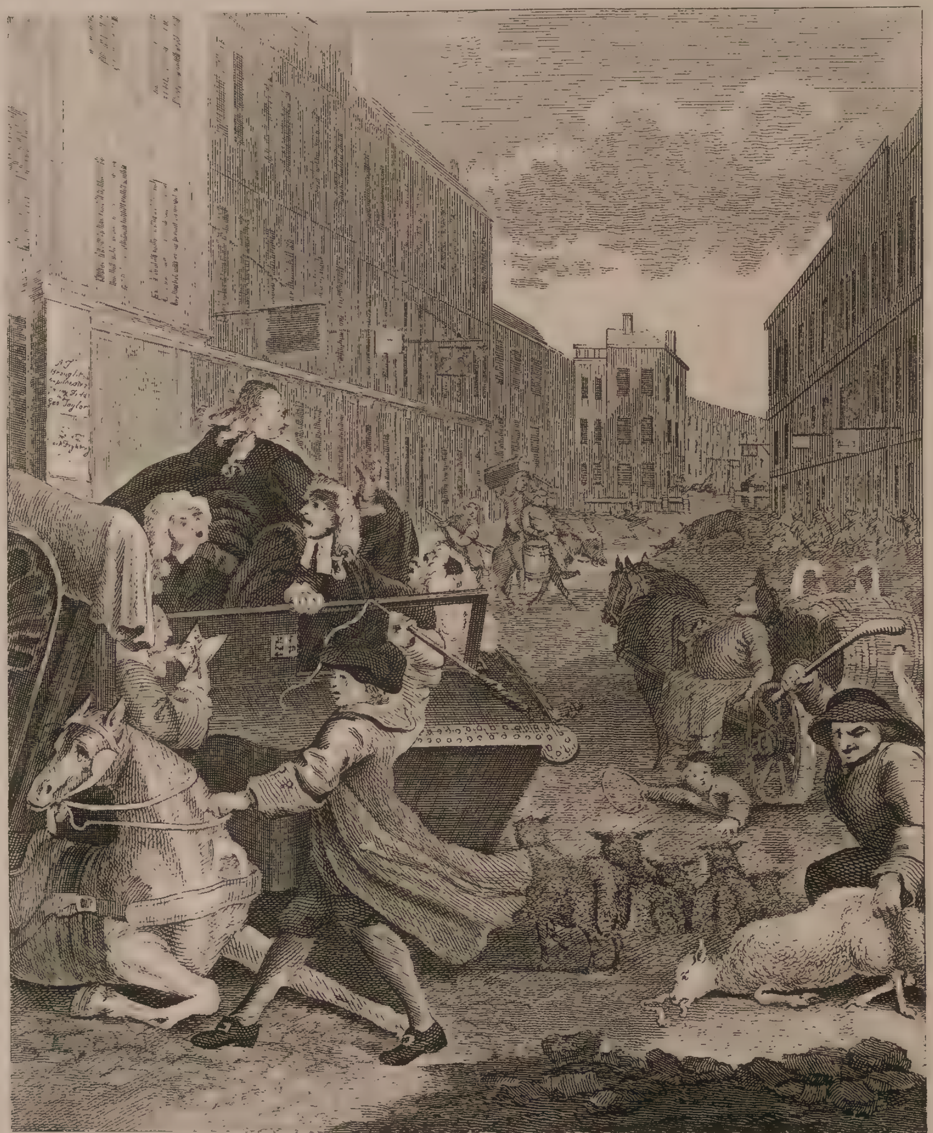
> "To rob the poor bird of its young."

Grown a gentle angler, he snares the scaly fry, and scatters leaden death among the feathered tenants of the air: ripened to man, he becomes a mighty hunter, is enamoured of the chase, and crimsons his spurs in the sides of a generous courser, whose wind he breaks in the pursuit of an inoffensive deer, or timid hare.

Let us suppose a disciple of Pythagoras to contemplate this print, how would it affect him? He would imagine it to represent a group of young barbarians, qualifying themselves for executioners; would raise his voice to heaven, and thank the God of mercy that he is not an inhabitant of such a country. The delineation of such scenes must shock every feeling heart, and their enumeration disgust every humane mind. Let us hope, for the honour of our nature and our nation, that they are not so frequently practised as when these prints were published.

The hero of this tragic tale is Tom Nero: by a badge upon his arm we know him to be one of the boys of St. Giles's charity school. The horrible business in which he is engaged, let us hope, was never realized in this or any other country. The thought is taken from Callot's Temptation of St. Anthony. A youth of superior rank, shocked at such cruelty, offers his tart to redeem the dog from torture. This Hogarth intended for the portrait of an illustrious personage, then about thirteen years of age; the compliment was rather coarse, but well intended. A lad chalking on a wall the suspended figure inscribed Tom Nero, prepares us for the future fate of this young tyrant, and shows by anticipation the reward of cruelty.

Throwing at cocks might possibly have its origin in what some of our sagacious politicians call a natural enmity to France; which is thus humanely exercised against the allegorical symbol of that nation. A boy tying a bone to the tail of his dog, while the kind-hearted animal licks his hand, must have a most diabolical disposition. Two little imps are burning out the eyes of a bird with a knitting needle. A group of embryotic Domitians, who have tied two cats to the extremities of a rope, and hung it over a lamp-iron, to see how delightfully they will tear each other, are marked with grim delight. The link-boy is absolutely a Lilliputian fiend. The fellow encouraging a dog to worry a cat, and two animals of the same species thrown out of a garret window, with bladders fastened to them, complete this mortifying prospect of youthful depravity.



Hogarth pinx.^t *T. Cook sculp.^t*

THE SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 2.^d 1807.

SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

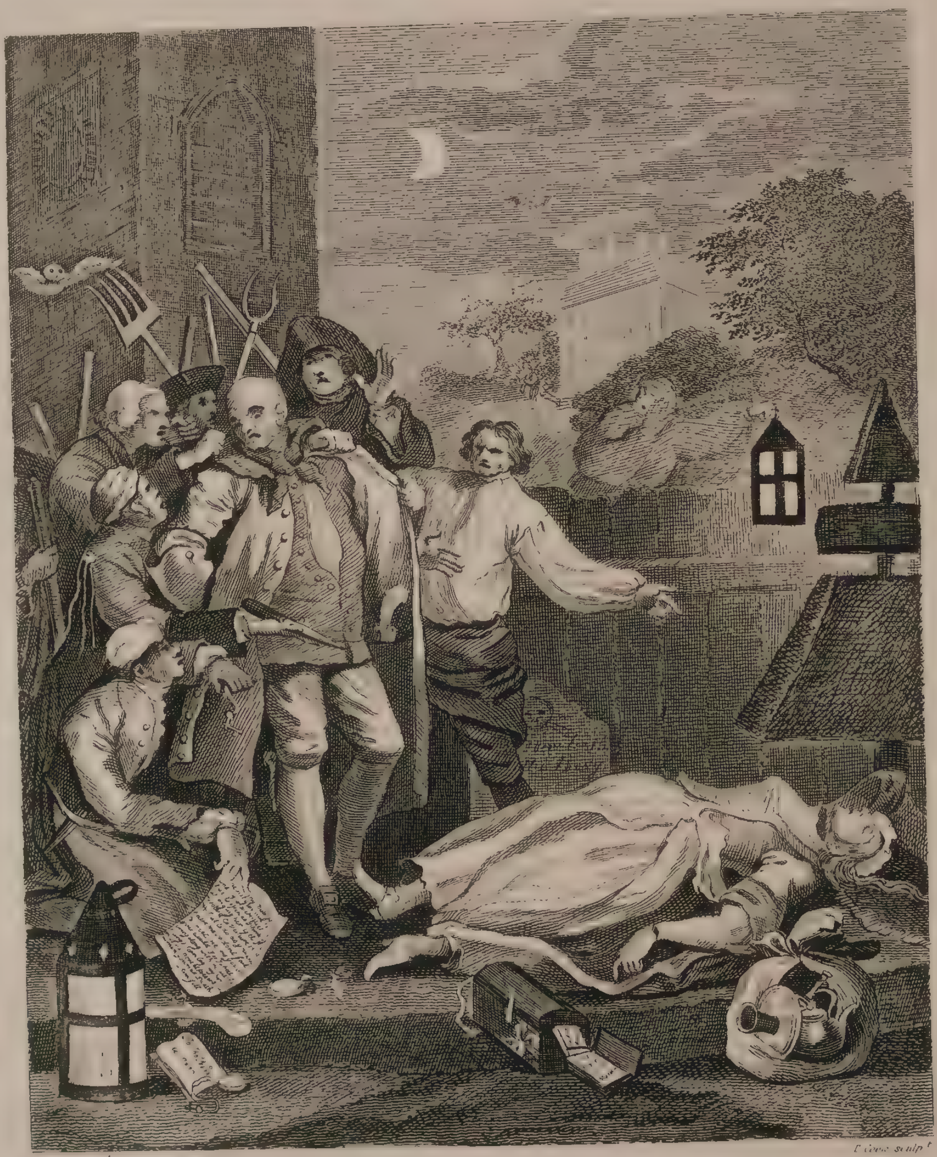
Tom Nero is now a hackney coachman, and displaying his disposition in his conduct to a horse. Worn out by ill usage, and exhausted by fatigue, the poor animal has fallen down, overset the carriage, and broken his leg. The scene is laid at Thavies-Inn Gate: four brethren of the brawling bar, who have joined to pay three-pence each for a ride to Westminster-hall, are in consequence of the accident overturned, and exhibited at the moment of creeping out of the carriage. These illustrious periwig-pated personages were probably intended as portraits of advocates eminent in their day; their names we are not able to record.

A man taking the number of the coach is marked with traits of benevolence, which separates him from the savage ferocity of Nero, or the terror of these affrighted lawyers.

As a further exemplification of extreme barbarity, a drover is beating an expiring lamb with a large club. The wheels of a dray pass over an unfortunate boy, while the drayman, regardless of consequences, sleeps on the shafts.

In the back-ground is a poor overladen ass: the master, presuming on the strength of this patient and ill-treated animal, has mounted upon his back and taken a loaded porter behind him. An over-driven bull, followed by a crowd of heroic spirits, has tossed a boy. Two bills pasted on the wall advertise cock-fighting and Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing, as further specimens of national civilization.

Parts of this print, says Mr. Ireland, may at first sight appear rather overcharged, but some recent examples convince us that they are not so. In the year 1790, a fellow was convicted of lacerating and tearing out the tongue of a horse; but there being no evidence of his bearing any malice towards the proprietor, or doing it with a view of injuring him, this diabolical wretch, not having violated any then existing statute, was discharged without punishment.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Aug.st 31st 1807.

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

An early indulged habit of wanton cruelty strengthens by time, chokes every good disposition, corrupts the mind, and sears the heart. We cannot say to the malevolent passions

> "Thus far shall ye go, and no further."

The hero of this print began by torturing a helpless dog, he then beat out the eye of an unoffending horse, and now, under the influence of that malignant, rancorous spirit, which by indulgence is become natural, he commits murder—most foul and aggravated murder!—for this poor deluded girl is pregnant by the wretch who deprives her of life. He tempts her to quit a happy situation, to plunder an indulgent mistress, and meet him with the produce of her robbery. Blinded by affection, she keeps the fatal appointment, and comes loaded with plate. This remorseless villain, having previously determined to destroy her, and by that means cancel his promise of marriage, free himself from an expected encumbrance, and silence one whom compunction might at a future day induce to confess the crime, and lead to his detection, puts her to death!

This atrocious act must have been perpetrated with most savage barbarity, for the head is nearly severed, and the wrist cut almost through. Her cries are heard by the servants of a neighbouring house, who run to her assistance.—'Tis too late—the horrid deed is done! the ethereal spirit is forced from its earthly mansion,

> "Unhousell'd, unappointed, unaneal'd!"

but the murderer, appalled by conscious guilt, and rendered motionless by terror, cannot fly. He is seized without resistance, and consigned to that punishment which so aggravated a violation of the laws of nature and his country demand.

The glimpses of the moon, the screech-owl and bat hovering in the air, the mangled corse, and above all, the murderer's ghastly and guilty countenance, give terrific horror to this awful scene.

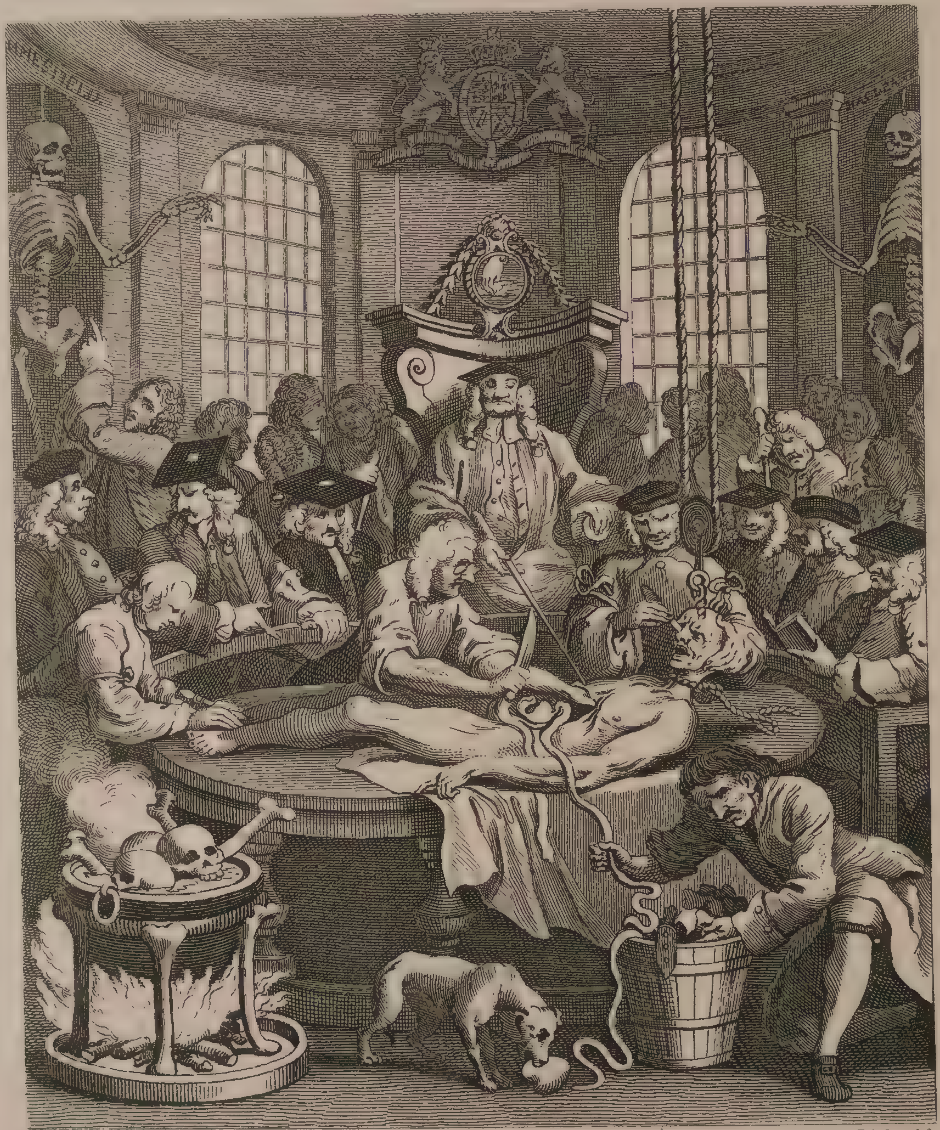
By the pistol in his pocket, and watches on the ground, we have reason to infer that this callous wretch has been committing other depredations in the earlier part of the evening. The time is what has been emphatically called the witching hour!—the iron tongue of midnight has told ONE.

The letter found in his pocket gives a history of the transaction; it appears to be dictated by the warmest affection, and written by the woman he has just murdered, previous to her elopement.

"DEAR TOMMY,

"My mistress has been the best of women to me, and my conscience flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am resolved to venture body and soul to do as you would have me, so do not fail to meet me as you said you would, for I shall bring along with me all the things I can lay my hands on. So no more at present: but I remain yours till death.

"ANN GILL."


MES FIELD
MACLEAN

Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^{r} 1st 1807.

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

The savage and diabolical progress of cruelty is now ended, and the thread of life severed by the sword of justice. From the place of execution the murderer is brought to Surgeons' Hall, and now represented under the knife of a dissector. This venerable person, as well as his coadjutor, who scoops out the criminal's eye, and a young student scarifying the leg, seem to have just as much feeling as the subject now under their inspection. A frequent contemplation of sanguinary scenes hardens the heart, deadens sensibility, and destroys every tender sensation.

Hogarth was most peculiarly accurate in those little markings which identify. The gunpowder initials T. N. on the arm, denote this to be the body of Thomas Nero. The face being impressed with horror has been objected to. It must be acknowledged that this is rather o'erstepping the modesty of nature; but he so rarely deviates from her laws, that a little poetical license may be forgiven, where it produces humour or heightens character.

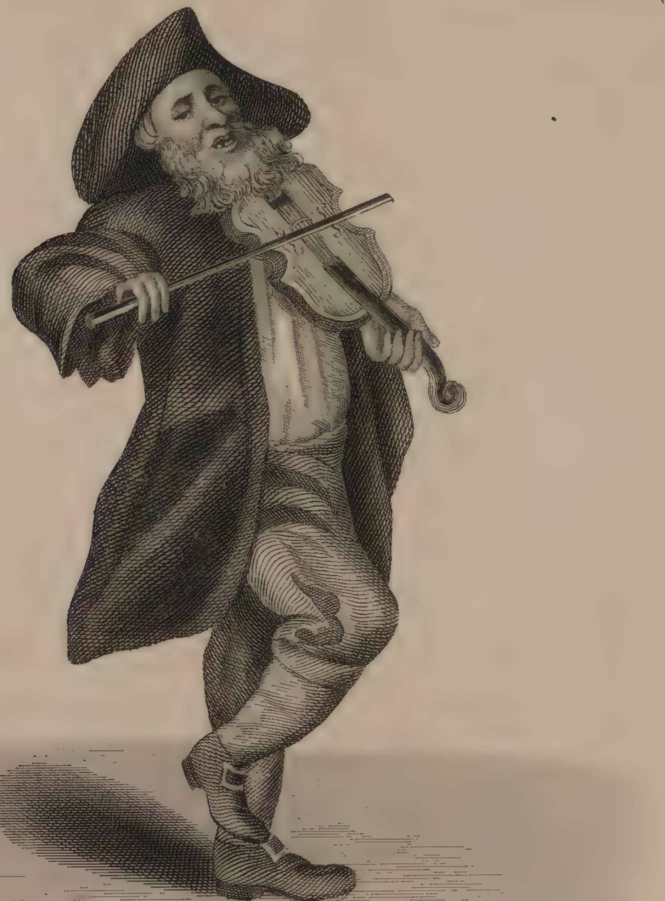
The skeletons, on each side of the print, are inscribed James Field (an eminent pugilist) and Maclean (a notorious robber.) Both of these worthies died by a rope. They are pointing to the physician's crest which is carved on the upper part of the president's chair, viz., a hand feeling a pulse; taking a guinea would have been more appropriate to the practice. The heads of these two heroes of the halter are turned so as to seem ridiculing the president, "scoffing at his state, and grinning at his pomp." Every countenance in this grisly band is marked with that medical importance which dignifies the professors. Some of them we discover to be "from Caledonia's bleak and barren clime."

A fellow depositing the intestines in a pail, and a dog licking the murderer's heart, are disgusting and nauseous objects. The vessel where the skulls and bones bubble-bubble gives some idea of the infernal caldron of Hecate.

Of this print and that preceding it there are wooden blocks engraved upon a large scale, invented and published by William Hogarth, Jan. 1st, 1750, J. Bell, sculpt. They were executed by order of Mr. Hogarth, who wished to circulate the salutary examples they contain, by making the price low enough for a poor man's purse; but finding engraving on wood much more expensive than he had calculated, he altered his plan, and engraved them on copper.

END OF VOL. I.

The WORKS of
WILLIAM HOGARTH



VOL 2.

LONDON

ORIGINAL EDITION.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM HOGARTH,
IN A
SERIES OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN ENGRAVINGS,

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES,

INCLUDING

Many of the Author's Minor Pieces,

NOT IN ANY OTHER EDITION,

WITH DESCRIPTIONS AND COMMENTS ON THEIR MORAL TENDENCY

BY THE

REV. JOHN TRUSLER.

ACCOMPANIED WITH THE COMPLETE LIFE AND NUMEROUS ANECDOTES
OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORKS.

BY

J. HOGARTH, IRELAND AND OTHERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

"The anchor which held Hogarth fastest to the public favor, was the sincere and deliberate belief, prevalent among the more serious of the substantial orders, that his works were in the highest degree moral, and that they contributed to the inculcation of Virtue and Piety. . . . . The Philosopher who ever preached the sturdy English virtues that have made us what we are."—CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
CARSON & SIMPSON.
1890.

CONTENTS.

(Directions to Binder to place the Plates.)

VOLUME II.

No. 77.—*Frontispiece.* Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism.

No. 78.—*Vignette.* The Fiddler.

HUDIBRAS.

No. Page
79 Plate I. Frontispiece 167
80 — II. Sallies Forth 169
81 — III. First Adventure 171
82 — IV. Masquerade 173
83 — V. Submits to Trulla 175
84 — VI. In the Stocks 177
85 — VII. The Lawyer 179
86 —VIII. Beats Sidrophel 181
87 — IX. The Committee 183
88 — X. Leading Crowdero 185
89 — XI. Burning the Rumps 187
90 — XII. Encounters the Skimmington 189

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

91 Plate I. The Contract 191
92 — II. Breakfast Scene 193
93 — III. Scene with the Quack 195
94 — IV. Toilet Scene 197
95 — V. Death of the Earl 199
96 — VI. Death of the Countess 201

MISCELLANEOUS.

97 Funeral Ticket 203
98 Rich's Triumphal Entry 205
99 Paul before Felix (burlesque) 207
100 The Painter's Room 209
101 Just View of the British Stage 211

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

No. Page
102 Frontispiece 213
103 Perseus Descending 213

MISCELLANEOUS.

104 View of Chiswick 215
105 The Good Samaritan 217
106 The Garden Scene at Mr. Rich's Villa at Cowley. 219
107 Portrait of Miss Fenton 221
108 Bust of Hogarth by Roubelliac 223
109 Analysis of Beauty 225
110 Inhabitants of the Moon 227
111 Portrait of John Wilkes 229
112 The Man of Taste 231

THE TIMES.

113 Plate I. 233
114 — II. 235

MISCELLANEOUS.

115 Farmer's Return 237
116 Frontispiece to the Artists' Catalogue 239
117 Tail-piece to the Artists' Catalogue 241

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

118 Frontispiece 243
119 A Second Frontispiece 243

MISCELLANEOUS.

120 Time Smoking a Picture 245
121 The Pool of Bethesda 247

CONTENTS.

No. Page
122 Portrait of Sarah Malcolm........ 249
123 False Perspective, Frontispiece to Kirby........ 251
124 Ticket for the Benefit of Spiller........ 253
125 Royal Masquerade at Somerset House........ 255
126 Masquerade Ticket........ 257
127 The Weighing House........ 259
128 Portrait of Joseph Porter........ 261
129 A Musical Study........ 263
130 Portrait of Henry Fielding........ 265
131 Music Introduced to Apollo by Minerva........ 267
132 Portrait of Viscount Boyne........ 269
133 Gulliver Presented to the Queen of Babilary.. 271

SHOP BILLS, ETC.

134 Card for William Hardy........ 273
135 " " Ellis Gamble........ 273
136 Shop Bill for William Hogarth........ 273
137 " " Mary and Ann Hogarth........ 275
138 " " Ellis Gamble (the Large Angel). 277
139 Humours of Oxford........ 279

BLACKWELL'S MILITARY FIGURES.

140 Plate I........ 281
141 — II........ 281

BEAVER'S MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

No. Page
142 Plate I........ 283
143 — II........ 283
144 — III........ 283
145 — IV........ 283
146 — V........ 283

MISCELLANEOUS.

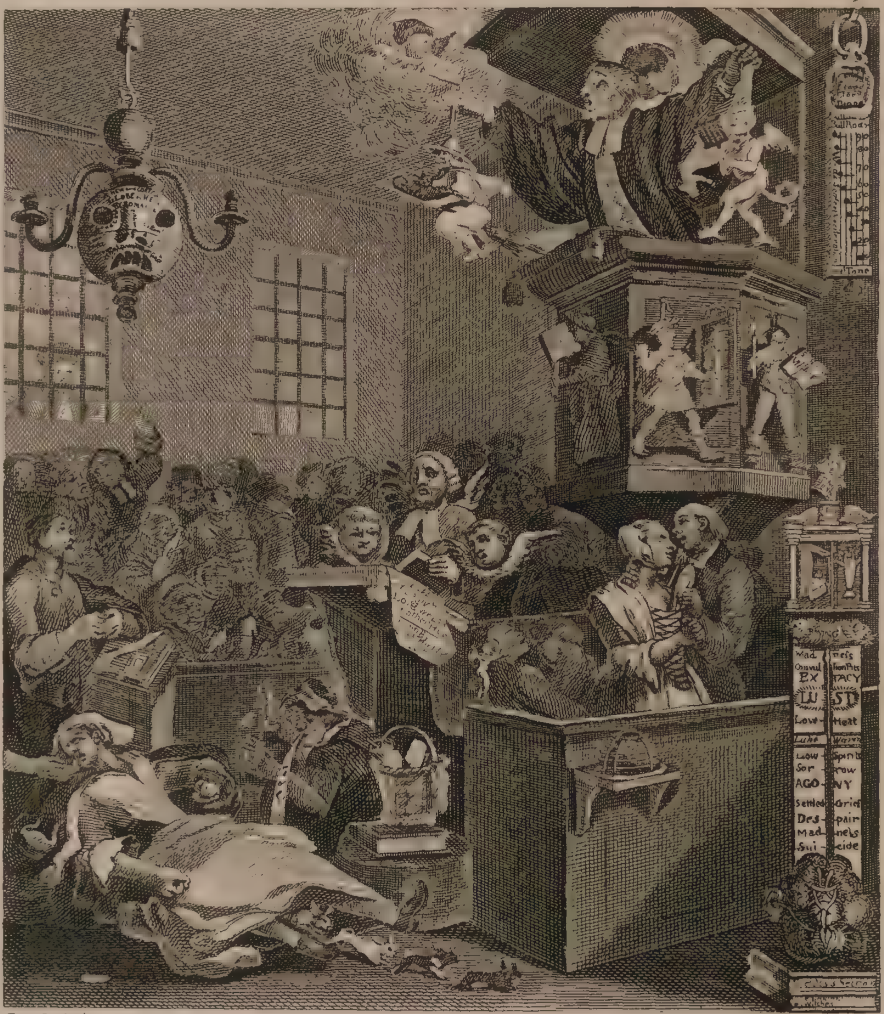
147 Frontispiece to Terræ Filius........ 285
148 The Mystery of Masonry brought to Light by the Gormagons........ 287
149 Frontispiece to the Happy Ascetic........ 289
150 " Leveridge's Songs, 1727........ 289
151 Night Scene, from an Original Sketch communicated by Messrs. Boydell........ 291

PLATES FOR MILTON.

152 Plate I........ 293
153 — II........ 293

MISCELLANEOUS.

154 The Lottery........ 295
155 Portrait of Mr. Pine........ 297
156 The Beggar's Opera........ 299
157 Bathos........ 301


Wad-nefs
Convul-sion Fits
EX-TACY
LU-ST
Love-Heat
Luke Warm
Low-Spirits
Sor-row
AGO-NY
Settled-Grief
Des-pair
Mad-nefs
Sui-cide
Wiches

Hogarth pinx^t. T. Cook sculp^t.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, & FANATICISM.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan^y. 1st 1809.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

CRUELTY, SUPERSTITION, AND FANATICISM.

Lord Bacon somewhere remarks that superstition is worse than infidelity. It takes from religion every attraction, every comfort; and the place of humble hope, and patient resignation, is supplied by melancholy, despair, and madness!

To check the inundation of absurdity which deemed carnal reason profane, and was not to be combated by argument, Mr. Hogarth designed this print: and though the delineation was made in his sixty-fourth year, in satire, wit, and imagination, it is superior to any of his preceding works.

The text, "I speak as a fool," is a type of a preacher, whose strength of lungs is a convenient substitute for strength of argument: he is literally a Boanerges; his tones rend the region, and the thunder of his eloquence has cracked the sounding board. Considering action as the first requisite of an orator, our ecclesiastical juggler throws his whole frame into convulsions. By these violent agitations his gown flies open, and discovers that this Proteus of the pulpit is arrayed in a harlequin's jacket; and his wig falling off displays the shaven crown of a Jesuit. But the loss of a periwig is not attended to; his denunciations are redoubled, his fulminations hurled indiscriminately around, he scatters about firebrands. Wrought up to the highest pitch of seraphic fervour, fevered by the heat of his own ecstasies, the whole man is inspired, and, mounted upon the clouds of mystery, he soars through the dark regions of superstition, settles in the third heaven, and breathes empyreal air.

Between two duck-winged cherubs, who are studying the laughing and crying gamut, is a harpy clerk. This crook-mouthed echo of absurdity has the true physiognomy of a Tartuffe; every figure is charged with hypocrisy.

Among the crowd we discover a youthful convert under the guidance of his spiritual confessor, who, pointing to Brimstone Ocean, unfolds a tale which terrifies his disciple to a degree that

> "Must harrow up his soul: freeze his young blood," &c.

The sanguinary Jew, while he leans upon an altar, on which lies a knife inscribed bloody, sacrifices to his revenge an unfortunate insect, which he caught carelessly wandering on the environs of his head.

Beneath is Mrs. Tofts of Godalming, well known in the annals of credulity; in the violence of her paroxysm she breaks a dram glass with her teeth.

Next to Mrs. Tofts is a possessed shoeblack, coolly clearing his stomach of a quantity of hob-nails and iron staples. The book on which our sable professor of necromancy has deposited his basket, is King James on Demonology.

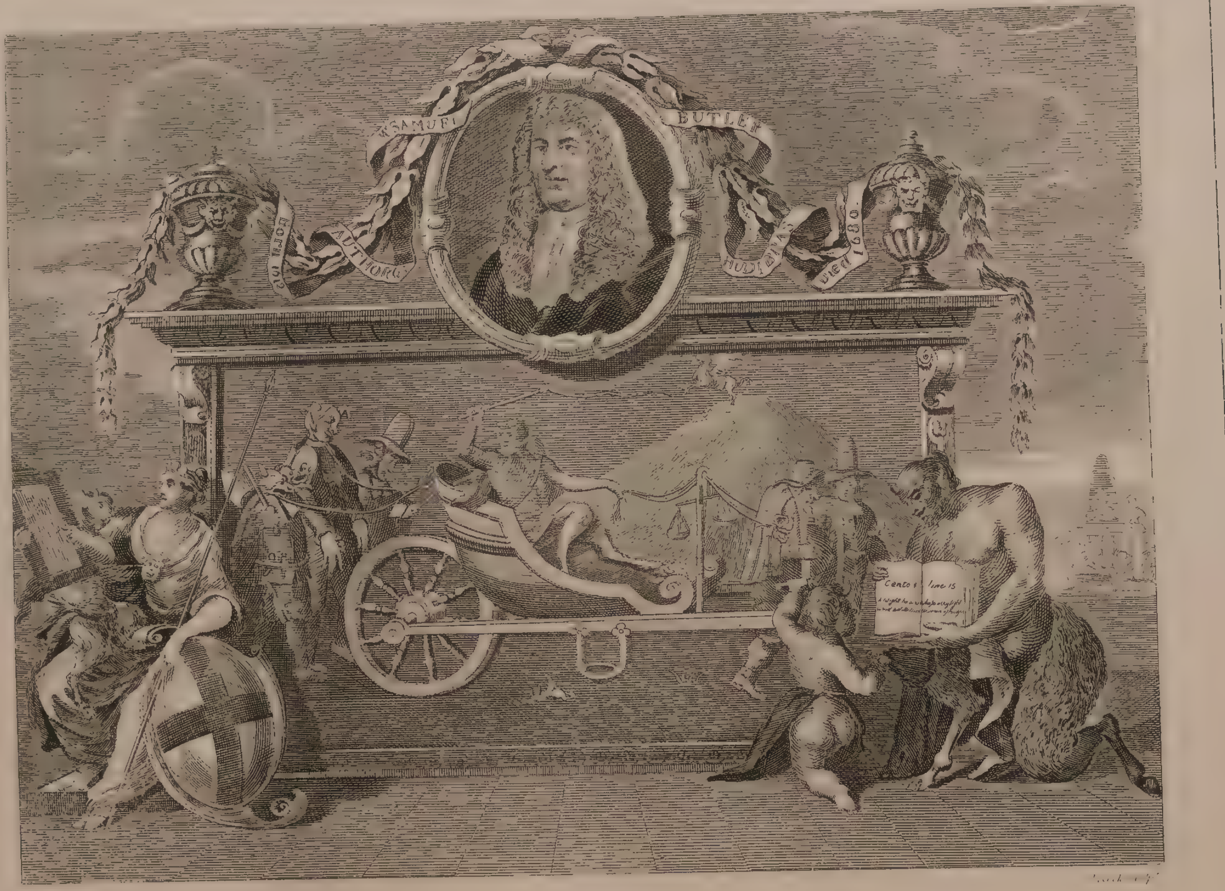
The ridicule is wound up by a Turk, whom we see through a window smoking his tube of Trinidado; lifting up his eyes with astonishment at the scene, he breathes a grateful ejaculation, and thanks his Maker that he was early initiated in the divine truths of the Koran, is out of the pale of this church, and has his name engraven on the tablets of Mahomet.

Beneath is a figure of the Tedworth drummer, who so wickedly disturbed the family of Mr. Mompesson, and in the frame below a representation of Fanny, the phantom of Cock-lane, with her hammer in her right hand. These two notable memorials of credulity are placed as a kind of head-piece to a mental thermometer, which ascertains the different degrees of heat in the blood of an enthusiast. When the liquid ascends, it rises from lukewarm and terminates in raving, which is properly obscured by clouds, and above the ken of human comprehension. In its falling state, the progress of religious depression is most accurately marked: from low spirits it sinks to suicide. The whole rests on Glanville on Witches.

On the preacher's left hand, suspended to a ring inserted in a human nostril, hangs the scale of vociferation. A natural tone is at the bottom, but the speaker's tone is described by the distended mouth above the scale, inscribed Bull Roar.

To the hook of the chandelier hangs a small sphere, on which is engraven, Desarts of New Purgatory. On the globe is written, A globe of hell; it is so formed as to give the caricature of a human face, and baptized Horrid Zone.

The poor's box is a mouse-trap, which intimates that whatever money is deposited will be secured for the faithful collectors.

Mr SAMUEL
BUTLER
Born 1612
AUTHOR OF
HUDIBRAS
Died 1680
Canto 1 line 15

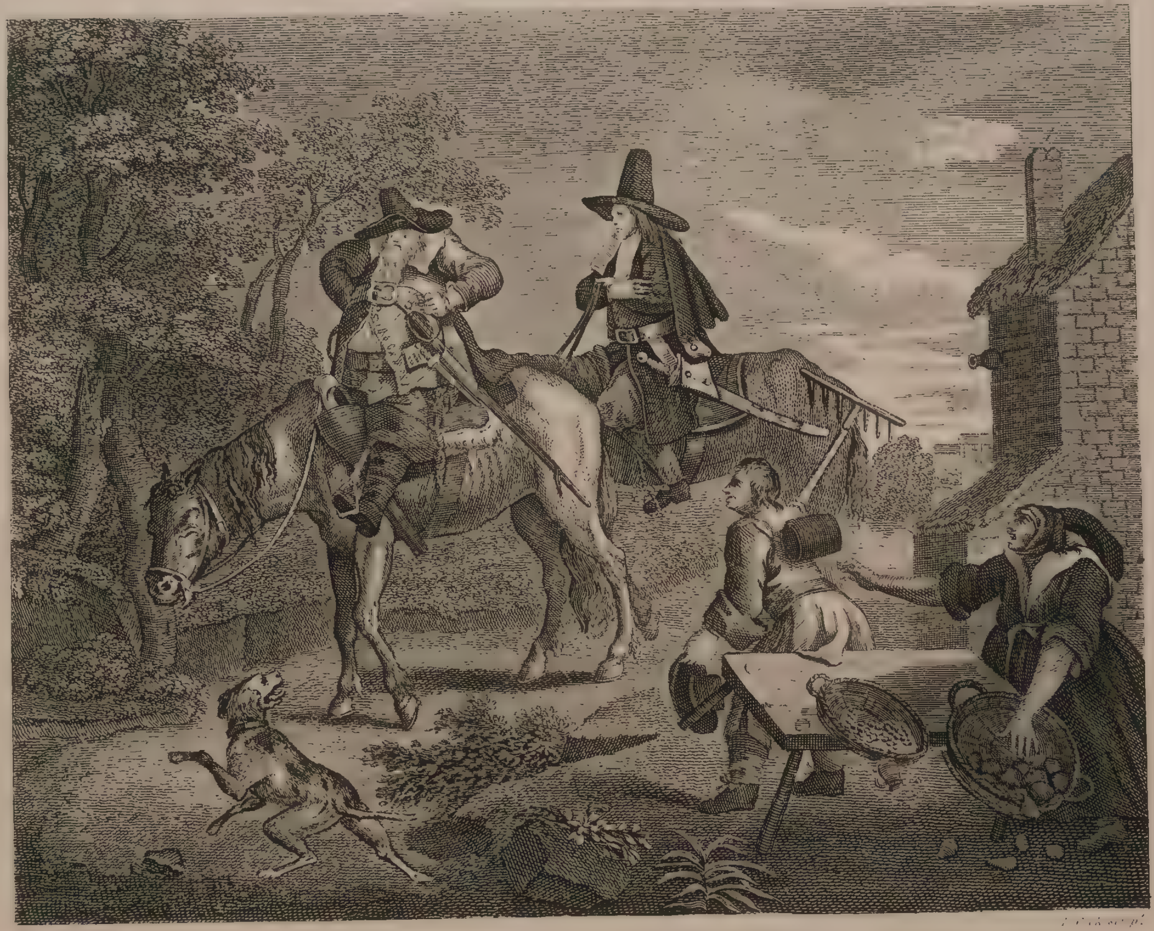
HUDIBRAS.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE I.

FRONTISPIECE.

The basso-relievo on the pedestal represents the general design of Mr. Butler in his incomparable poem of Hudibras, viz., Butler's Genius, in a car lashing around Mount Parnassus, in the persons of Hudibras and Ralpho, Rebellion, Hypocrisy, and Ignorance, the reigning vices of his time.



Hogarth pinx.

T. Cook sculp.

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, July 1st 1807.

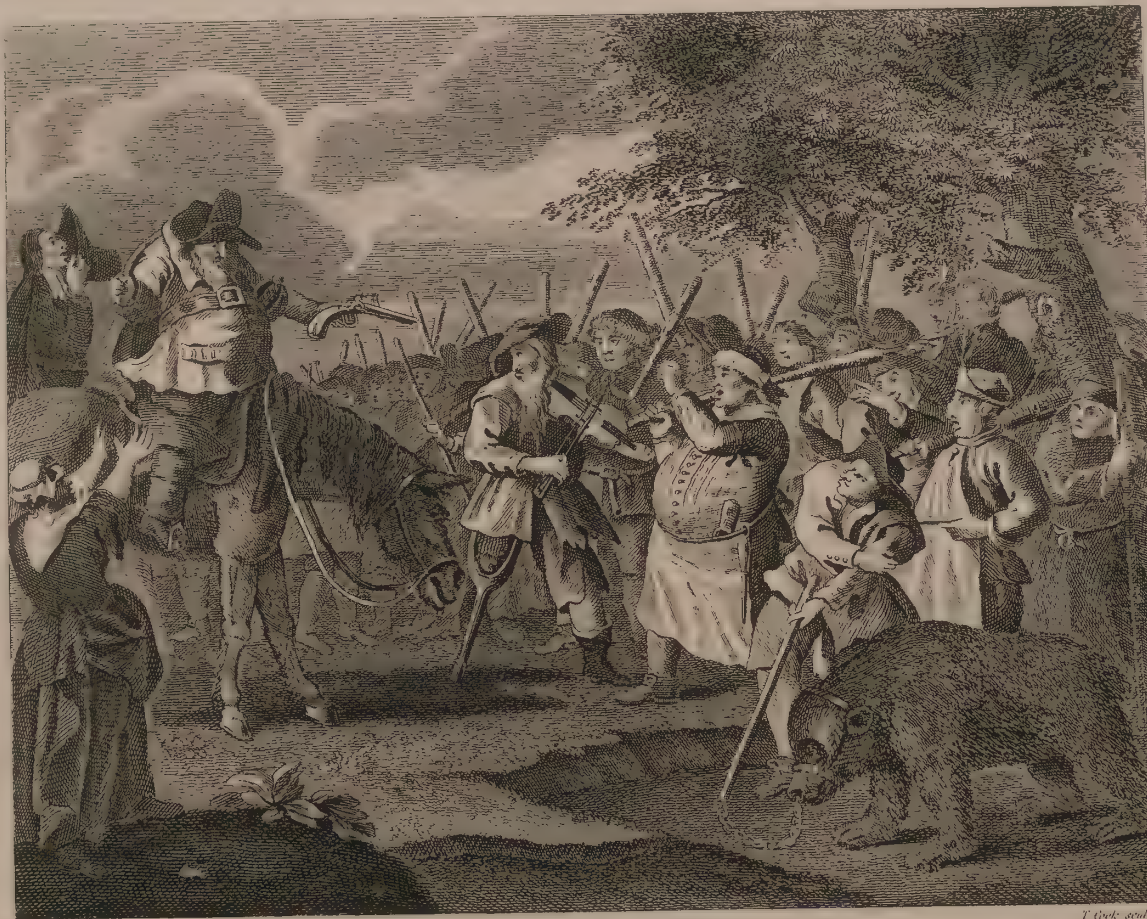
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE II.

THE MANNER HOW HE SALLIES FORTH.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace;
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water;)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it gifts, and some new light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle.
Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right:
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate:
And out they sally'd at the gate.



Hogarth pinxᵗ

T Cook sculpᵗ

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Sepᵗ 1ˢᵗ 1807.

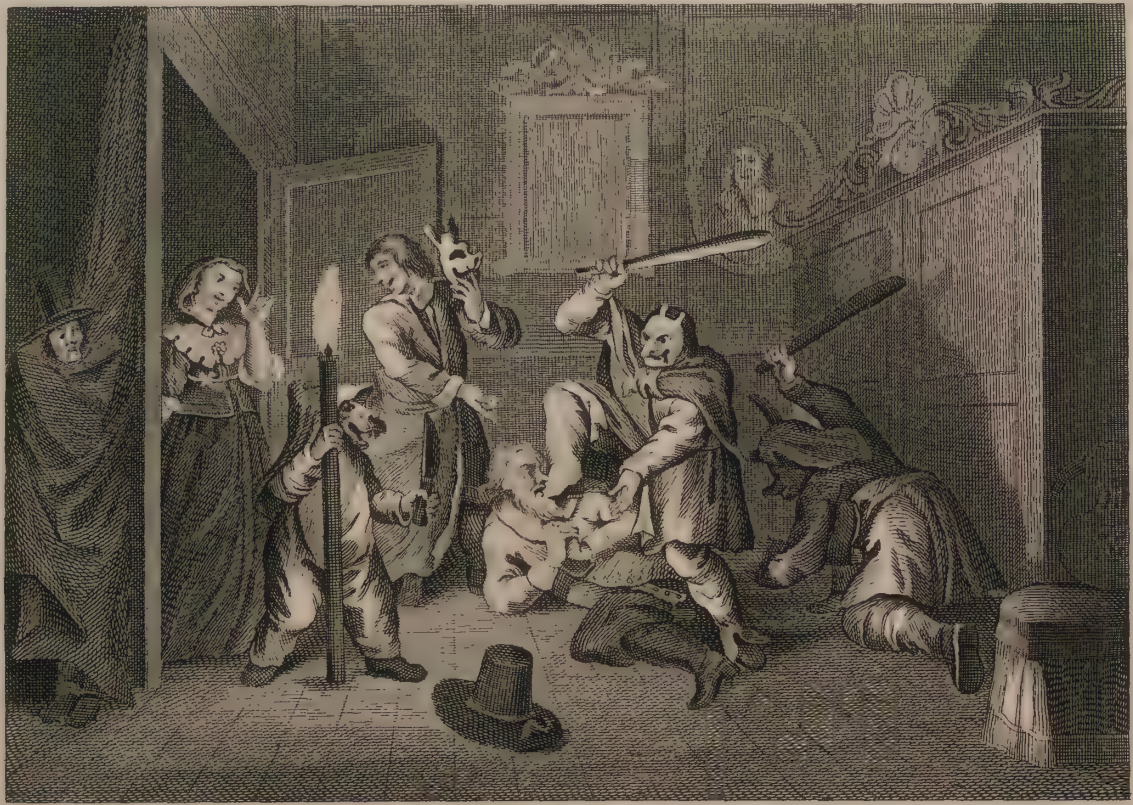
HUDIBRAS

PLATE III.

HUDIBRAS'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's sword from retentive scabbard;
And, after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come;
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick,
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin.
Talgol was of courage stout;
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil.
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall;
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.
The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st.
Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first he from his horse bespake 'em.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1809.

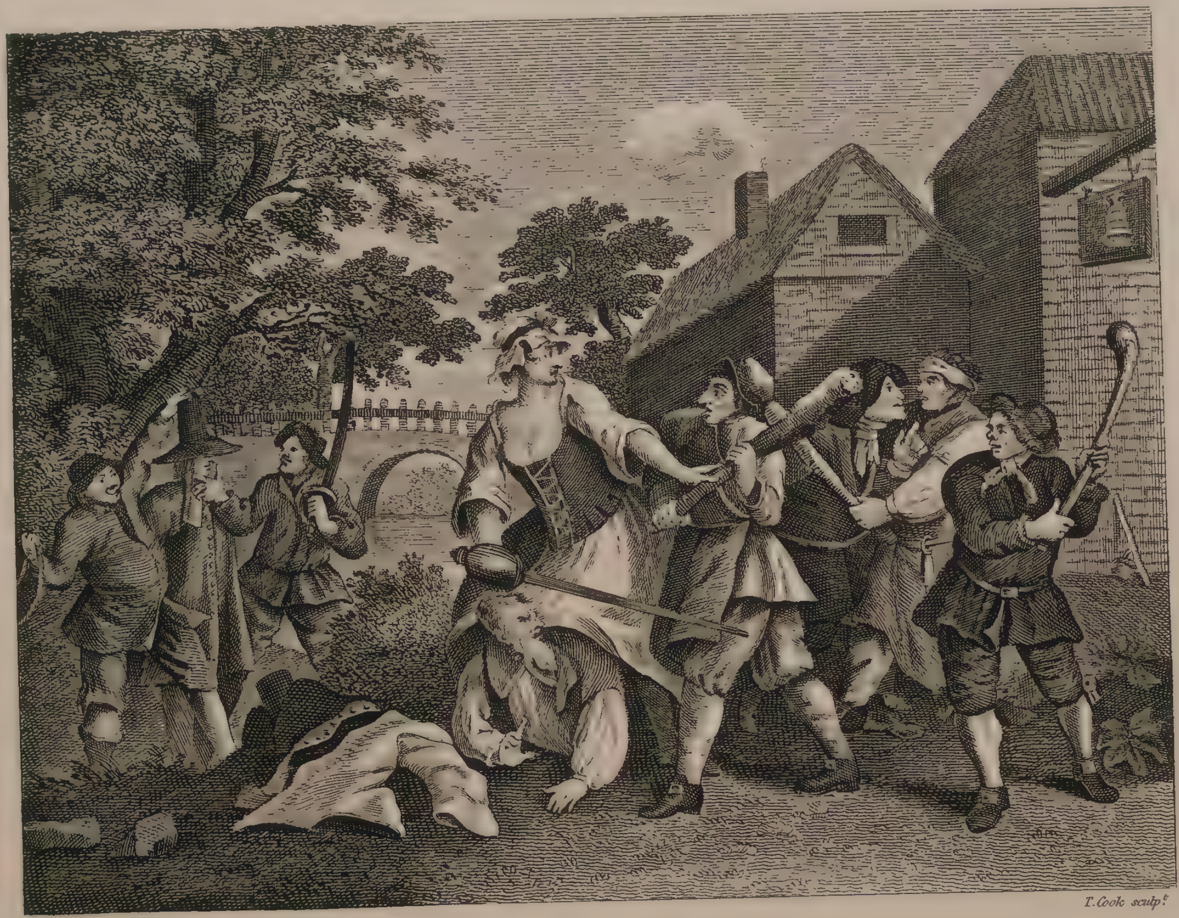
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IV.

THE MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid;
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
"Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Have here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open free confession:
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones."
The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring tides, at midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
To make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: "Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or by thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep."



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1808.

HUDIBRAS.

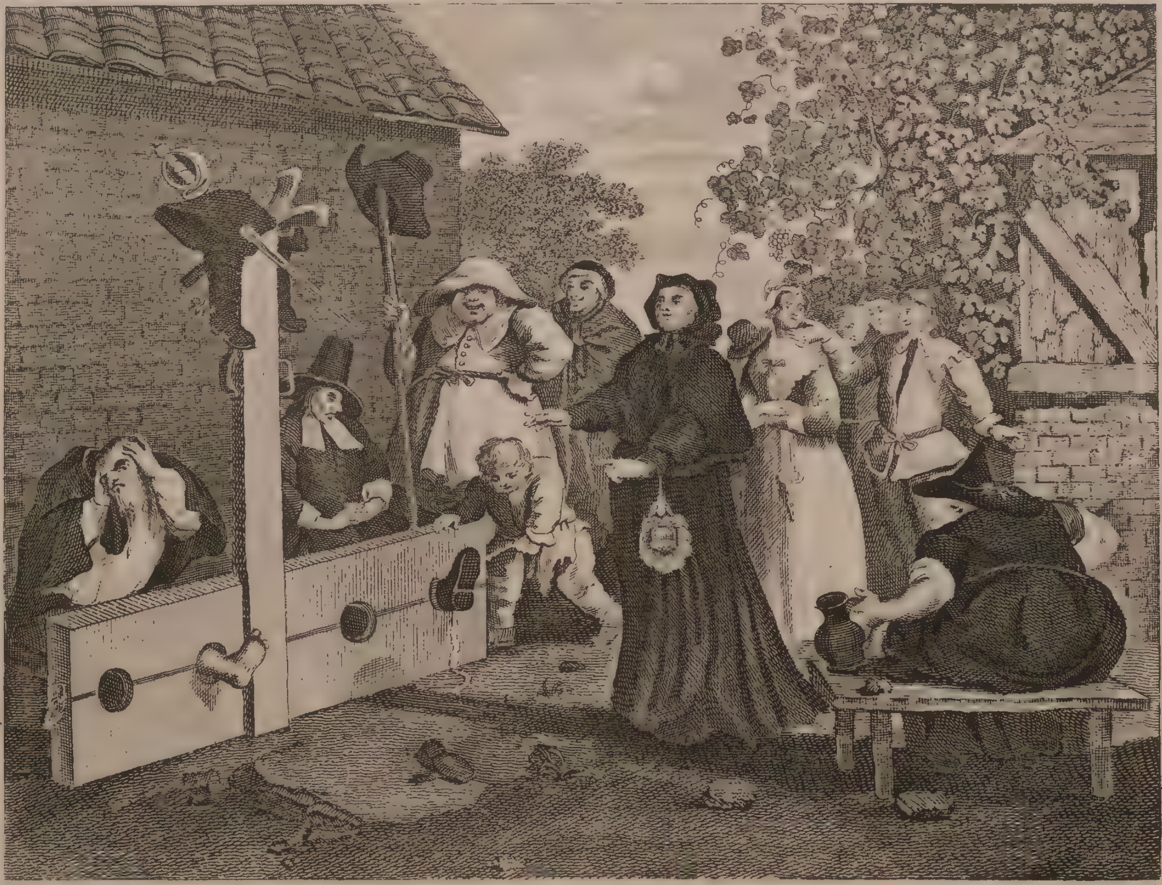
PLATE V.

THE KNIGHT SUBMITS TO TRULLA

This said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
"Take that, and wear it for my sake;"
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs and feathers;
Just so the proud, insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd when Trulla won the day,
To share i' the honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.

HOGARTH'S WORKS.

In dungeon deep, Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting,
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This, therefore, they resolv'd t' engage in.



Hogarth pinx^{t}. T. Cook sculp^{t}.

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan^{y}. 1st. 1808.

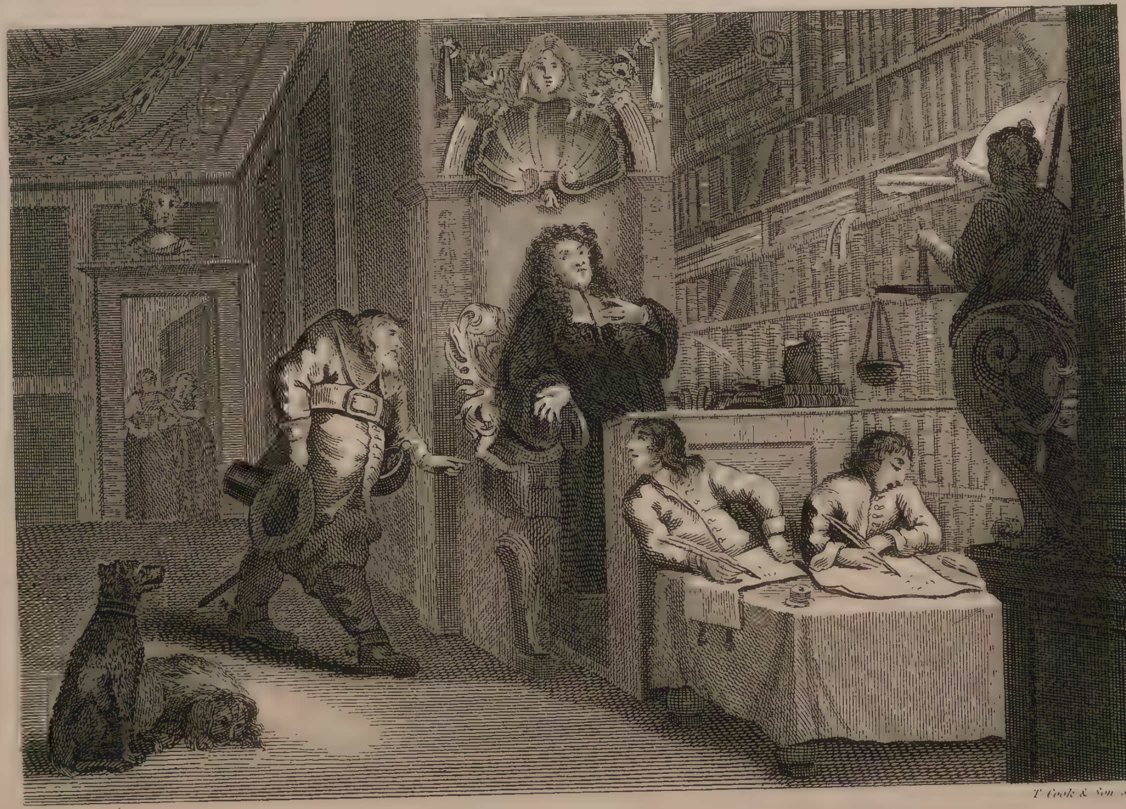
HUDIBRAS

PLATE VI.

SIR HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO IN THE STOCKS.

THIS tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befell,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to the unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly or in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her,
All which appearing, on she went
To find the knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout 'squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,

Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jole,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl;
And wink, and goggle, like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When the dame accosted him.



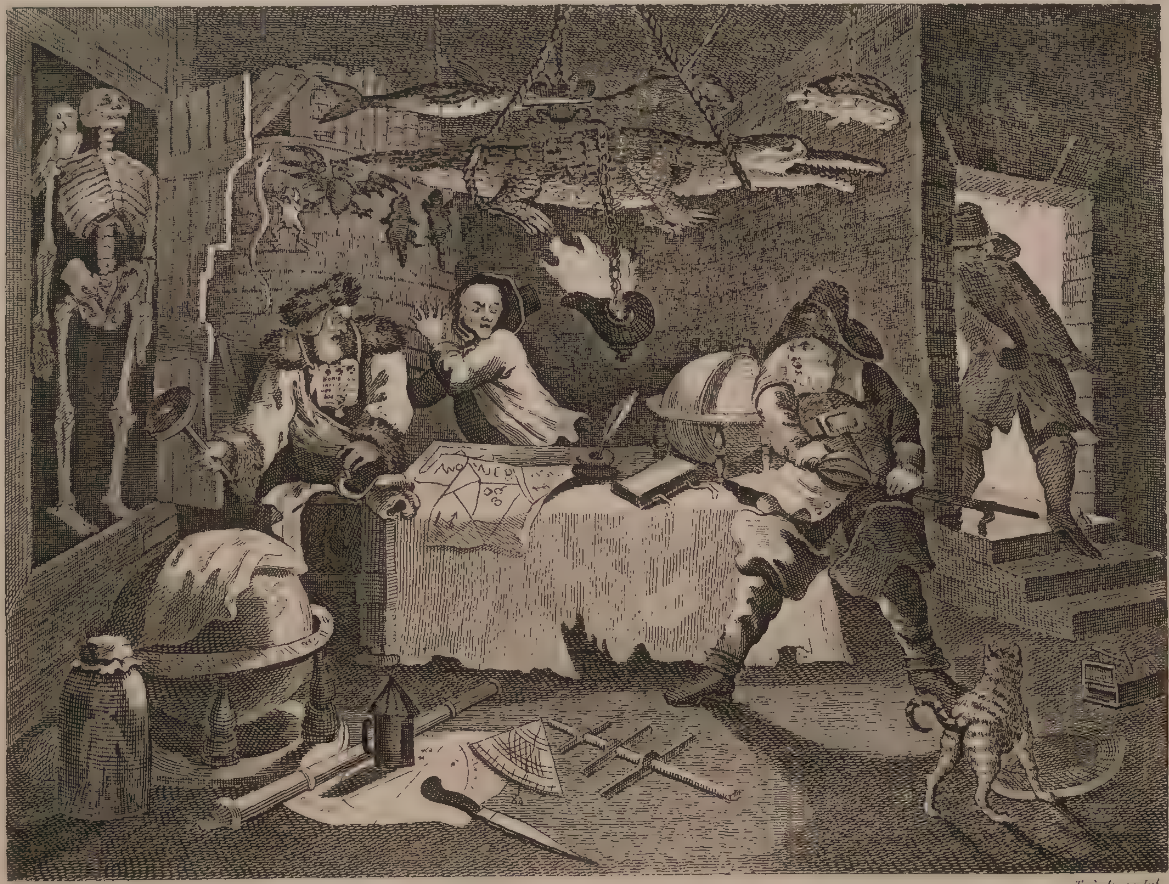
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VII.

HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs,
And found him, mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay;
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, "There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd,"—"Very well,"
"And now he brags to 've beaten me,"
"Better, and better still," quoth he;
"And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me;"—"Best of all."
"'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him."—Well done in troth."
"When he 's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again;"—"Marry, hang him.
"Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me,"—"I understand;"
"Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?"—"Ah, whoreson!"
"Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?"—"Right."

"Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?"—"True."
"Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?'—"Better still."
"Then there 's a lady too,"—"Ay, marry."
"That 's easily proved accessary;
A widow, who, by solemn vows,
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word;
And has abetted all;"—"Good Lord!"
"Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life,"—"Make that appear,"
"Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body,"—"Good agen,"
"And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me and my horse,
And stole my saddle,"—"Worse and worse!"
"And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage."
"Sir," quoth the lawyer, "not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say or you'll believe,
I would so trounce her and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse,
For matrimony and hanging here
Both go by destiny so clear."



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1808.

HUDIBRAS.

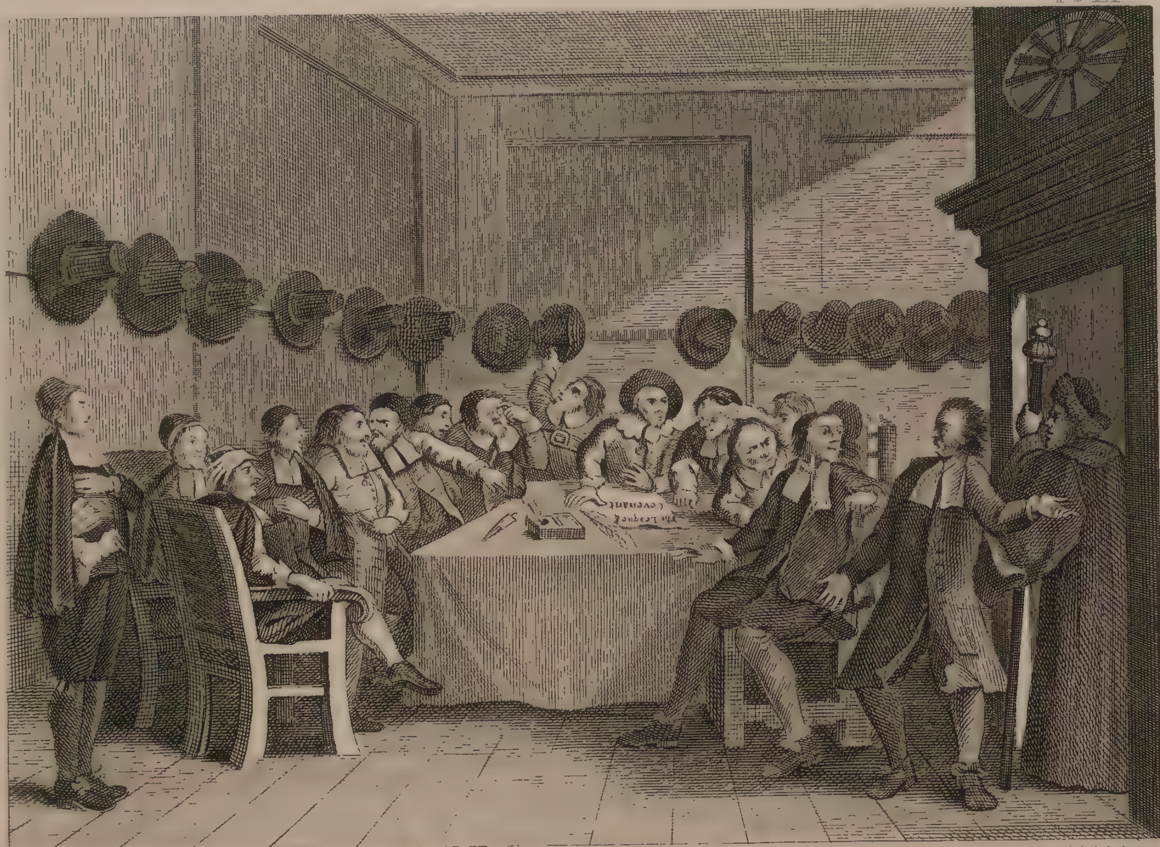
PLATE VIII.

HUDIBRAS BEATS SIDROPHEL AND HIS MAN WHACHUM

Quoth he, "This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well,
And, though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop doodle."
Quoth Hudibras, "I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave;
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you."
"Not true!" quoth he, "howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place;
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house."
Quoth Hudibras, "I do believe
That argument's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches;
For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.

They're guilty by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the Sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof."
  Quoth Sidrophel, "I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art
And neck so long on the State's part,
To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer."
  "Huffer!" quoth Hudibras, "this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away."

Pl. IX


The League & Covenant

Hogarth pinx!

T. Cook & Son sc.

THE COMMITTEE.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Nov^r. 1^st. 1808.

HUDIBRAS.

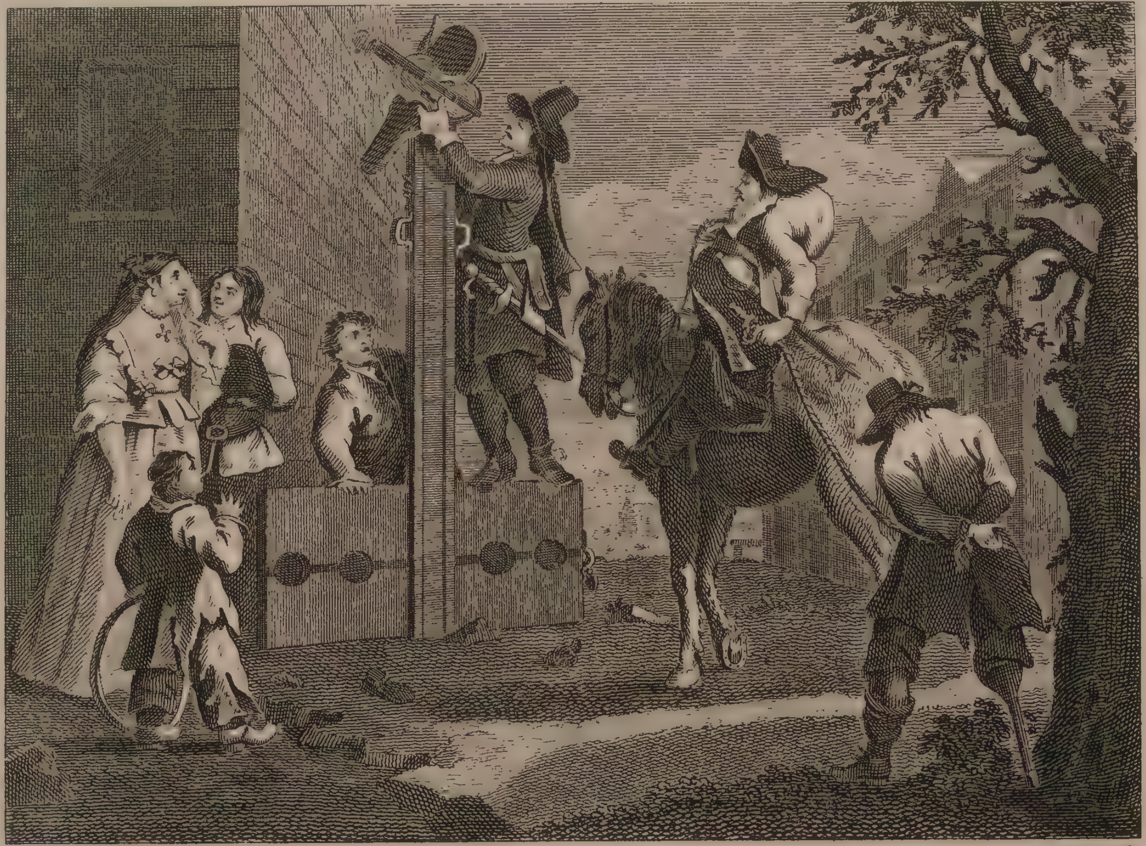
PLATE IX.

THE COMMITTEE.

"The quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Not what to give but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And, in his dark pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play.
To match this saint there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother,

An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state affairs.
  Thus far the statesman—when a shout
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.

Nº X.



Hogarth pinxᵗ. T. Cook sculpᵗ.

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst Rees & Orme May 1ˢᵗ 1809

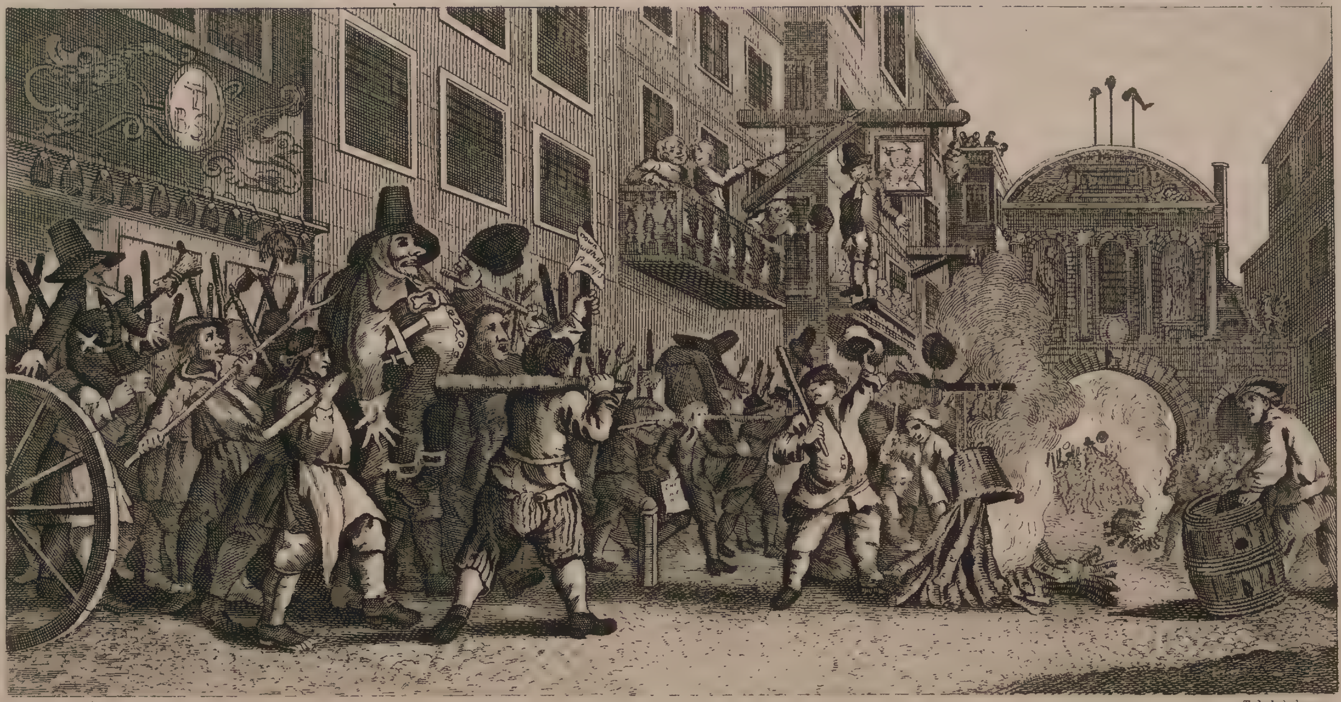
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE X.

HUDIBRAS LEADING CROWDERO IN TRIUMPH.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone.
At furthest end of which there stands
An ancient castle that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,

But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magic made impregnable:
There 's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With wall of subtile air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they 're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous knight
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch
And if 't were ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the squire
The fiddle and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.



Hogarth pinx^t　　T Cook & Son sc

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, May 1^st 1808.

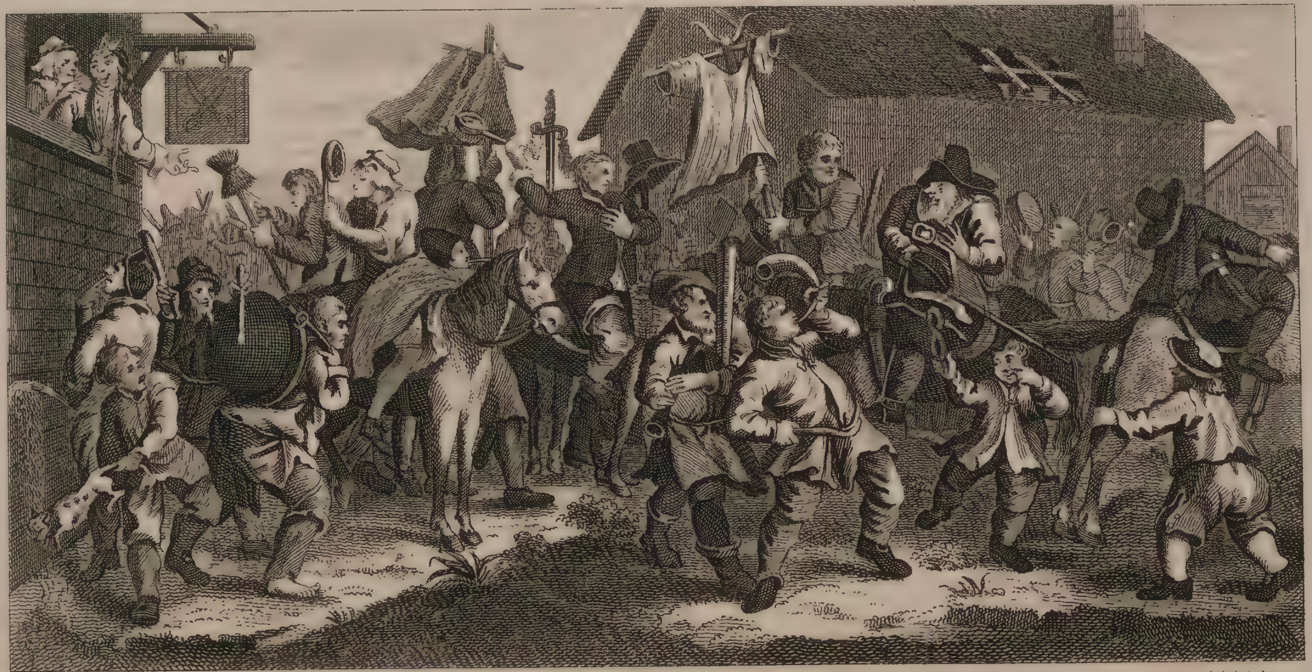
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XI.

THE BURNING OF THE RUMPS AT TEMPLE BAR.

THAT beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shopboards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door.
And new-drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Hold forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges,
To represent their personages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive.
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We 're grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of state;
That henceforth they may stand reputed
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun.

That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen:
(For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he's listed in't:)
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way:
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They 've roasted Cook already, and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgiving th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook & Son sc.

HUDIBRAS.

Published by Longman Hurst, Rees & Orme July 1st 1808.

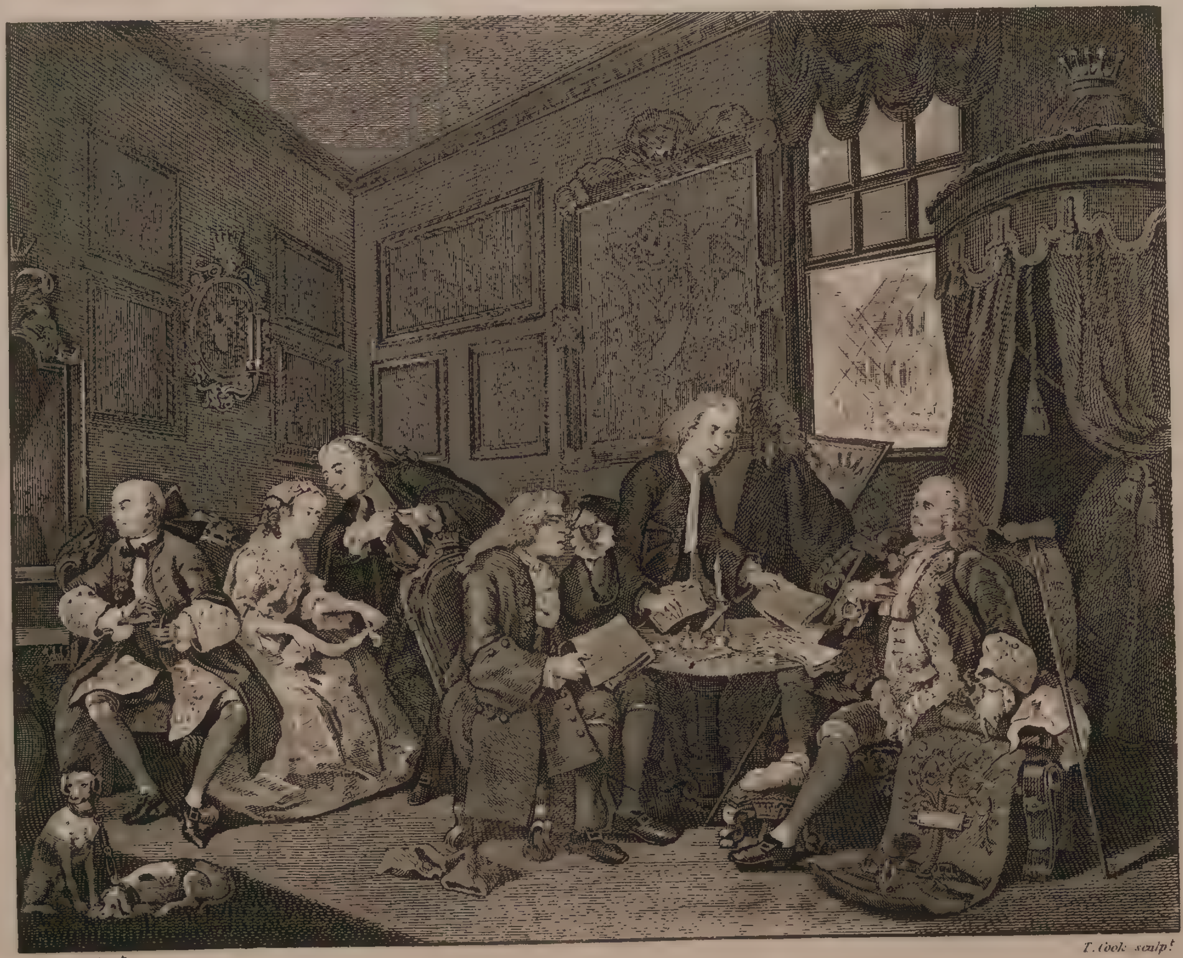
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XII.

HUDIBRAS ENCOUNTERS THE SKIMMINGTON.

THIS said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras with face and hand
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devils' procession
With men of Orthodox profession?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sunshine?
It is an Antichristian Opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery:
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the cause might be concern'd,
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Drew sev'ral gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
Rubb'd down the teachers tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings, many a meal;
And cramm'd 'em till their guts did ake,
With caudle, custard, and plumcake,
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?

Hay they?—At that an egg let fly—
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
And straight another with his flambeaux
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a d——d blow.



Hogarth pinxt

T. Cook sculpt

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Novr. 1st. 1806.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

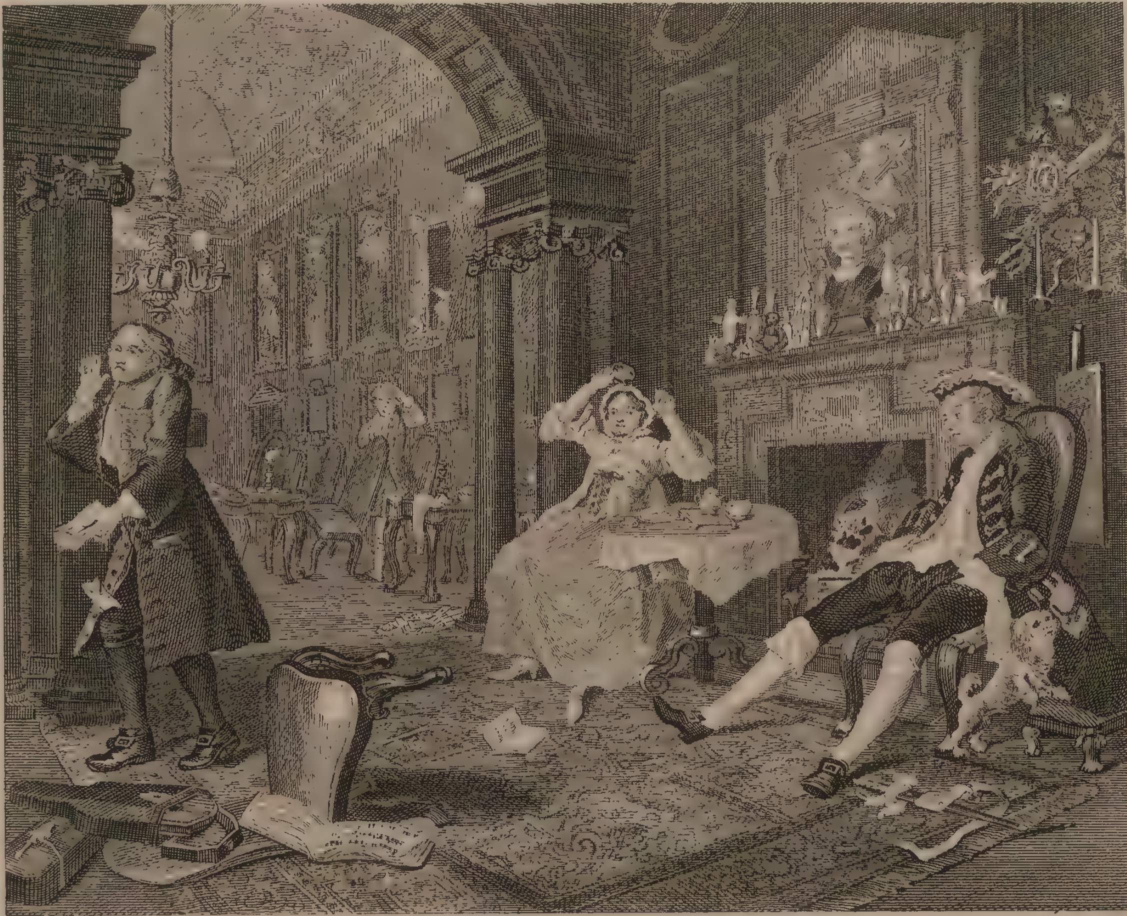
FIRST PICTURE.—THE CONTRACT.

There is always a something wanting to make men happy. The great think themselves not sufficiently rich, and the rich believe themselves not enough distinguished. This is the case of the alderman of London, and the motive which makes him covet for his daughter the alliance of a great lord; who, on his part, does not consent thereto but on condition of enriching his son: and this is what the painter calls Marriage à-la-Mode.

The portly nobleman, with the conscious dignity of high birth, displays his genealogical tree, the root of which is William, duke of Normandy, and conqueror of England. The valour of his great progenitor, and the various merits of the collateral branches which dignify his pedigree, he considers as united in his own person, and therefore looks upon an alliance with his son as the acme of honour, the apex of exaltation. While he is thus glorying in the dust of which his ancestors were once compounded, the prudent citizen, who, in return for it, has parted with dust of a much more weighty and useful description, paying no regard to this heraldic blazonry, devotes all his attention to the marriage settlement. The haughty and supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his illustrious ancestry, while the worshipful alderman, regardless of the past, and considering the present as merely preparatory for the future, calculates what provision there will be for a young family. Engrossed by their favourite reflections, neither of these sagacious personages regards the want of attachment in those who are to be united as worthy a moment's consideration. To do the viscount justice, he seems equally indifferent; for, though evidently in love,—it is with himself. Gazing in the mirror with delight, and, in an affected style, displaying his gold snuff-box and glittering ring, he is quite a husband à-la-mode. The lady, very well disposed to retaliate, plays with her wedding-ring, and repays this chilling coldness with sullen contempt; her heart is not worth the viscount's attention, and she determines to bestow it on the first suitor. An insidious lawyer, like an evil spirit, ever ready to move or second a temptation, appears beside her. That he is an eloquent pleader is intimated by his name, Counsellor Silvertongue: that he can make the worse appear the better cause, is only saying, in other words, that he is great in the profession. To predict that, with such an advocate, her virtue is in danger, would not be sufficently expressive. His captivating tones, and insinuating manners, would have ensnared Lucretia.

Two dogs in a corner, coupled against their inclinations, are good emblems of the ceremony which is to pass.

The ceiling of this magnificent apartment is decorated with the story of Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea. The ocean, on a ceiling, proves a projector's taste; the sublimity of a painter is exemplified in the hero delineated with one of the attributes of Jove. This fluttering figure is probably intended for one of the peer's high-born ancestors, and is invested with the golden fleece, and some other foreign orders. To give him still greater dignity, he is in the character of Jupiter; while one hand holds up an ample robe, the other grasps a thunderbolt. A comet is taking its rapid course over his head; and in one corner of the picture, two of the family of Boreas are judiciously blowing contrary ways. All this is ridiculous enough, but not an iota more absurd than many of the French portraits, which Hogarth evidently intended to burlesque by this parody.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T Cook & Son sc.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

Published by Longman, Hurst Rees & Orme, May 1st 1808.

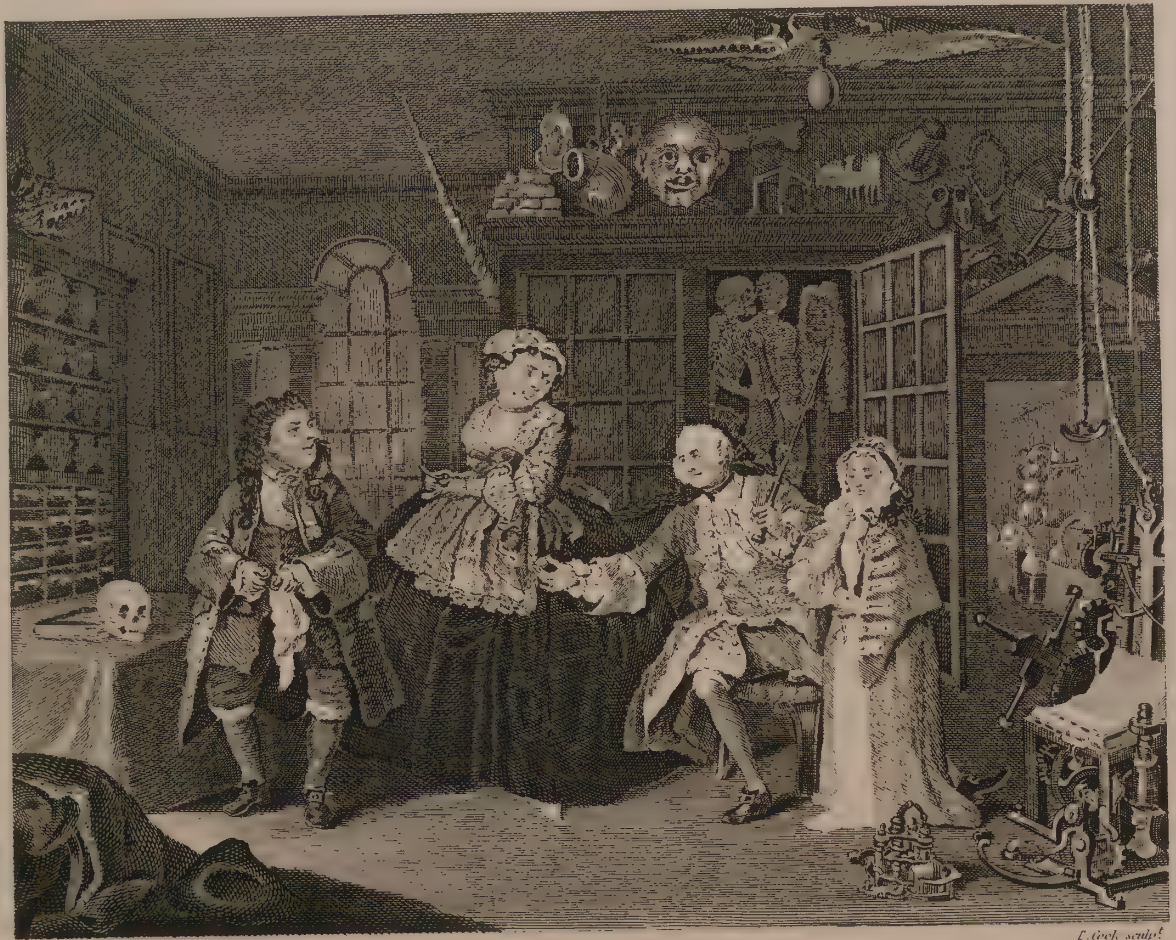
MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

SECOND PICTURE.—BREAKFAST SCENE.

THIS scene represents a saloon in the young nobleman's house, not long after the breaking up of a party. The clock shows us it is noon. We are to suppose, then, by the candles being still burning, that the day had been shut out, and converted into night; a circumstance not a little characteristic of the irregularity and disorder that reigns within the house; and that, after an hour or two's sleep, madam is just risen to breakfast; whose rising has occasioned that of the family in general. This is intimated by one of the servants in the background of this plate, who, we are to understand, though scarce awake, has hurried on his clothes, in order to set the house in some measure to rights. By the treatise of Hoyle upon the floor, we are taught the idle study of people of distinction, to whom books in general are disgusting, unless they tend to dissipation, or serve to instruct them in their favourite amusements. With respect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineness of the thought, and the particular exactness of the expressions, they must be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are at the same time well introduced, as from the indifference that gives rise to them springs the destruction of this unhappy family. On the one hand, we are to suppose the lady totally neglected by her husband; on the other, by way of contrast, that the husband is just returned from the apartments of some woman, fatigued, exhausted, and satiated. And as pleasures of this sort are seldom without interruption, we are shown, by the female cap in his pocket, and his broken sword, that he has been engaged in some riot or uproar. An old faithful steward, who has a regard for the family, seems to have taken this opportunity (not being able to find a better) to settle his accounts; but the general disorder of the family, and the indisposition of his master and mistress, render it impossible. See him, then, returning in an attitude of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. As a satire on the extravagance of the nobility, Mr. Hogarth has humorously put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only one receipt; intimating the general bad pay of people of quality.

Led, then, from one act of dissipation to another, the hero of this piece meets his destruction in hunting after pleasure. Little does he imagine what misery awaits him, and what dreadful consequences will be the result of his proceedings; but, determined to embrace the trifling happiness in view, he runs heedlessly on in his dissipated career, until he seals his unhappy fate.

It has been justly remarked, that "the figure of the young libertine, who on his return home from his debaucheries, after day-break, has thrown himself into a chair, is so admirable for its attitude, expression, drawing and colouring, as alone utterly to refute the assertion of Lord Orford, that Hogarth, however great as an author or inventor, possessed as a painter but slender merit."



Hogarth pinx!

T. Cook sculp!

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov.r 1.st 1806.

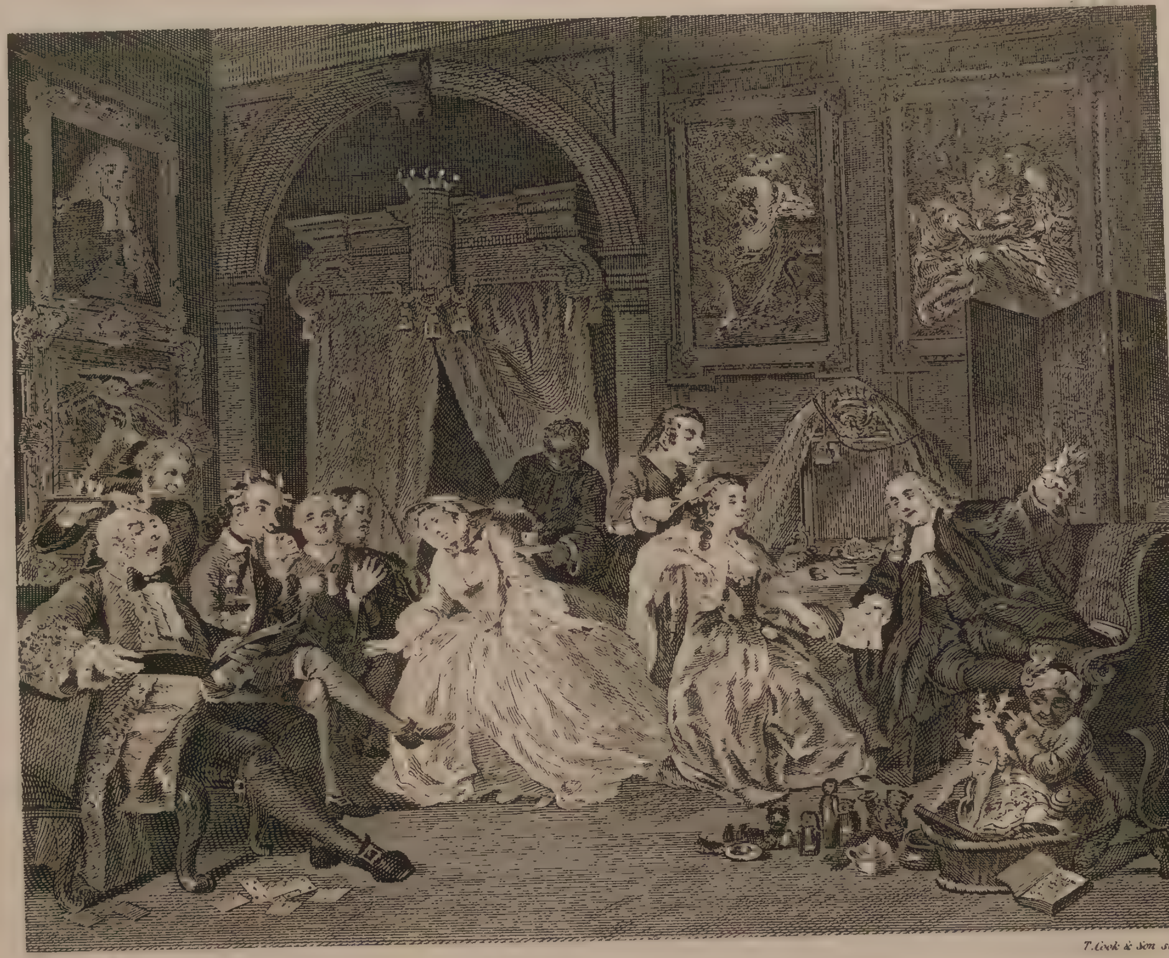
MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

THIRD PICTURE.—SCENE WITH THE QUACK.

In the two preceding prints, the hero and heroine of this tragedy show a fashionable indifference towards each other. On the part of the viscount, we see no indication of any wish to conciliate the affections of his lady. Careless of her conduct, and negligent of her fame, he leaves her to superintend the musical dissipations of his house, and lays the scene of his own licentious amusements abroad. The female heart is naturally susceptible, and much influenced by first impressions. Formed for love, and gratefully attached by delicate attentions; but chilled by neglect, and frozen by coldness,—by contempt it is estranged, and, by habitual and long-continued inconstancy, sometimes lost.

To show that our unfortunate victim to parental ambition has suffered this mortifying climax of provocation, the artist has made a digression, and exhibited her profligate husband attending a quack doctor. In the last plate he appears to have dissipated his fortune; in this, he has injured his health. From the hour of marriage, he has neglected the woman to whom he plighted his troth. Can we wonder at her conduct? By the viscount she was despised; by the counsellor—adored. This insidious, insinuating villain we may naturally suppose acquainted with every part of the nobleman's conduct, and artful enough to make a proper advantage of his knowledge. From such an agent, the countess would probably learn how her lord was connected: from his subtle suggestions, being aided by resentment, she is tempted to think that these accumulated insults have dissolved the marriage vow, and given her a right to retaliate. Thus impelled, thus irritated, and attended by such an advocate, can we wonder that this fair unfortunate deserted from the standard of honour, and sought refuge in the camp of infamy? To her husband many of her errors must be attributed. She saw he despised her, —and therefore hated him; found that he had bestowed his affections on another, —and followed his example. To show the consequence of his unrestrained wanderings, the author, in this plate, exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy empirics who play upon public credulity, and vend poisons under the name of drugs. This quack being family surgeon to the old procuress, who stands at his right hand, formerly attended the young girl, and received his fee, as having recovered his patient. That he was paid for what he did not perform, appears by the countenance of the enraged nobleman, who lifts up his cane in a threatening style, accompanying the action with a promise to bastinado both surgeon and procuress for having deceived him by a false bill of health. These menaces our natural son of Æsculapius treats with that careless *nonchalance* which shows that his ears are accustomed to such sounds; but the haggard high priestess of the temple of Venus, tenacious of her good name, and tremblingly alive to any asper sion which may tend to injure her professional reputation, unclasps her knife, determined to wash out this foul stain upon her honour with the blood of her accuser.

A horn of the sea unicorn is so placed as to give the idea of a barber's pole; this, with the pewter basin and broken comb, clearly indicates the former profession of our mock doctor. The high-crowned hat and antique spur, which might once have been the property of Butler's redoubted knight, the valiant Hudibras, with the model of the gallows, and sundry nondescript rarities, show us that this great man, if not already a member of the Antiquarian Society, is qualifying himself to be a candidate. The dried body in the glass case, placed between a skeleton and the sage's wig-block, form a trio that might serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians. A figure above the mummies seems, at first sight, to be decorated with a flowing periwig; but, on a close inspection, will be found intended for one of Sir John Mandeville's Anthropophagi, a sort of men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Even the skulls have character; and the principal mummy has so majestic an aspect, that one is almost tempted to believe it the mighty Cheops, King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, being the only one intombed in the large pyramid.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook & Son sc

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov.r 1.st 1808.

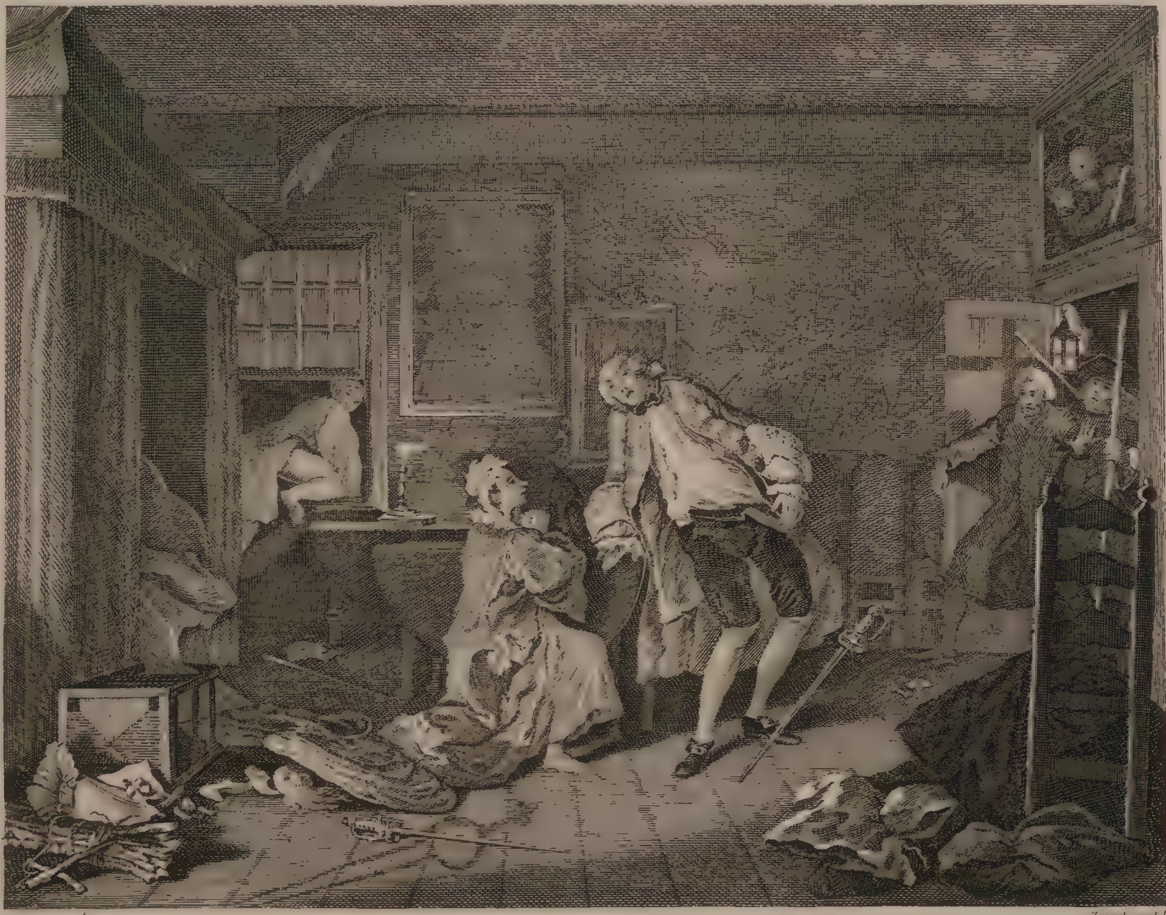
MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

FOURTH PICTURE.—TOILET SCENE.

By the old peer's death our fair heroine has attained the summit of her wishes, and become a countess. Intoxicated by this elevation, and vain of her new dignity, she ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and treads every maze of fashionable dissipation. Her excesses are rendered still more criminal, by the consequent neglect of domestic duties; for, by the coral on the back of her chair, we are led to suppose that she is a mother. Her morning levee is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour, and that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer, with whose dulcet notes two of our right honourable group seem in the highest degree enraptured.

That our extravagant countess purchased the pipe of this expensive exotic in mere compliance to the fashion of the day, without any real taste for his mellifluous warblings, is intimated by the absorbed attention which she pays to the advocate, who, with the luxuriant, indolent grace of an eastern effendi, is lolling on a sofa beside her. By his pointing to the folding screen, on which is delineated a masquerade revel, at the same time that he shows his infatuated inamorato a ticket of admission, we see that they are making an assignation for the evening. The fatal consequences of their unfortunate meeting are displayed in the two succeeding plates. A Swiss servant, who is dressing her hair, has all the grimace of his country; he is the complete Canton of the Clandestine Marriage. The contemptuous leer of a black footman, serving chocolate, is evidently directed to the singer, and forms an admirable contrast to the die-away lady seated before him, who, lost to every sense but that of hearing, is exalted to the third heaven by the enchanting song of this pampered Italian. On the country gentleman, with a whip in his hand, it has quite a different effect; with the echoing tally ho! he would be exhilarated; by the soft sounds of Italia, his soul is lulled to rest. The fine feeling creature with a fan suspended from its wrist is marked with that foolish face of praise, which understands nothing, but admires everything—that it is the ton to admire! The taper supporters of monsieur, en papillote, are admirably opposed to the lumbering pedestals of our mummy of music. The figure behind him blows a flute with every muscle of his face. A little black boy, in the opposite corner, examining a collection of grotesque china ornaments, which have been purchased at the sale of Esquire Timothy Babyhouse, pays great attention to a figure of Acteon, and with a very significant leer, points to his horns. Under a delineation of Jupiter and Leda, on a china dish, is written Julio Romano! The fantastic group of hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire, which lie near it, are an admirable specimen of the absurd and shapeless monsters which disgraced our drawing-rooms, until the introduction of Etrurian ornaments.

The pictures in this dressing room are well suited to the profligate proprietor, and may be further intended as a burlesque on the strange and grossly indelicate subjects so frequently painted by ancient masters. Lot and his Daughters; Ganymede and the Eagle; Jupiter and Io; and a portrait of the young lawyer, who is the favourite, the cicisbeo, or more properly, the seducer of the countess.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme, May 1st 1807

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

FIFTH PICTURE.—DEATH OF THE EARL.

Our exasperated peer, suspecting his wife's infidelity, follows her in disguise to the masquerade, and from thence traces these two votaries of vice to a bagnio; finding they are retired to a bed-room, he bursts open the door, and attacks the spoiler of his honour with a drawn sword. Too much irritated to be prudent, and too violent to be cautious, he thinks only of revenge; and, making a furious thrust at the counsellor, neglects his own guard, and is mortally wounded. The miscreant who had basely destroyed his peace, and deprived him of life, is not bold enough to meet the consequences. Destitute of that courage which is the companion of virtue, possessing no spark of that honour which ought to distinguish the gentleman, and dreading the avenging hand of offended justice, he makes a mean and precipitate retreat. Leaving him to the fate which awaits him, let us return to the deluded countess. Feeling some pangs from a recollection of her former conduct, some touches of shame at her detection, and a degree of horror at the fate of her husband, she kneels at his feet, and entreats forgiveness.

"Some contrite tears she shed."

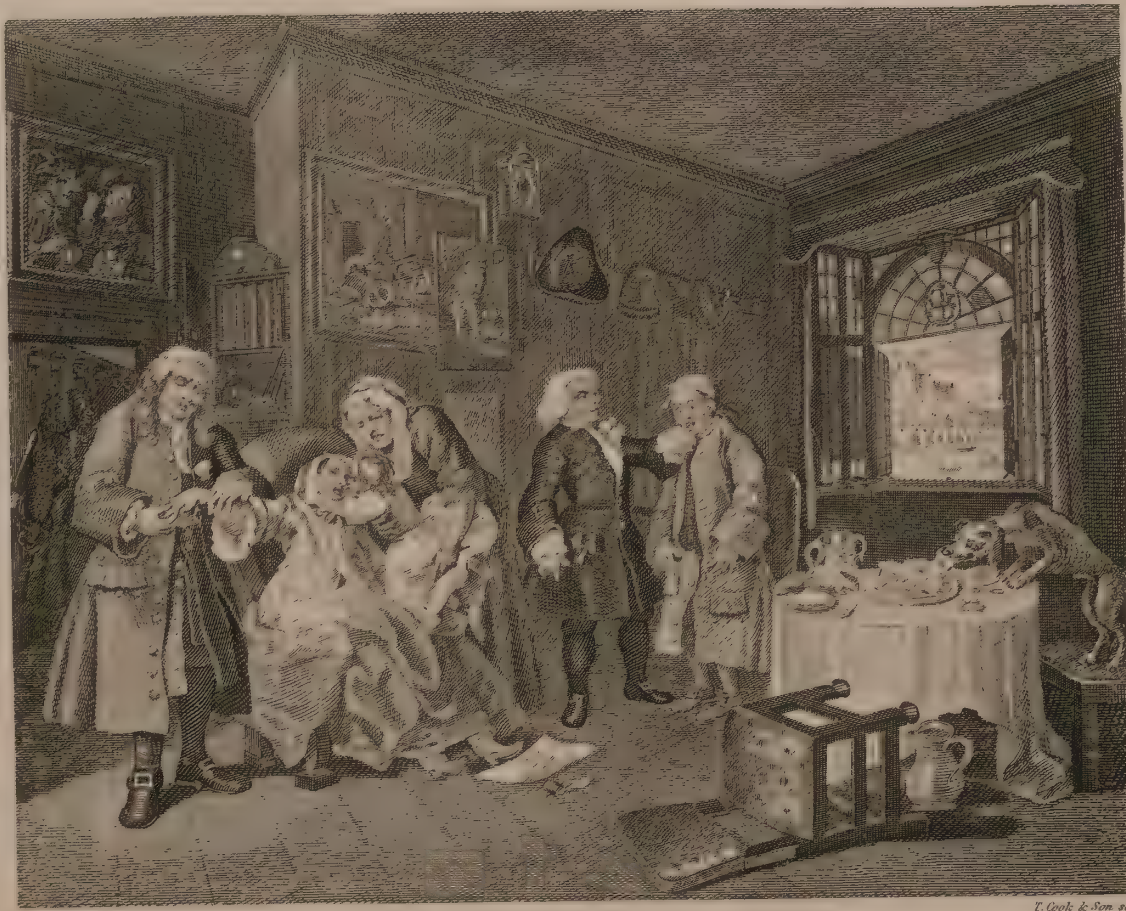
There is reason to fear that they flow from regret at the detection, rather than remorse for the crime; a woman vitiated in the vortex of dissipation is not likely to feel that ingenuous shame which accompanies a good mind torn by the consciousness of having deviated from the path of virtue.

Alarmed at the noise occasioned by this fatal rencontre, the inmates of the brothel call a watchman; accompanied by a constable, this nocturnal guardian is ushered into the room by the master of the house, whose meagre and trembling figure is well opposed to the consequential magistrate of the night. The watchman's lantern we see over their heads, but the bearer knows his duty is to follow his superiors, conscious that, though the front may be a post of honour, yet, in a service of danger, the rear is a station of safety.

Immediately over the door is a picture of St. Luke: this venerable apostle, being a painter, is so delineated that he seems looking at the scene now passing, and either making a sketch or a record of the transaction. On the hangings is a lively representation of Solomon's judgment. The countenance of the sapient monarch is not sagacious, but his attitude is in an eminent degree dignified, and his air commanding and regal. We cannot say that the Hebrew women who attend for judgment are either comely or fair to look upon. Were not the scene laid in Jerusalem, they might pass for two of the silver-toned naiades of our own Billingsgate. The grisly guards have a most rueful and tremendous appearance. The attractive portrait of a Drury Lane Diana, with a butcher's steel in one hand and a squirrel perched on the other, is hung in such a situation that the Herculean pedestals of a Jewish soldier may be supposed to be a delineation of her legs continued below the frame.

Our counsellor's mask lies on the floor, and grins horribly, as if conscious of the fatal catastrophe. Dominoes, shoes, &c., scattered around the room, show the negligence of the ill-fated countess, unattended by her femme de chambre. From a fagot, and the shadow of a pair of tongs, we may infer that there is a fire in the room. A bill near them implies that this elegant apartment is at the Turk's Head bagnio.

The dying agony of the earl, the eager entreaty of the countess, the terror of mine host, and the vulgar inflected dignity of Mr. Constable, are admirably discriminated.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook & Son sc.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme July 1st 1808.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

SIXTH PICTURE.—DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

THE last sad scene of our unfortunate heroine's life is in the house of her father, to which she had returned after her husband's death. The law could not consider her as the primary cause of his murder; but consciousness of her own guilt was more severe punishment than that could have inflicted. This, added to her father's reproaches, and the taunts of those who were once her friends, renders society hateful and solitude insupportable. Wounded in every feeling, tortured in every nerve, and seeing no prospect of a period to her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of ending all her calamities by poison.

Dreadful as is this resolve, she puts it in execution by bribing the servant of her father to procure her a dose of laudanum. Close to the vial, which lies on the floor, Hogarth has judiciously placed Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech, thus intimating that he also has suffered the punishment he justly merited. The records of their fate being thus situated, seem to imply that, as they were united in vice, they are companions in the consequences. These two terrific and monitory testimonies are a kind of propitiatory sacrifice to the manes of her injured and murdered lord.

Her avaricious father, seeing his daughter at the point of death, and knowing the value of her diamond ring, determined to secure this glittering gem from the depredations of the old nurse, coolly draws it from her finger. This little circumstance shows a prominent feature of his mind. Every sense of feeling absorbed in extreme avarice, he seems at this moment calculating how many carats the brilliants weigh.

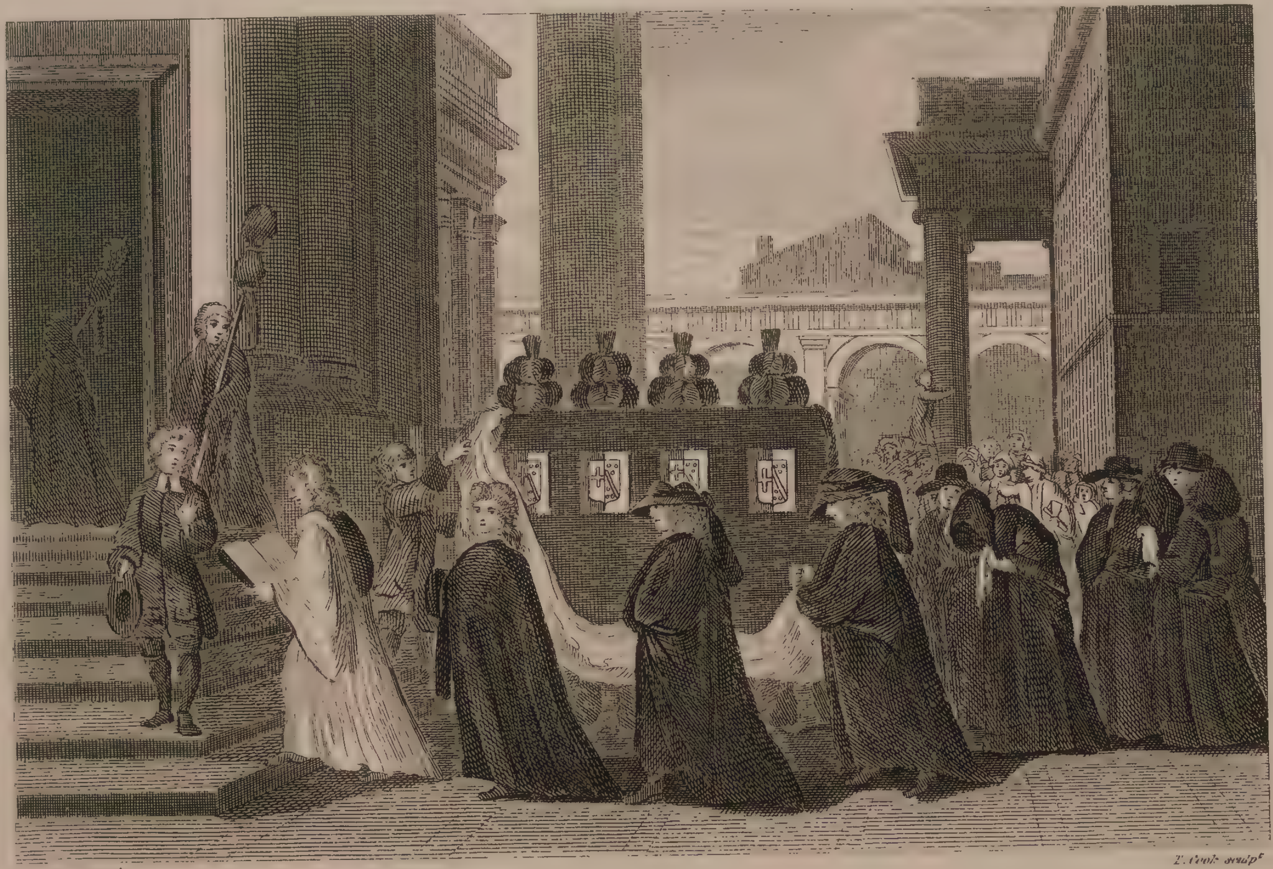
A rickety child, heir to the complaints of its father, shows some tenderness for its expiring mother; and the grievous whine of an old nurse is most admirably described. These are the only two of the party who exhibit any marks of sorrow for the death of our wretched countess. The smug apothecary, indeed, displays some symptoms of vexation at his patient dying before she has taken his julep, the label of which hangs out of his pocket. Her constitution, though impaired by grief, promised to have lasted long enough for him to have marked many additional dittos in his day-book. Pointing to the dying speech, he threatens the terrified footboy with a punishment similar to that of the counsellor for having bought the laudanum. The fellow protests his innocence, and promises never more to be guilty of a like offence. The effects of fear on an ignorant rustic cannot be better delineated, nor is it easy to conceive a more ludicrous figure than this awkward retainer, dressed in an old full-trimmed coat, which, in its better days, had been the property of his master. By the physician retreating, we are led to conceive that, finding his patient had dared to quit the world in an irregular way, neither abiding by his prescriptions nor waiting for his permission, he cast an indignant frown on all present, and exclaimed in style heroic,—

"'Fellow, our hat!'—no more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, stalk'd away."

The leathern buckets immediately over the doctor's head were, previous to the introduction of fire-engines, considered as proper furniture for a merchant's hall. Every ornament in his parlour is highly and exactly appropriate to the man. The style of his pictures, his clock, a cobweb over the window, repaired chair, nay, the very form of his hat, are characteristic.

Thus has our moral dramatist concluded his tragedy, and brought his heroine from dissipation and vice to misery and shame, terminating her existence by suicide! From the whole we may form a just estimate of the value of riches and high birth, when abused by prodigality or degraded by vice.

FUNERAL TICKET.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

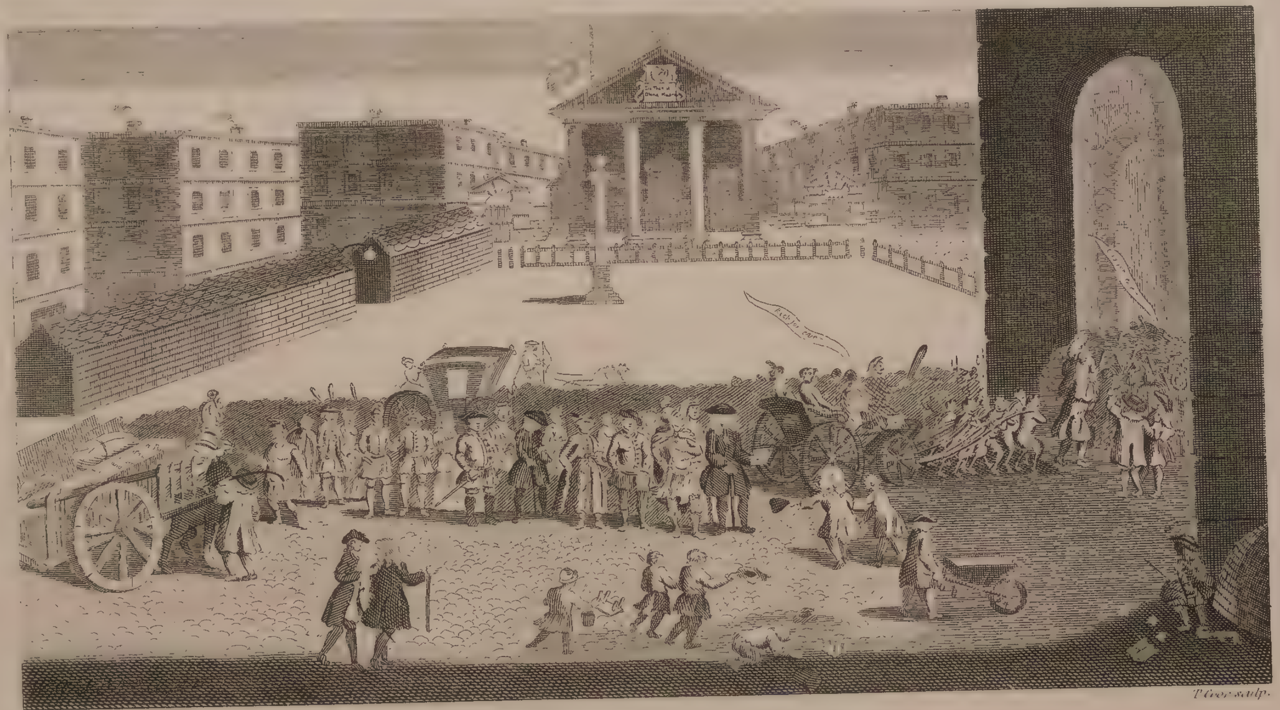
You are desired to Accompany y^{e} Corps of from
h late Dwelling in to
on next at of the Clock in the Evening.

Perform'd by Humphrey Drew Undertaker, in King street Westminster.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1809.

FUNERAL TICKET.

It is in works of Humour that our Artist's talents, at a more advanced period, stand pre-eminent. Yet in this early production, which in its nature does not admit of much humorous exertion, we find some small traits of it, particularly in the face and attitude of the clerk who precedes the procession, and in whom we cannot help noticing a species of grimace which rather oversteps the modesty of nature, while the clergyman, who takes the lead among the supporters of the pall, is, if we may judge by his round and smirking set of features, perfectly pleased with his situation, and more desirous of captivating the living with his own sweet person, than properly or even decently discharging his duty as a companion of the dead. It is a kind of face that would not, at any rate or under any conduct, according to Sable's opinion in Steele's Grief A-la-mode, have been thought worthy of so conspicuous a situation, at least he would not have been paid for it. By the mournful gestures of those who follow, they are all well sorted, and have enough of the *mortal* face to get a living in any of the families of death.


Rich for ever

Hogarth pinx.

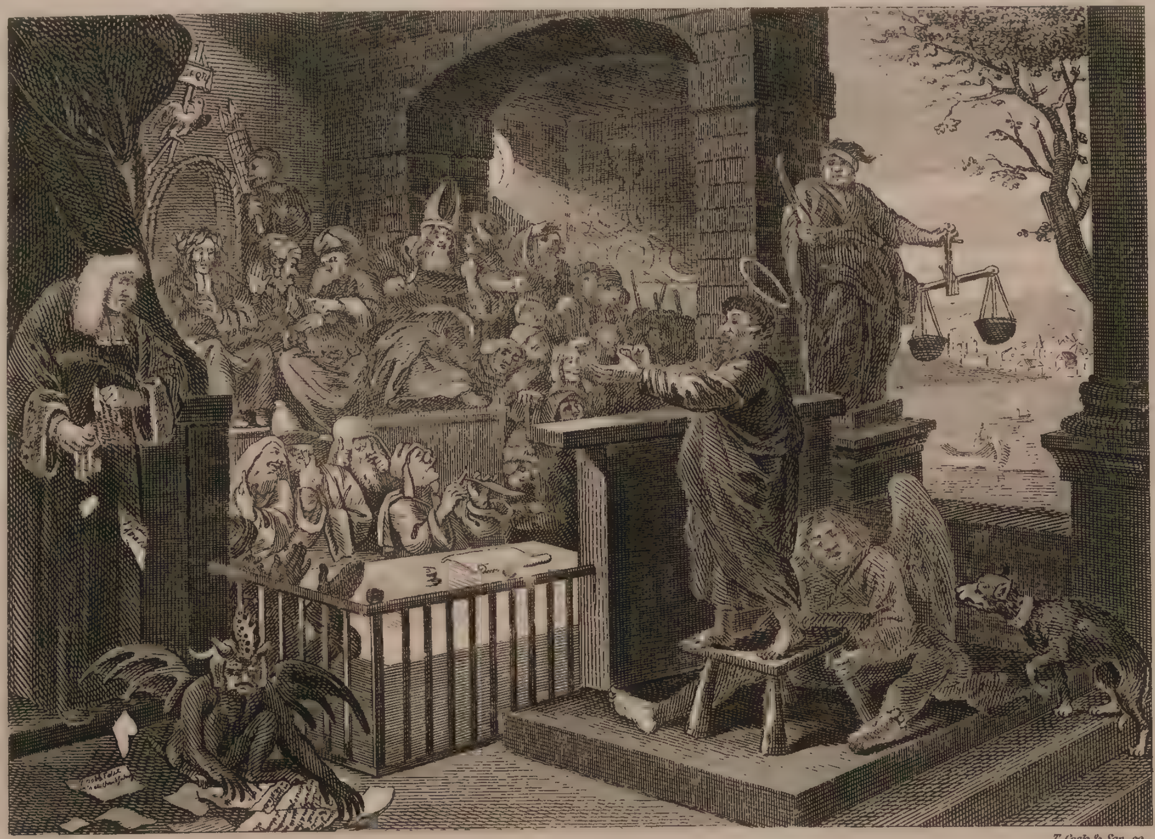
T. Cook sculp.

RICH'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov. 1st 1809.

RICH'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

THIS plate represents the removal of Rich and his scenery, actors, authors, &c., from Lincoln's Inn Fields to the New House. The scene is the area of Convent Garden, across which, leading to the door of the theatre, is a long procession, consisting of a cart loaded with thunder and lightning, performers, &c., and at the head of them Mr. Rich (invested with the skin of the famous dog in "Perseus and Andromeda"), riding with his mistress in a chariot driven by Harlequin, and drawn by satyrs. The style of composition and manner of engraving, &c., &c., would have sufficiently proved it to be the work of Hogarth, if the initials of his name had been wanting at the bottom of the plate



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook & Son sc.

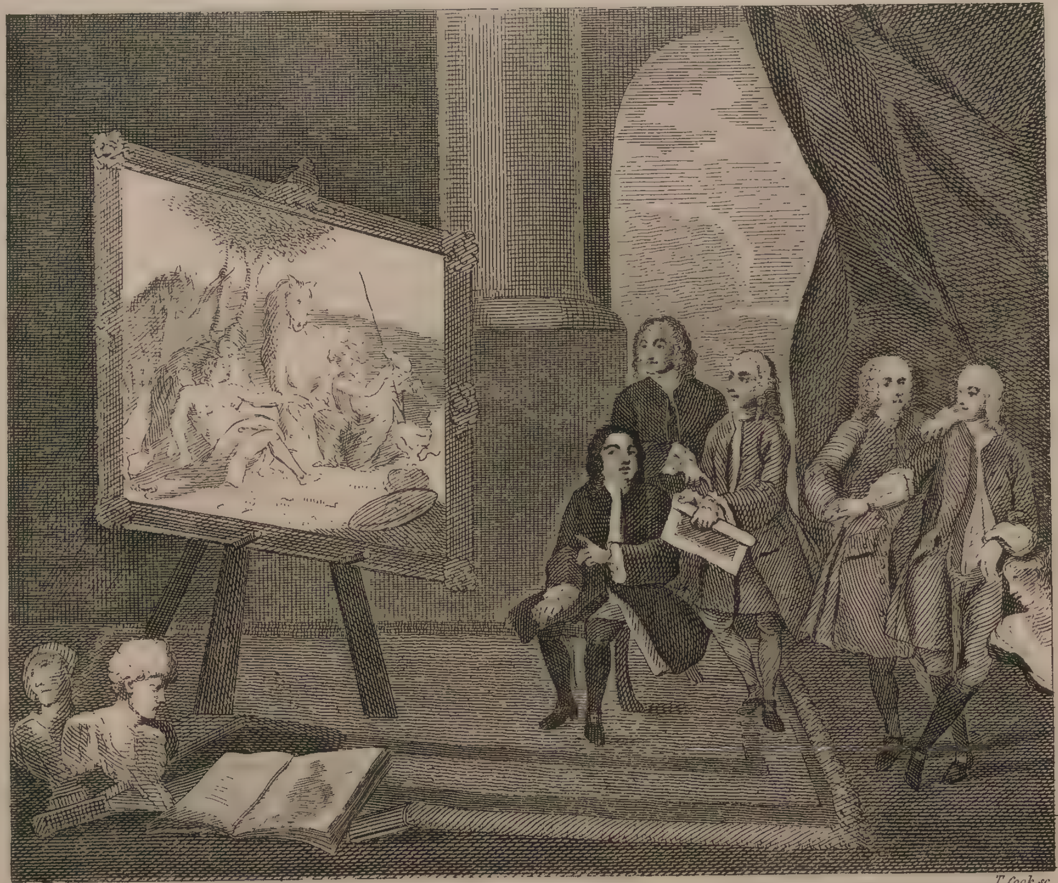
PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Sept^{r} 1st 1808

PAUL BEFORE FELIX, BURLESQUED.

PAUL before Felix, designed and scratched in true Dutch taste, by W. Hogarth.

This plate contains, in the character of a sergeant tearing his brief, a portrait of Hume Campbell, who was not over delicate in the language he used at the bar to his adversaries and antagonists:—this, however, is said by others to be the portrait of William King, LL.D., Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.



Hogarth pinx. T. Cook sc.

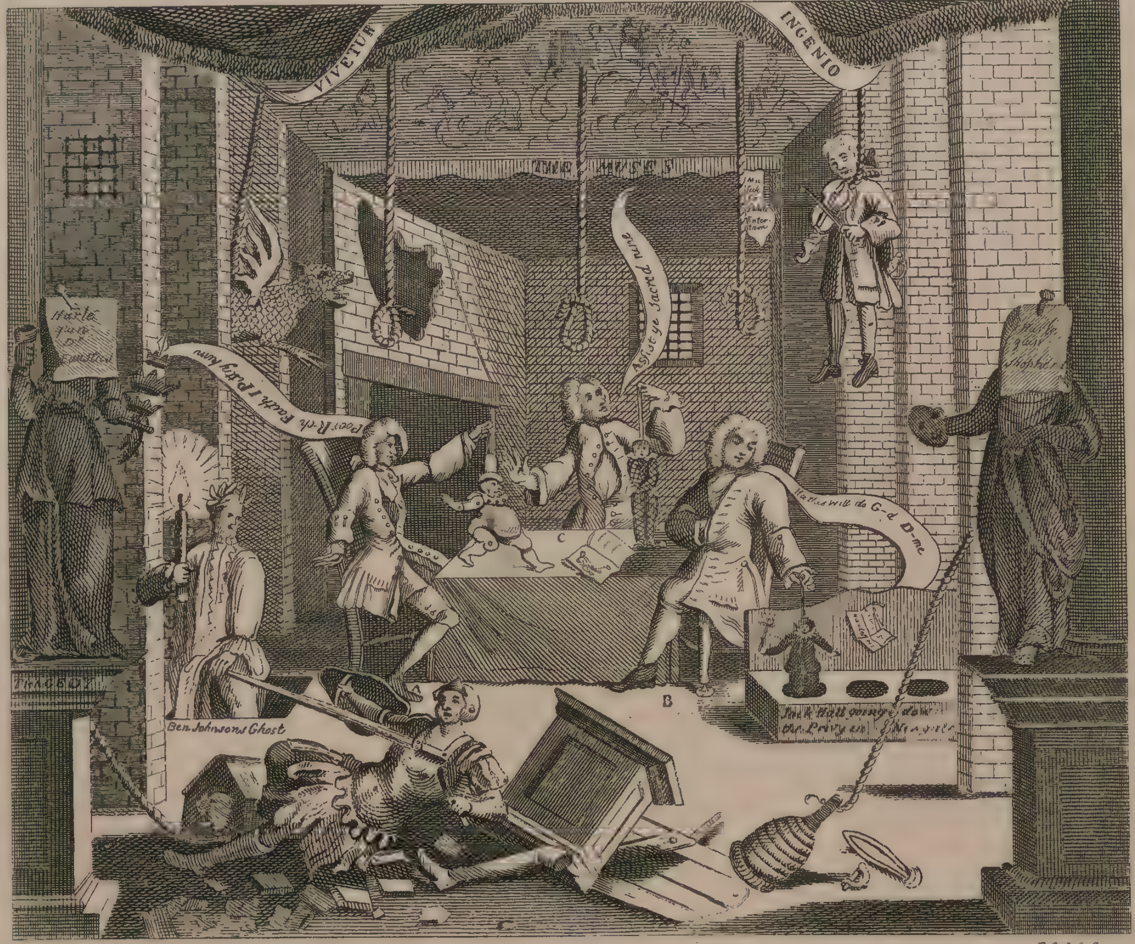
THE PAINTER'S ROOM.

From an Original Painting in the possession of M^{r} Nichols.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Nov. 1st 1809.

THE PAINTER'S ROOM.

Hogarth's painting room, with portraits of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth, Rysbrack, and Roubillac,—from the original in the possession of Mr. Nicholls.


VIVETUR
INGENIO
THE MUSES
Harle quin Dr Faustus
TRAGEDY
Poor R-ch Faith I Pitty him
Ben Johnsons Ghost
C
Assist ye Sacred nine
Mr Jack Hall Enter-tainm
Ha this will do G-d D-me
B
Jack Hall going down the Privy in Newgate
Harle quin Shepherd

Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook & Son sc.

A JUST VIEW OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1808

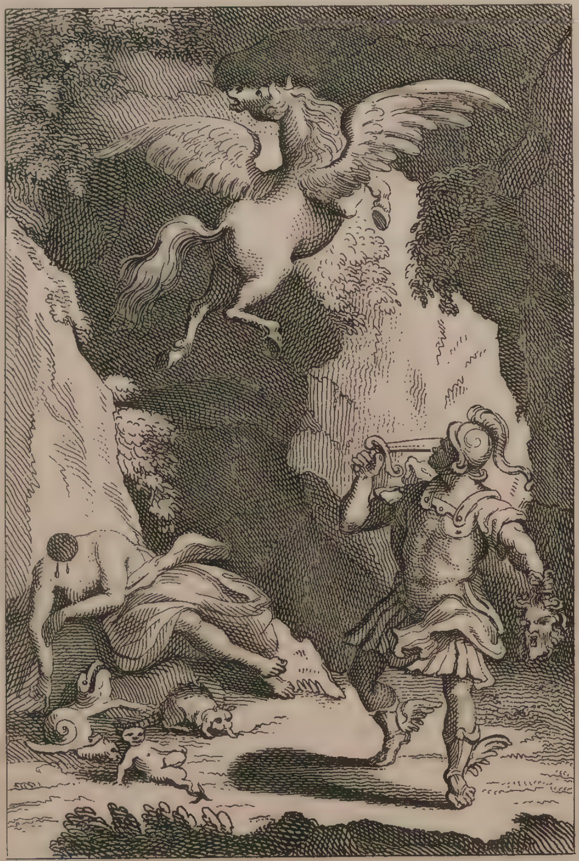
A JUST VIEW OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

Scene, Newgate. This plate represents, A new Farce, thate will include ye two famous Entertainments, Dr. Faustus and Harlequin Shepherd, to which will be added, Scaramouch Jack Hall, the Chimney Sweeper's escape from Newgate, through the privy, with ye Comical Humours of Ben Johnson's Ghost, concluding with the Hay Dance performed in ye Air, by ye figures A, B, C, (Wilkes, Booth, and Cibber), assisted by Ropes from ye Muses. Note, there are no conjurers concerned in it, as ye ignorant imagine. The bricks, rubbish, &c., will be real, but the excrements upon Jack Hall will be made of chewed gingerbread, to prevent offence. *Vivat Rex. Price, sixpence.*

Such is the inscription on the plate; but I may add, that the ropes already mentioned are no other than halters, suspended over the heads of the three managers, and that labels issuing from their respective mouths have the following characteristic words. The airy Wilkes, who dangles the effigy of Punch, is made to exclaim,—"Poor R—ch, faith, I pity him!" The Laureate, Cibber, with Harlequin for his playfellow, invokes the Muses, painted on the ceiling,—"*Assist, ye sacred Nine*,"—while the solemn Booth, letting down the image of Jack Hall into the *forica*, is most tragically blaspheming,—"*Ah! this will do, —— —— me!*" On a table before these gentlemen lies a pamphlet exhibiting a print of *Jack Shepherd*, in confinement, and over the *forica* is suspended a parcel of waste paper, consisting of leaves torn from the "Way of the World," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar." Ben Johnson's ghost, in the meanwhile, is rising through the stage, p—g on a pantomime statue tumbled from its base.

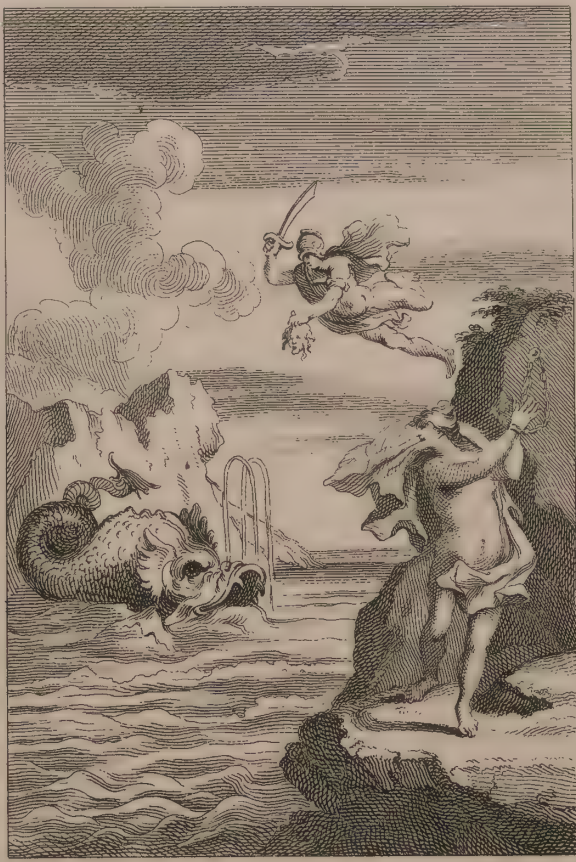
A fiddler is represented hanging by a cord in the air, and performing with a scroll before him, that exhibits *music for the—what!* [perhaps what d'ye call it,] *entertainment.* The countenances of Tragedy and Comedy, on each of the side stage, are hoodwinked by the bills for "Harlequin," "Dr. Faustus," and "Harlequin Shepherd," &c., &c. There is also a dragon preparing to fly; a dog thrusting his head out of his kennel; a flask put in motion by machinery, &c., &c. *Vivetur Ingenio* is the motto over the curtain.

PERSEUS & ANDROMEDA.



Hogarth pinx^t.

FRONTISPIECE.



T. Cook & Son sc.

PERSEUS DESCENDING.

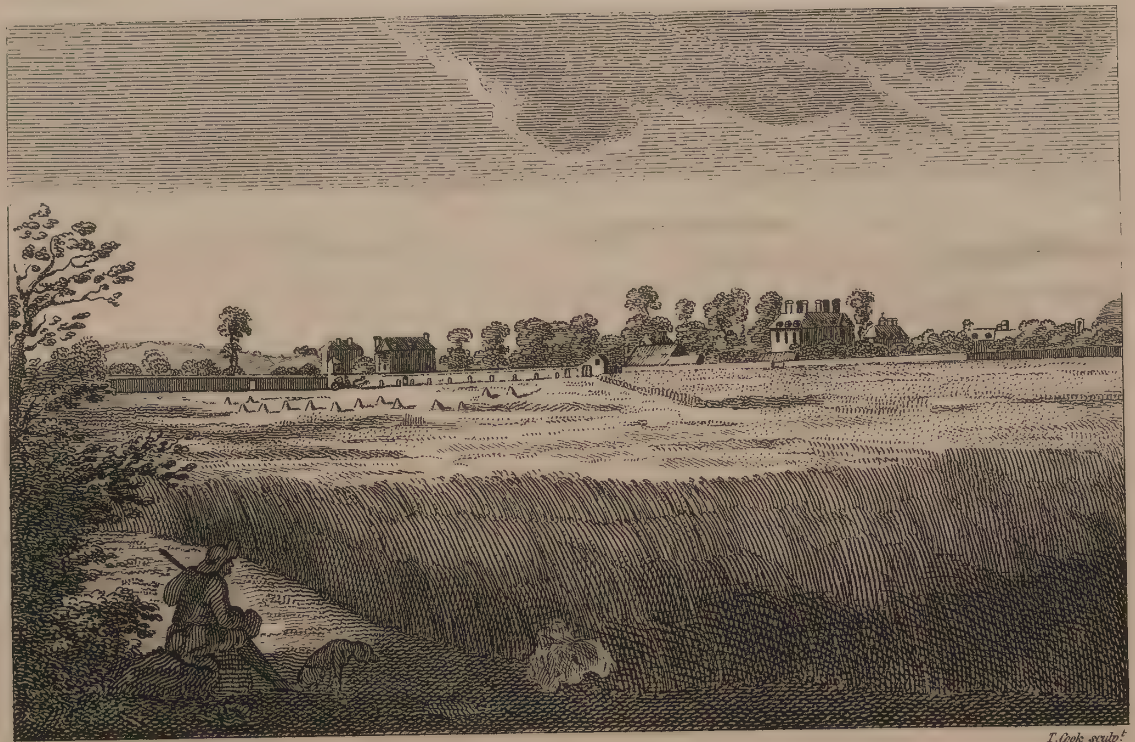
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, August 1st 1808.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

No. 1. Perseus and Medusa, dead; and Pegasus. Frontispiece to Perseus and Andromeda.—*W. H. Fecit.*

No. 2. Another print to the same piece of Perseus descending.

Mr. Walpole mentions only one—both are copied in this edition.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

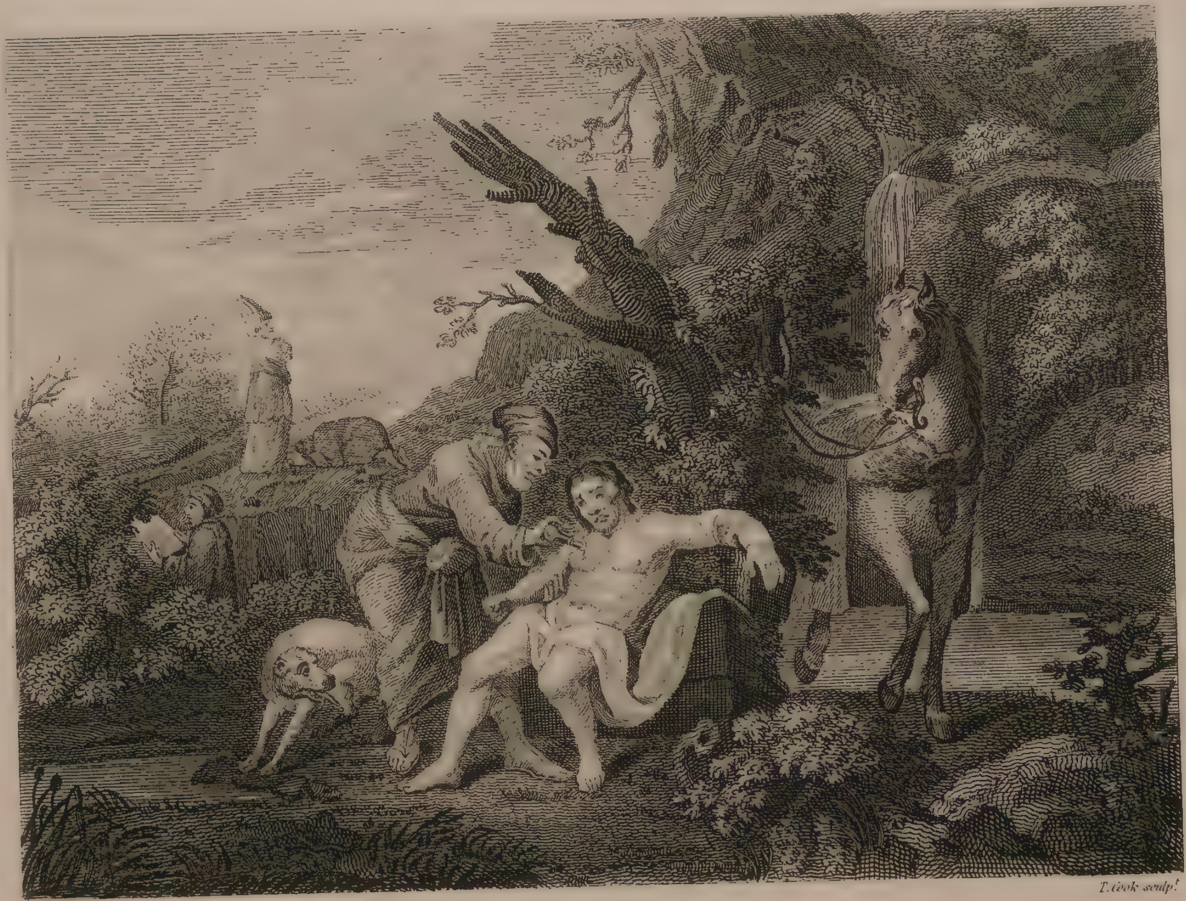
VIEW AT CHISWICK.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, August 1st 1809.

VIEW OF CHISWICK.

A VIEW of Mr. Ranby's house at Chiswick.—*Etched by Hogarth.*

This view, I am informed, was taken in 1750. It was not at first designed for sale, but was regularly published by Mrs. Hogarth, in 1791.



Hogarth pinx^{t}.

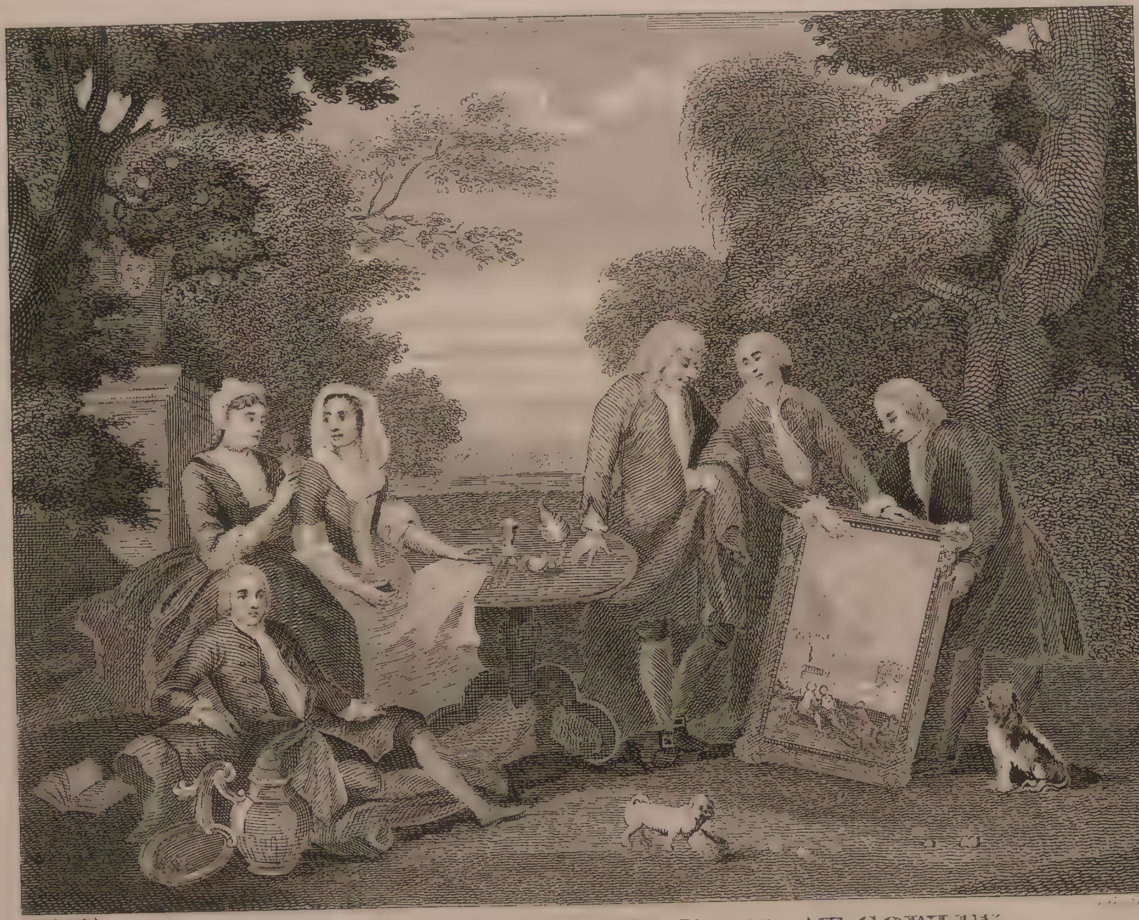
T. Cook sculp^{t}.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, May 1st 1809.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In relation to this print, Mr. Walpole justly observes, that "the burlesque turn of our Artist's mind mixed itself with his most serious compositions." To this remark I may add, that the figure of the priest in the Good Samaritan, is supremely comic, and rather resembles some purse-proud burgomaster than the character he is designed to represent.



GARDEN SCENE AT M^r. RICH'S VILLA AT COWLEY.

From an Original Painting in the Possession of Abr^m. Langford Esq^r.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme [illegible]

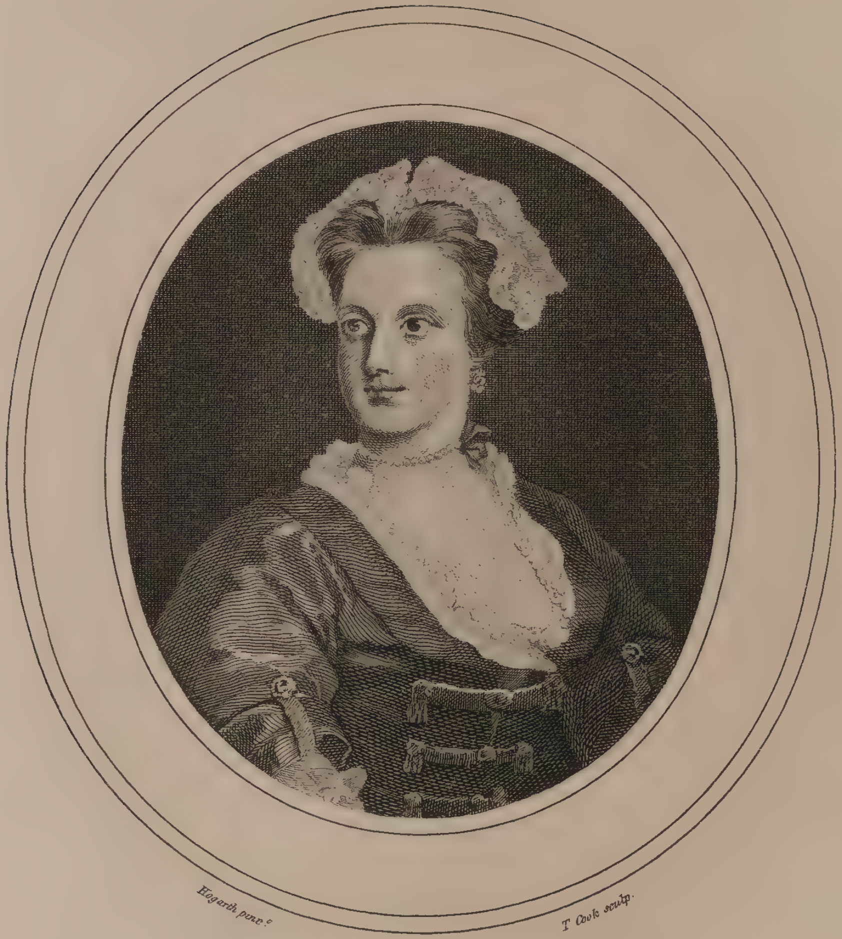
GARDEN SCENE AT MR. RICH'S VILLA

AT COWLEY.

A SCENE representing a favourite spot in the garden of the late Thomas Rich, Esq., at his villa at Cowley, near Uxbridge.

Mr. Rich is represented sitting in an easy and natural attitude, in the front of the picture, and the lady whose hand is placed on the table is a portrait of his wife. The figure to the right in a tie-wig, who has his hand likewise on the table, and is viewing the picture held by the servant, represents Mr. Cock. The lady on the left of Mr. Rich, holding up a glass to contemplate the picture, is Mrs. Cock, wife to the before-mentioned gentleman.

Hogarth has also introduced his own portrait as pointing to and explaining the subject of his pictures, which his friend is admiring.



Hogarth pinx.t T Cook sculp.

MISS FENTON.

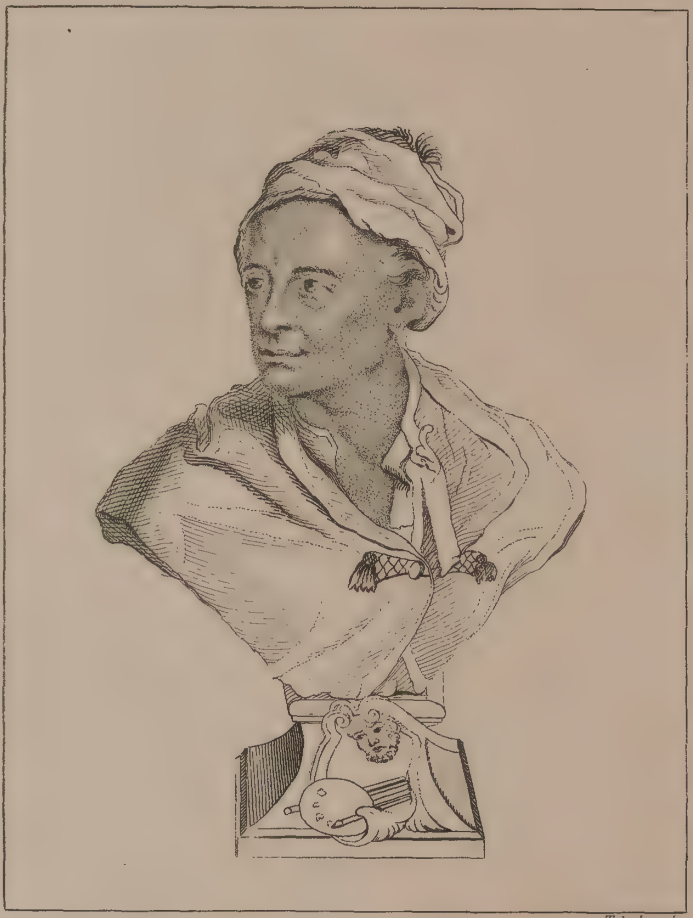
[illegible]

MISS FENTON.

Portrait of Lavinia Fenton—the original Polly Peachum, afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

One of Hogarth's early performances.

HOGARTH



T.Cook sculp.

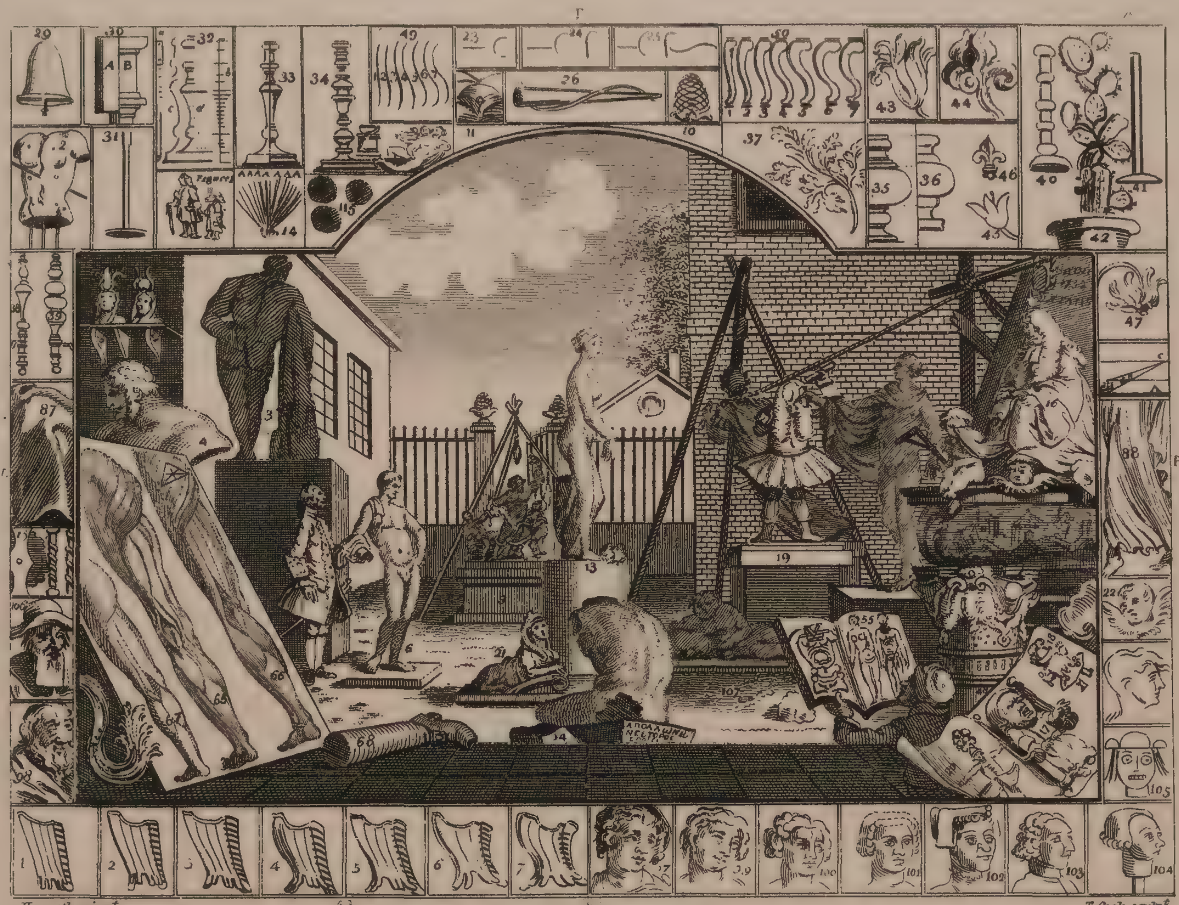
From a Bust by Roubilliac in the Possession of George Baker Esq^{r}.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Nov 1.1809.

BUST OF HOGARTH BY ROUBELLIAC.

THE annexed engraving is taken from a very valuable bust in terra cotta, which the unrivalled skill of his friend Roubelliac had modelled from the life. They who are conversant with the specimens of this art, will immediately recognise the excellence of this effort of Roubelliac's hand: there is an expression in the countenance, which conveys a most infallible intimation of its prominent and distinguishing character, and in which it is impossible not to trace almost every feature in the mind whom it represents. It requires but little penetration to discover a sort of satirical conformation in the whole of the face: it exhibits a more than ordinary portion of sagacity, and a species of sharp and quick-sighted penetration, as it were, in the very act of exploring those vices, and hunting out those follies, which, in so many fanciful combinations, were the perpetual objects of his researches.

This great effort of genius, however, met with a very slender compensation—the whole amount of the recompense, received by the artist, being no more than fifteen guineas. It is a fact very well known that Hogarth has frequently exhibited his portrait in his works. One of the prints, into which he has introduced both himself and his dog, is a very remarkable one, and at this time is become very scarce, most probably from the circumstance of his having erased his own head for the purpose of inserting that of the canonical bear, during the celebrated controversy between our Artist and Churchill.


29
30
A
B
32
33
34
49
23
24
25
26
11
10
50
43
44
40
41
42
31
Figures
14
115
37
35
36
46
45
47
87
3
4
88
19
13
22
55
66
65
68
107
105
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
17
99
100
101
102
103
104

Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, March 1^st. 1807.

THE ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

> "Though rosy youth embloom the sprightly fair,
> And beauty mould her with a lover's care,
> If motion to the form denies a grace,
> Vain is the beauty that adorns the face."

THIS design was made about the year 1728, and is said to be a grotesque representation of the Wanstead Assembly, and contains portraits of the first Earl Tilney, his Countess, &c. In the tall young lady he has evidently aimed at Milton's description of motion—smooth, sliding without step; but her air is affected. Her noble partner was intended for a portrait of George III., then Prince of Wales. It might be a just representation of the Wanstead belles and beaux, but since that period we have had so many ship-loads of grace imported from the continent, and such numbers of well-educated gentlemen, who have exerted their talents in perfecting the divine art of dancing, that this picture would not do for the present day.

The fatigued figures that labour through this dance, Mr. Hogarth thus explains:—

OF ATTITUDE.

"Such dispositions of the body and limbs as appear most graceful when seen at rest, depend upon gentle, winding contrasts, mostly governed by the precise serpentine line, which, in attitudes of authority, are more extended and spreading than ordinary, but reduced somewhat below the medium of grace in those of negligence and ease; and as much exaggerated in insolent and proud carriage, or in distortions of pain, as lessened and contracted into plain and parallel lines, to express meanness, awkwardness, and submission.

"The general idea of an action, as well as of an attitude, may be given with a pencil in very few lines. It is easy to conceive that the attitude of a person upon the cross may be fully signified by the true straight lines of the cross; so the extended manner of St. Andrew's crucifixion is wholly understood by the X-like cross.

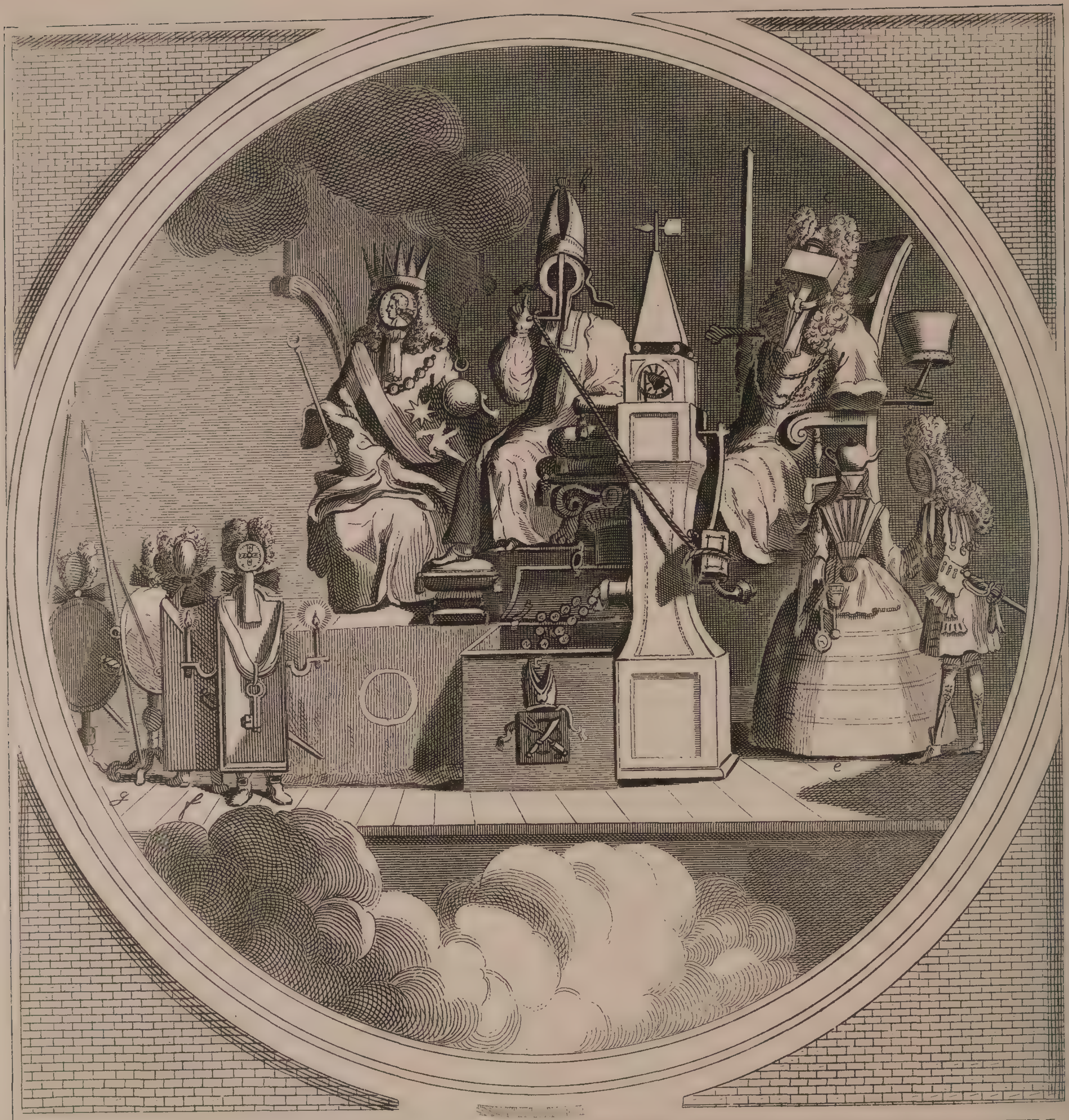
"Thus, as two or three lines at first are sufficient to show the intention of an attitude, I will take this opportunity of presenting my reader with the sketch of a country dance, in the manner I began to set out the design. In order to show how few lines are necessary to express the first thoughts, as to different attitudes, see

No. 71 (top of the plate), which describes in some measure the several figures and actions, mostly of the ridiculous kind, that are represented in the chief part of it.

"The most amiable person may deform his general appearance by throwing his body and limbs into plain lines; but such lines appear still in a more disagreeable light in people of a particular make. I have therefore chosen such figures as I thought would agree best with my first score of lines, No. 71.

"The two parts of curves next to 71 served for the figures of the old woman and her partner at the farther end of the room. The curve and two straight lines at right angles gave the hint for the fat man's sprawling posture. I next resolved to keep a figure within the bounds of a circle, which produced the upper part of the fat woman between the fat man and the awkward one in the bag-wig, for whom I had made a sort of an X. The prim lady, his partner, in the riding-habit, by pecking back her elbows, as they call it, from the waist upwards makes a tolerable D, with a straight line under it to signify the scanty stiffness of her petticoat; and the Z stood for the angular position the body makes with the legs and thighs of the affected fellow in the tie-wig; the upper part of his plump partner was confined to an O, and this, changed into a P, served as a hint for the straight lines behind. The uniform diamond of a card was filled up by the flying dress, &c., of the little capering figure in the Spenser wig, whilst a double L marked the parallel position of his poking partner's hands and arms: and lastly, the two waving lines were drawn for the more genteel turns of the two figures at the hither end."

Such is the author's alphabetical analysis of his serpentine system, which some of our readers may possibly think borders on the visionary: certain it is, that however he may have failed in his two specimens of grace, those of awkwardness are carried as far as they could have been in a Russian dance, when Peter the Great ordained that no lady of any age should presume to get intoxicated before nine o'clock



Some of the Principal Inhabitants of y^{e} MOON, as they Were Perfectly Discover'd by a Teleſcope brought to y^{e} Greateſt Perfection ſince y^{e} laſt Eclipſe; Exactly Engraved from the Objects, whereby y^{e} Curious may Gueſs at their Religion, Manners, &c.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE MOON;

OR ROYALTY, EPISCOPACY, AND LAW.

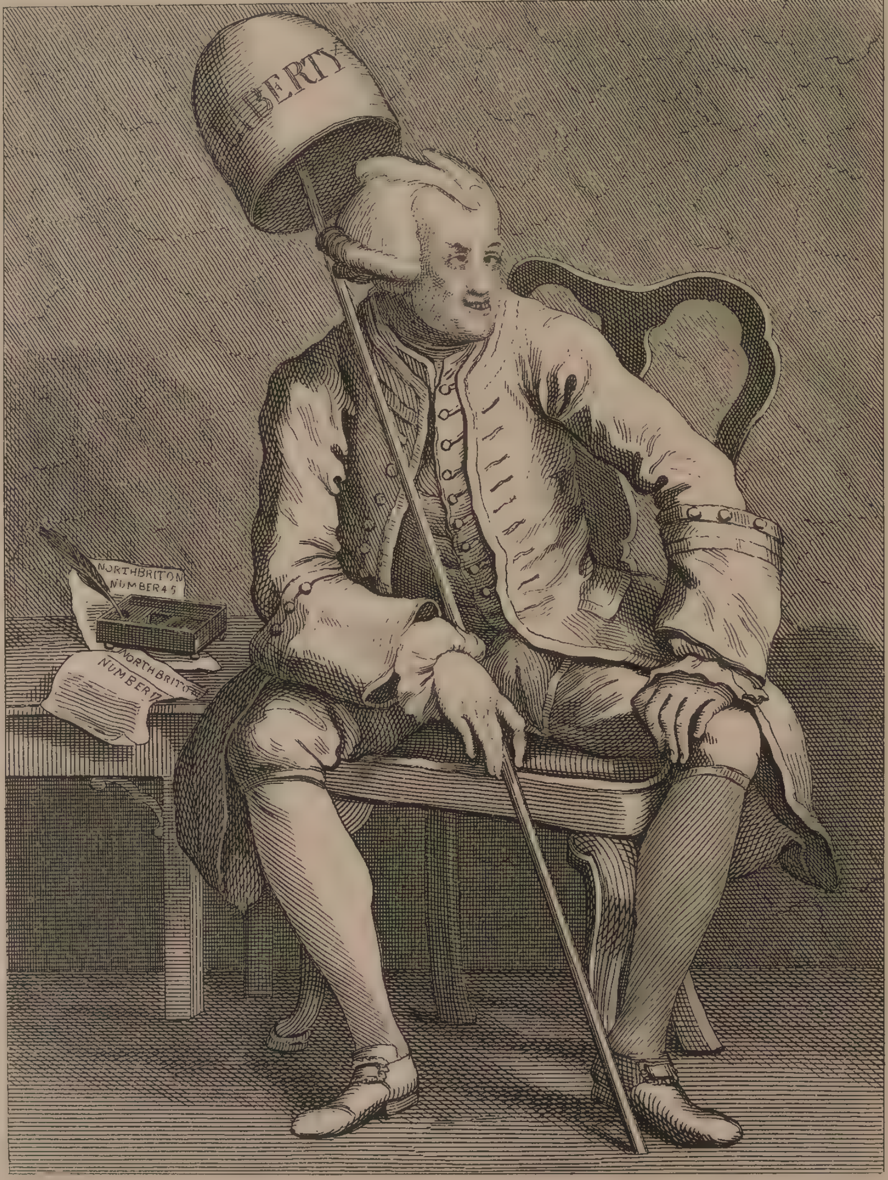
Some of the principal Inhabitants of ye Moon, as they were perfectly discover'd by a telescope brought to ye greatest perfection since ye last eclipse, exactly engraved from the objects, whereby ye curious may guess at their religion, manners, &c.

About the year 1750 (if we may judge by the wigs and style of dress) appeared the original of this severe satire on royalty, episcopacy, and law.

The scene is supposed to be in the clouds, where, on a platform, the principal characters are seated. The head of the monarch is either a crown-piece or a guinea. The collar of Esses is ludicrously changed to a string of bubbles; his breast is decorated with a pointed star; and on the top of the globe and sceptre is a crescent, alluding to his lunar situation. Beneath his throne is a circle, perhaps intended as an emblem of perpetuity.

The satire on Episcopacy is still more strongly pointed. The face of the bishop is formed of a Jew's harp, which may probably allude to his religious tenets having arisen out of the doctrines of Judaism. He is pulling a bell-rope that is fastened to the Bible, which serves as a lever to act upon a machine. The lower part is a mill, but the upper part a steeple, having a vane at the top of it, and a bell, plainly seen in the act of ringing or working—intimating, that by this instrument he works out of the church these good things, without which he would set little value upon his spiritualities: this treasure falls into a coffer, sarcastically marked as his own by the armorial bearings, a knife and a fork, with the mitre added as a crest. Beneath the episcopal robe peeps a cloven foot; and, if we may judge by the weathercock, the motion of the pump is in some degree acted upon by the king, in whose quarter the wind seems to set.

The head of law appears to be made of a large mallet or wedge. To this metaphor we can give no explanation; nor is the enormous size of the sword, which seems to betray more than common justice, an allusion so clearly understood as some other parts of the design. The composition of the courtiers who attend monarchy, &c., is well conceived, and marks the contempt our artist entertained for the danglers in that situation. By the letters that appear marked in several parts of this print, it may be presumed that a full explanation of it was intended to have been given. The sagacity of the present day will, however, we conceive, render any farther elucidation of this point unnecessary, as the artist's meaning is pretty clearly explained without those references.


IBERTY
NORTH BRITON
NUMBER 45
NORTH BRITON
NUMBER

Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

JOHN WILKES ESQ^{R}

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1st 1807.

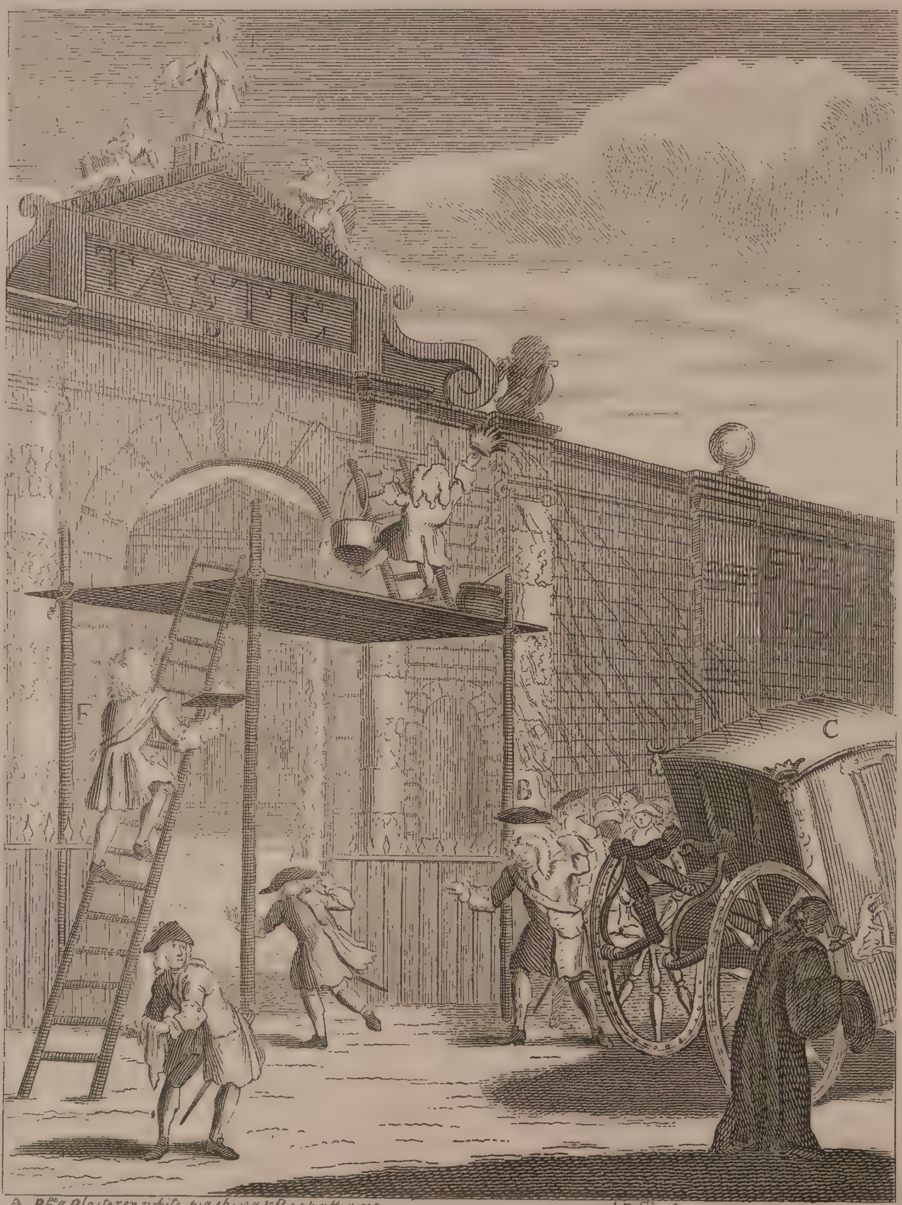
JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE, AND ETCHED IN AQUAFORTIS BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.
PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT, MAY 16TH, 1763.

THIS print is a fine caricature, and no faint likeness, of John Wilkes, who was then Member for Aylesbury, in the county of Buckingham—a man who stood forth as the leader of a party formed against the administration. The views with which he acted are now publicly known, and he lies under that disgrace he gathered for himself. *Liberty* he roared out on all occasions, being the bell-wether of his flock. With an eye to this, Mr. Hogarth has represented him as having been twirling the cap of liberty (a fool's cap) upon the end of a stick; for a fool's cap it proved to him, it having banished him his country, entailed upon him beggary, and made him the laugh of a jeering populace. On the table beside him are two papers of the North Briton, of which he acknowledged himself the author, viz. Nos. 45 and 17, the first of which was burnt by the common hangman.

This print of Wilkes, which, as we have before observed, must be allowed to be an excellent *compound caricature*, or a *caricature* of what nature had already *caricatured*, is said to have been viewed by him with pleasant and philosophic indifference, he frequently jocosely saying to his friends, it grew every day into stronger likeness. He declared himself very little concerned about the case of his soul, as he was only tenant for life, and that the best apology for his person was, that he did not make himself. Equally memorable was Mr. Wilkes's reply to a friend, who requested him to sit to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and have his portrait placed in the Guildhall, being then so popular a character, that the Court of Aldermen would willingly have paid the expenses. "No," replied he—"no; they shall never have a delineation of my face, that will carry to posterity so damning a proof of what it was. Who knows but a time may come, when some future Horace Walpole will treat the world with another quarto volume of historic doubts, in which he may prove that the numerous squinting portraits on tobacco-papers and halfpenny ballads, inscribed with the name of John Wilkes, are '*a weak invention of the enemy;*' for that I was not only unlike them, but, if any inference can be drawn from the partiality of the fair sex, the handsomest man of the age I lived in?"

In defence of Wilkes rose Mr. Charles Churchill, who called himself *his* friend! —one who, indeed, possessed extraordinary talents as a writer, but who was as remarkable for viciousness of character. If he had any discretion, it was that of joining the popular side; but that can hardly be called discretion, when, had he lived a few years longer, he would probably have experienced the same fate with his contemporary, Wilkes. This man—a minister once he called himself, though he afterwards wisely laid aside that sacred office, which he could only disgrace—this man took up the pen against Mr. Hogarth; and, in an epistle to him, which he published, charged him with envying every man that had any degree of excellence, and with being a friend to no one. This naturally drew on him Mr. Hogarth's resentment, and was the occasion of his publishing the celebrated print called "The Bruiser."—See page 139, Vol. I., of this work.



A. Pte a Plasterer white washing & Bespattering
B. any Body that comes in his way
C. not a Dukes Coach as appears by ye Crescent at one Corner

D. Taste
E. a standing Proof
F. a Labourer.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

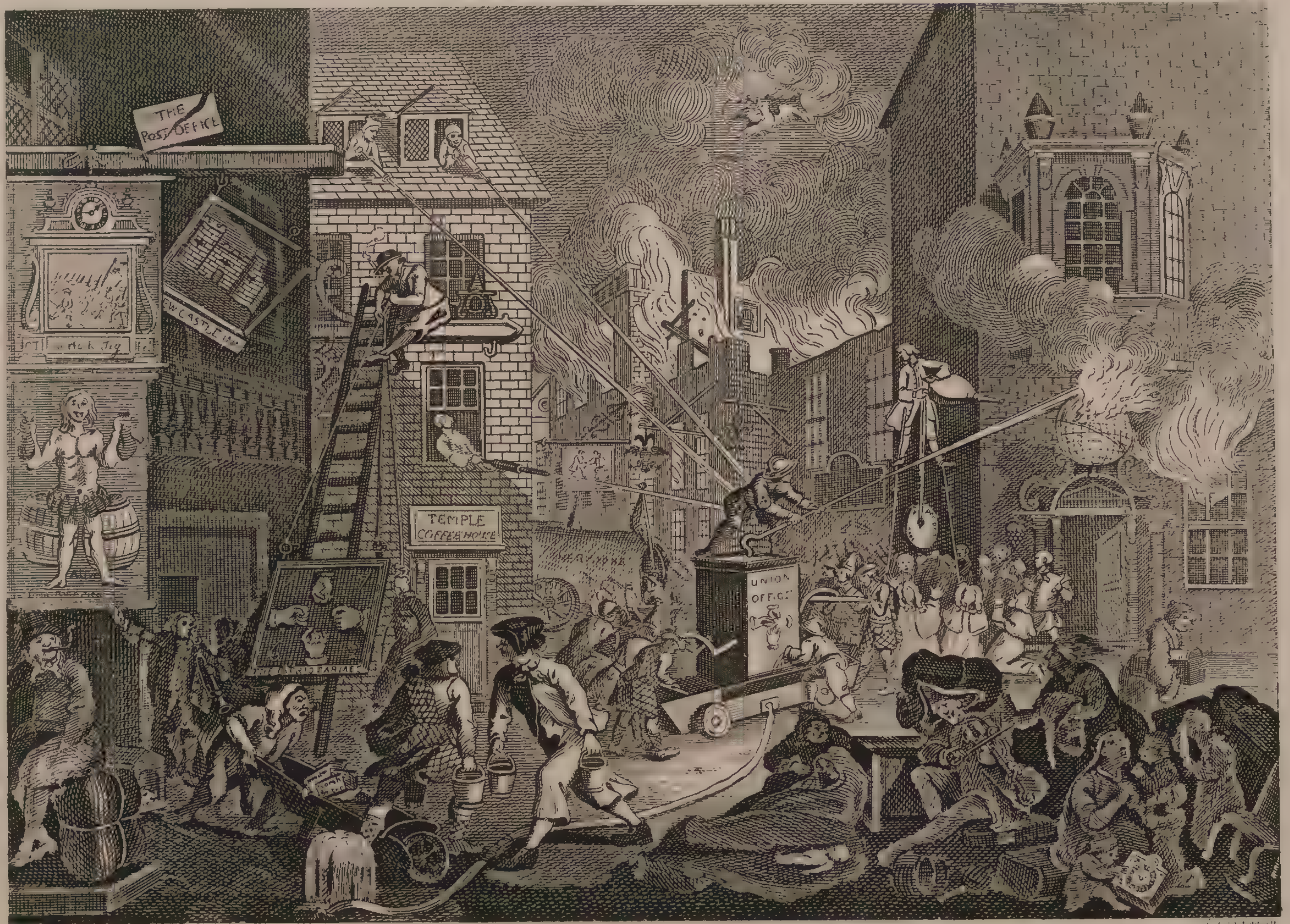
EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

A—Plasterer whitewashing and bespattering.
B—Anybody that comes in his way.
C—Not a Duke's Coach, as appears by the crescent at one corner.
D—Taste.
E—A standing proof.
F—A labourer.

THIS print exhibits the gate of Burlington House, Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach. "*A Satire on Pope's Epistle on Taste. No name.*" It has been already observed that the plate was suppressed; and, if this be true, the suppression may be accounted for from the following inscription lately met with at the back of one of the copies:—

"Bot. this book of Mr. Wayte, at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, in the presence of Mr. Draper, who told me he had it of the printer, Mr. W. Rayner.
"J. COSINS."

On this attested memorandum a prosecution seems meant to have been founded. Cosins was an attorney, and Pope was desirous on all occasions to make the law the engine of his revenge.


THE POST OFFICE
TEMPLE COFFEE HOUSE
UNION OFFICE

Hogarth pinx^t

[illegible]

THE TIMES.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Aug. 1^st 1809.

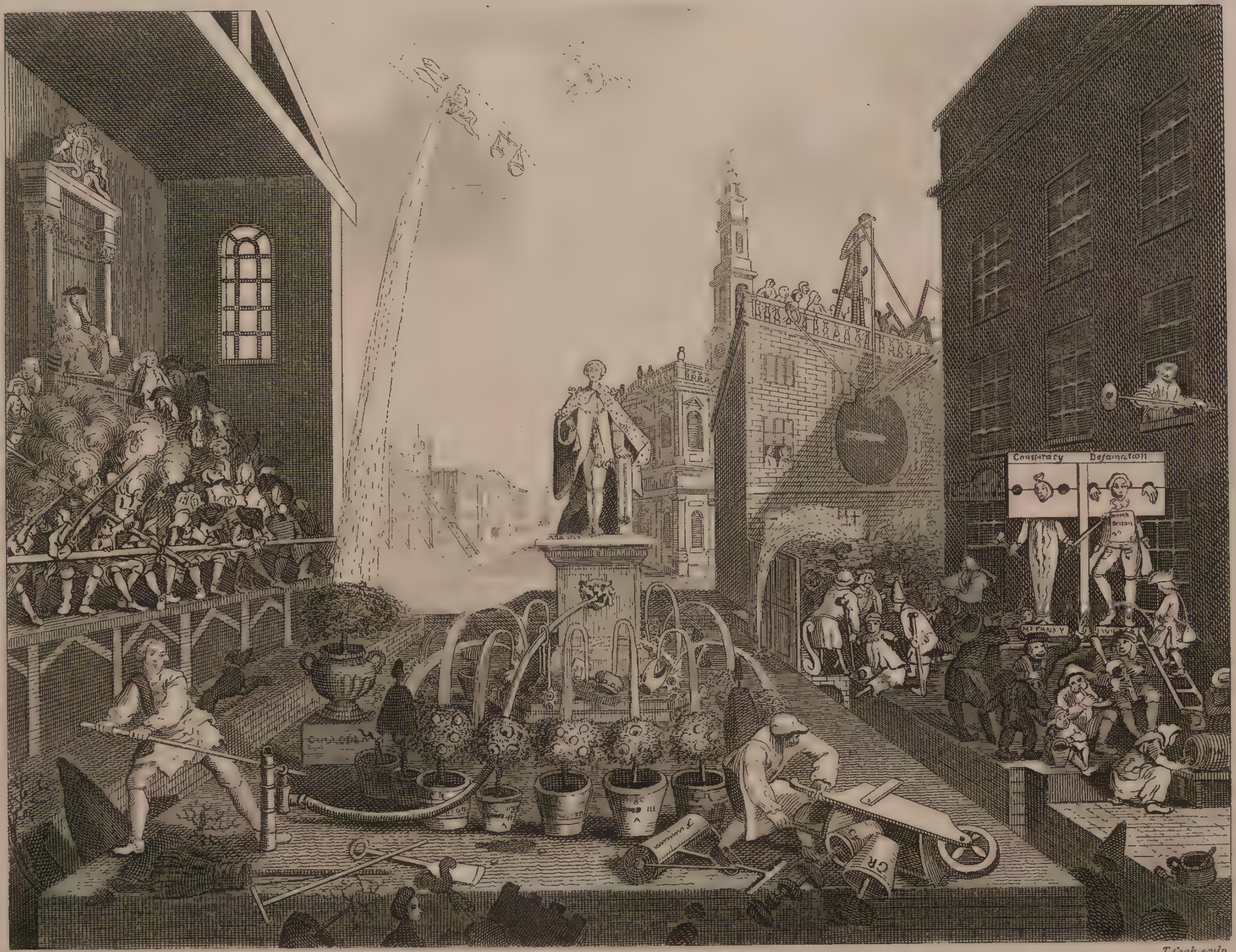
THE TIMES.

PLATE I.

Previously to publication of this print, Mr. Wilkes, who was then at Aylesbury, was informed that it was political, and that Lord Temple, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Churchill, and himself were the leading characters held up to ridicule. Under the impression which this intelligence conveyed, he sent Mr. Hogarth a remonstrance, stating the ungenerous tendency of such a proceeding, which would be more glaringly unfriendly, as the two last-mentioned gentlemen and the artist had always lived upon terms of strict intimacy. This produced a reply, in which Mr. Hogarth asserted that neither Mr. Wilkes nor Mr. Churchill were introduced, but Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were; and that the print should be published in a few days. To this it was answered, that Mr. Wilkes would hardly deem it worth while to notice any reflections on himself; but if his friends were attacked, it would wound him in the most sensible part, and, as well as he was able, he would revenge their cause. This was a direct declaration of war—the black flag was hoisted on both sides. The print, however, was soon afterwards published, and on the Saturday following, in No. 17 of the *North Briton*, a most unmerciful attack was commenced on our artist. But to detail the particulars of this attack is not now our province, we shall therefore proceed to the print before us.

In this print the globe, which must here be considered as the world, though it appears to be no more than a tavern sign, is represented on fire, and Mr. Pitt exalted on stilts, which are held by the surrounding multitude, blowing up the flames with a large pair of bellows; his attendants are composed of butchers, with marrow bones and cleavers, a hallooing mob armed with clubs, and a trio of London aldermen in the act of adoration. From the neck of this idol of the populace is suspended a Cheshire cheese with £3000 on it. This alludes to what he said in parliament, that he would sooner live on a Cheshire cheese and a shoulder of mutton than submit to the enemies of Great Britain. Lord Bute, attended by English soldiers, sailors, and Highlanders, manages an engine for extinguishing the flames, but is impeded by the Duke of Newcastle, with a wheelbarrow full of *Monitors* and *North Britons*, for the purpose of feeding the blaze. The respectable body under Mr. Pitt are the aldermen of London, worshipping the idol they had set up, whilst the musical king of Prussia, who alone is sure to gain by the war, is amusing himself with a violin amongst his miserable countrywomen. The picture of the Indian alludes to the advocates for retaining our West Indian conquests, which it was said would only increase excess and debauchery. The breaking down of the Newcastle arms, and the drawing up the patriotic ones, refer to the resignation of that noble duke, and the appointment of his successor. The Dutchman smoking his pipe, and a fox peeping out behind him and awaiting the issue; the wagon with the treasures of the Hermione; the unnecessary march of the militia, signified by the Norfolk jig; the dove with the olive branch, and the miseries of war—are sufficiently intelligible, and need no explanation.

The first impressions of the original of this print may be known by the following distinction:—The smoke just over the dove is left white; and the whole of the composition has a brilliancy and clearness not to be found in the copies worked off after the plate was retouched.


Conspiracy
Defamation
North Briton
MS FANNY
WILKES

Hogarth pinx.

T. Cook sculp.

THE TIMES.

First Published by Messrs. Boydell and copied by their permiſsion.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Oct. 1st. 1809.

THE TIMES.

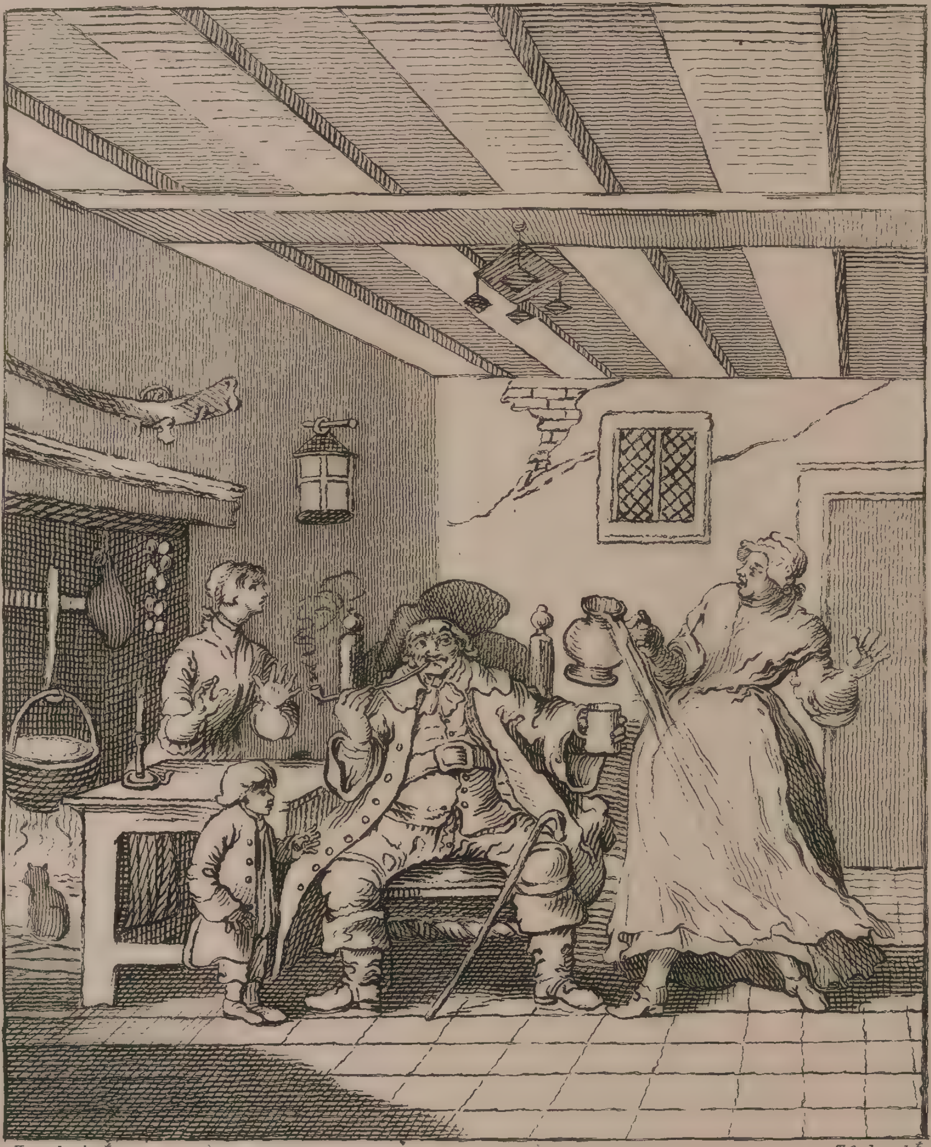
PLATE II.

By his first print of *The Times*, our artist, observes Mr. Ireland, roused two very formidable adversaries; and they treated him with as much ceremony as two deputies from the Bow Street magistrates would an incendiary or an assassin. They did not consider him as a man whose conduct it was needful to investigate, or whose opinions it was necessary to confute, but as a criminal, whose aggravated crimes had outraged every law of society, and whom they would therefore drag to the place of execution. To defend himself from these furious assailants, he had no shield but a copperplate—no weapons but a pencil and a burin. The use he made of them may be seen in the last two prints; but, though this print was engraved during the time of the contest, it was not published while he lived Whether a sudden change in politics—a supposed ambiguity in part of his design—or the advice of judicious or timid friends, induced him to suppress his work, cannot now be ascertained; but whatever were the reasons, his widow's respect for his memory induced her to adopt the same conduct. She retained a reverence for even the dust of her husband, and dreaded its being raked from the sepulchre where he had been quietly immured, mixed with the poisonous aconite of party, and by sacrilegious hands cast into the agitated caldron of politics. If we add to this the specimen of political candour which she had experienced in her own person, can we wonder that she cautiously avoided whatever could be tortured into a provocation to the renewal of hostilities? From these considerations, she never suffered more than one impression to be taken, and that was struck off at the earnest request of Lord Exeter.

In withholding this plate from the public she acted prudently; in attempting to describe it we should be thought to act otherwise. To enter into a discrimination of characters who now live, or step upon ashes which are not yet cold, is liable to invidious construction.

The judicious Mr. Ireland also observes of this plate, "That though several of the figures are marked in a style so obtrusive that they cannot be mistaken, there are others where I can only guess at the originals. From those who were engaged in the politics of that day, I have sought information, but their communications have been neither important nor consistent with each other; they generally ended in an acknowledgment, 'that in thirty years they had forgotten much that they once knew, and which, if now recollected, would materially elucidate.' To this was added, what I am compelled to admit, that parts of the print are obscure."

The exact time when this print was engraved is not positively ascertained, but it is conjectured to have been some time in the year 1762. A small part of the sky was left unfinished, and in that state still remains.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

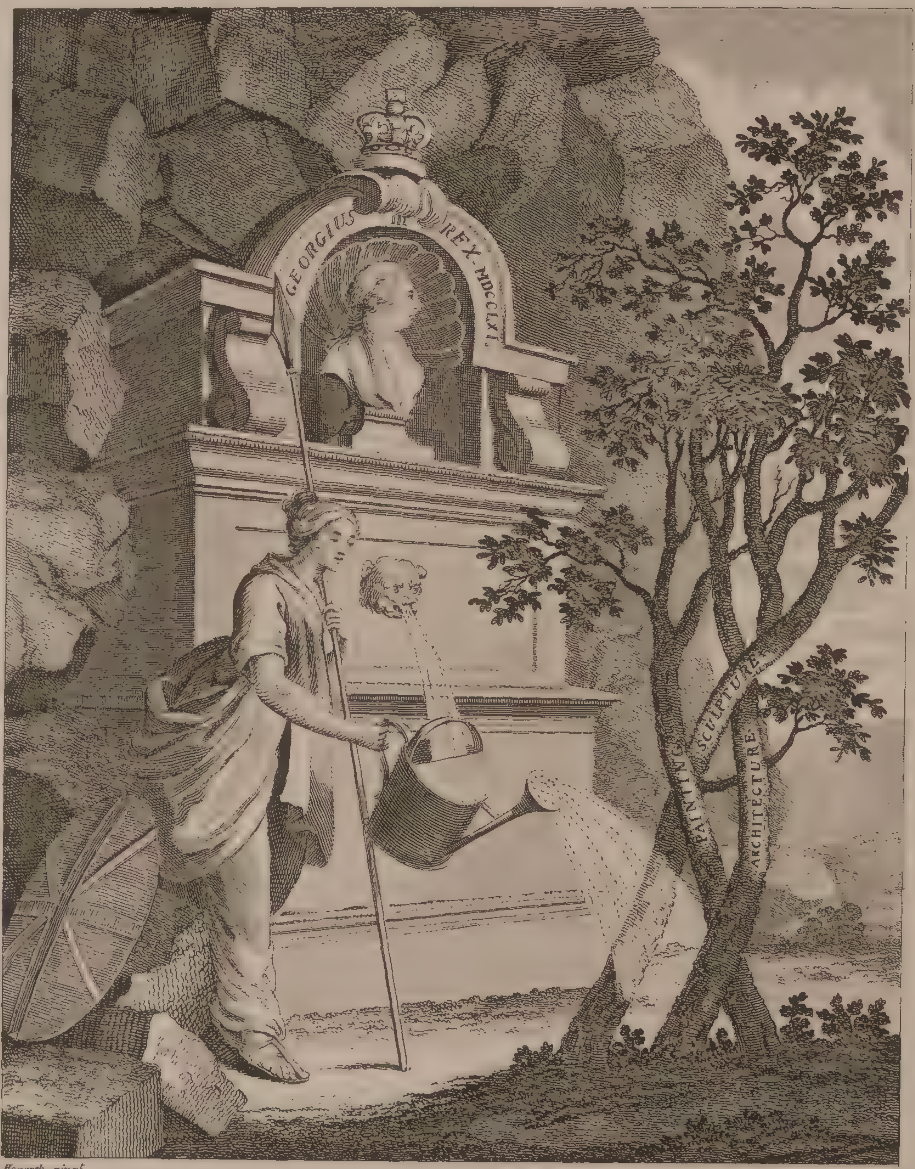
THE FARMERS RETURN.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, March 1st 1807.

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

The interlude of the "Farmer's Return" was written by Garrick, in which piece he is here represented in the character of the Farmer. This interlude made its appearance soon after the coronation, and in it the author displayed his accustomed theatrical management and knowledge of the town; the fashions and follies of the times are caught in the happiest manner, and the bauble of a coronation, with the imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, are inimitably described by our Roscius, in the character in which he is here delineated. The piece was addressed to Mr. Hogarth, and the preface speaks the high opinion which the author entertained of the artist's merits and friendship.

The original of this sketch was in black chalk, and was evidently drawn from nature.


GEORGIUS III REX MDCCLXI
PAINTING
SCULPTURE
ARCHITECTURE

Hogarth pinxt

T. Cook sculpt

FRONTISPIECE TO THE ARTISTS CATALOGUE 1761.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 2d 1807.

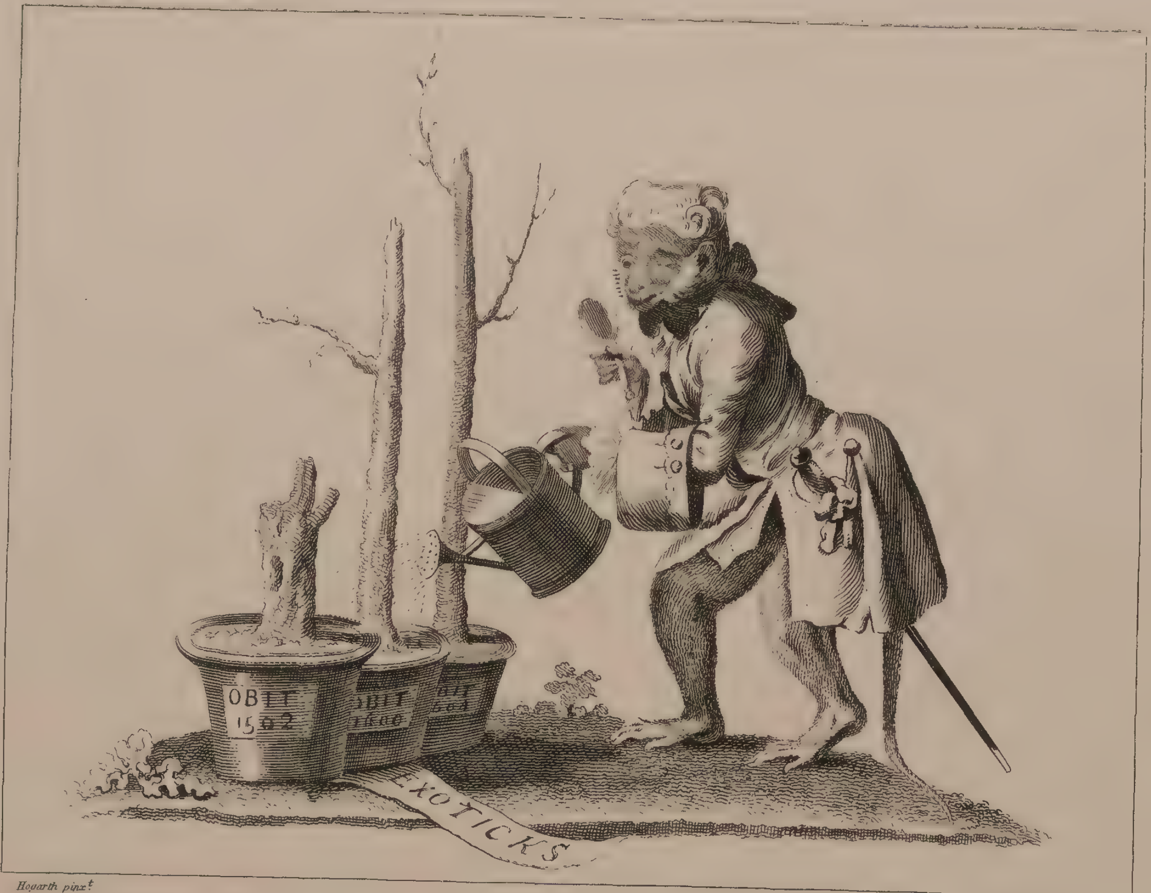
FRONTISPIECE TO THE ARTISTS' CATALOGUE,

1761.

THESE two Prints were designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Mr. Charles Grignion, for the Artists' Catalogue of Pictures, exhibited at Spring Gardens, 1761; and so great was the demand for the catalogues with these illustrations, that the two plates were soon worn down, and Mr. Grignion was employed to engrave others from the same drawings, of which the Prints here represented are faithful copies.

FRONTISPIECE.

Erected in the cleft of a rock, we have here a building, intended for a reservoir of water; and by the bust of his late Majesty being placed in a niche of an arch, which is lined with a shell and surmounted by a crown, we must suppose it a royal reservoir. The mouth of a mask of the British lion is made the waterspout for conveying a stream into a garden-pot, which a figure of Britannia holds in her right hand, and with her spear in the left, is employed in watering three young trees, the trunks of which are entwined together, and inscribed Painting—Sculpture—Architecture. These promising saplings are planted upon a gentle declivity; Painting is on the highest ground, and Sculpture on the lowest. It is worthy of remark, that the fructifying stream which issues from the watering-pot, falls short of the surface on which is planted the tree inscribed Painting, and goes beyond the root of that termed Sculpture; so that Architecture, which is much the loftiest and most healthy tree, will have the principal benefit of the water. If the tree Painting is attentively inspected, it will be found stunted in its growth, withered at the top, and blest with only one flourishing branch; which, if viewed with an eye to what the artist has previously written, seems intended for portrait painting. The tree, which is the symbol for Sculpture, appears to bend, and withdraw itself from the reservoir: one branch from the centre of the trunk is probably funeral, and intended to intimate sepulchral monuments. The top being out of sight, is left to the imagination.


OBIT
1502
OBIT
1600
EXOTICKS

Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

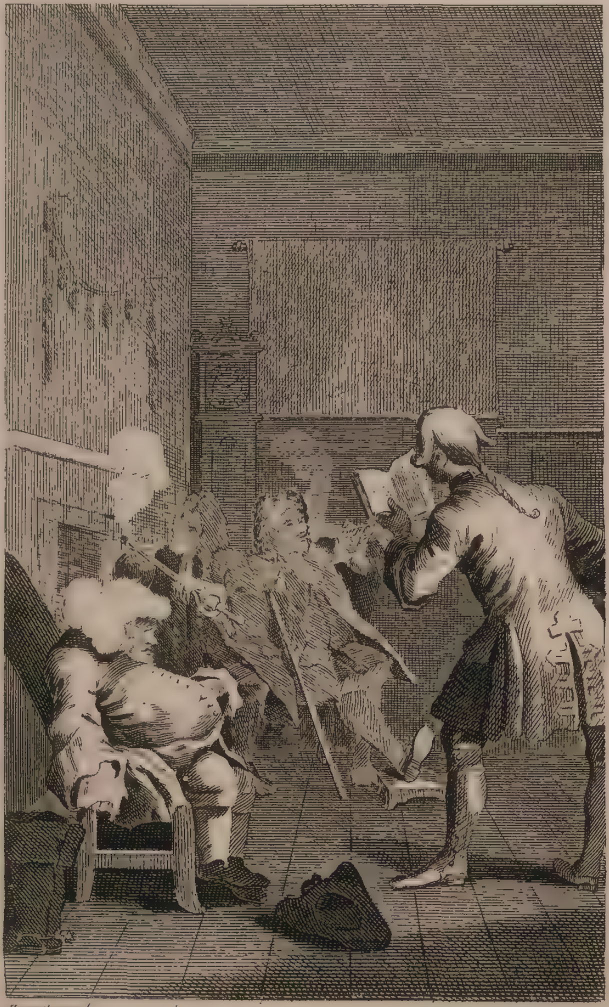
TAIL PIECE TO THE ARTIST'S CATALOGUE, 1761.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1^st 1807.

TAILPIECE TO THE ARTISTS' CATALOGUE,

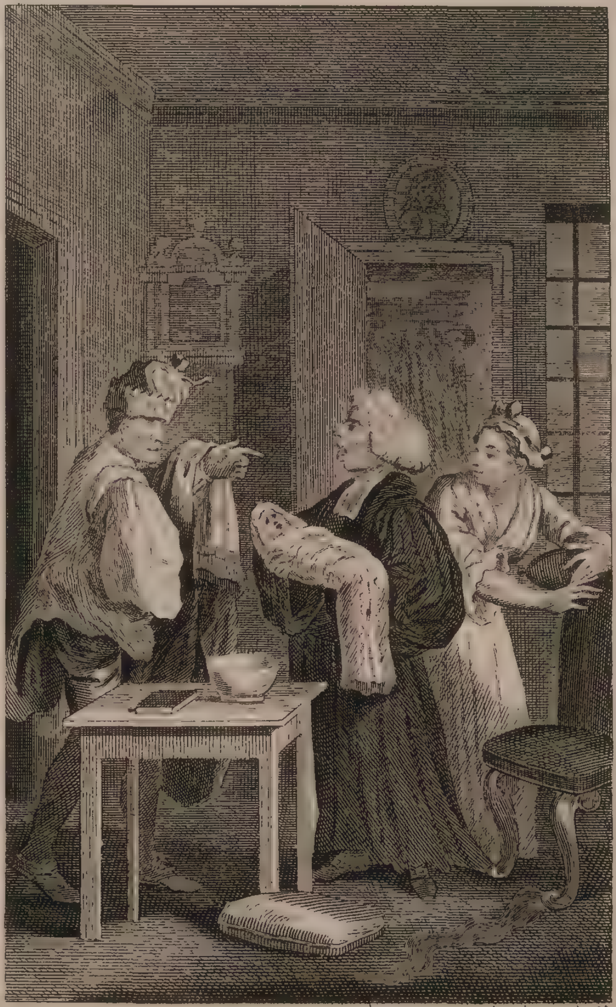
1761.

A TRAVELLING monkey, in full dress, is in this industriously watering three withered and sapless stems of what might once have been flowering shrubs, and are inscribed EXOTICS. These wretched remnants of things which were, are carefully placed in labelled flower-pots: on the first is written, obiit 1502; on the second, obiit 1600; and on the third, obiit 1606. Still adhering to the hieroglyphics in his frontispiece, Hogarth introduces these three dwarfish importations of decayed nature, to indicate the state of those old damaged pictures which are venerated merely for their antiquity, and exalted above all modern publications, from the name of a great master, rather than any intrinsic merit. To heighten the ridicule, he has given his monkey a magnifying glass, that will draw forth hidden beauties, which to common optics are invisible.



Hogarth pinx.

FRONTISPIECE TO TRISTRAM SHANDY.



T. Cook sculp.

A SECOND FRONTISPIECE TO TRISTRAM SHANDY.

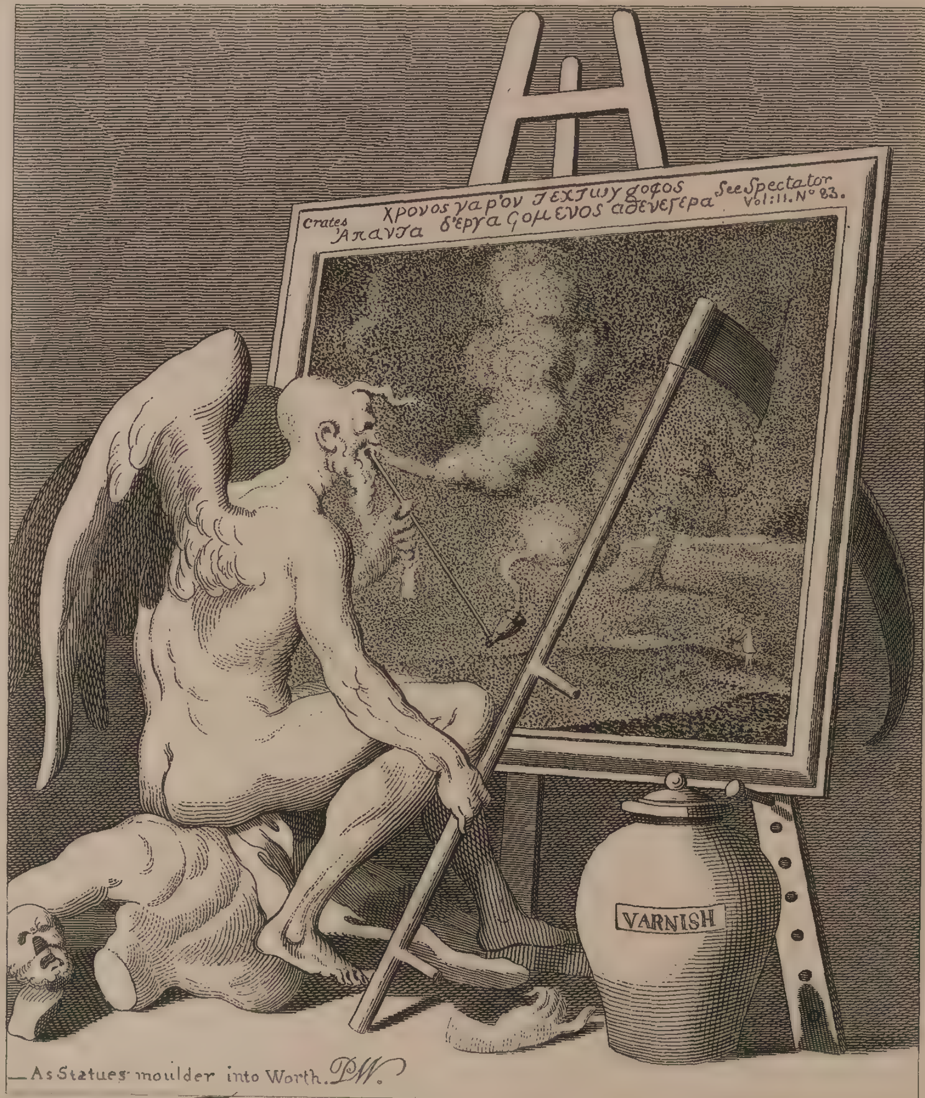
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan.^y 1.^st 1808.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

HOGARTH furnished two frontispieces for the very popular work of his friend Sterne, one in the early part of 1759, for the second volume; the other to illustrate the fourth volume, 1761.

The first of these is taken from the chapter in which Corporal Trim is represented reading a sermon to Tristram's father, Uncle Toby, and Dr. Slop—the latter is fallen asleep—and who was intended for Mr. John Burton, a physician of great eminence at York, well known as an able and industrious antiquary, and also as a sturdy Jacobite.

The second frontispiece represents the christening, so humorously described in the fourteenth chapter of the fourth volume of "Tristram Shandy."


Crates
Χρονος γαρ όυ τεχτων σοφος
Απαντα δ'εργα ζομενος αθενεϛερα
See Spectator
Vol: II. N° 83.
VARNISH
—As Statues moulder into Worth. P.W.

Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

To Nature and your self appeal,
Nor learn of others what, to feel. Anon

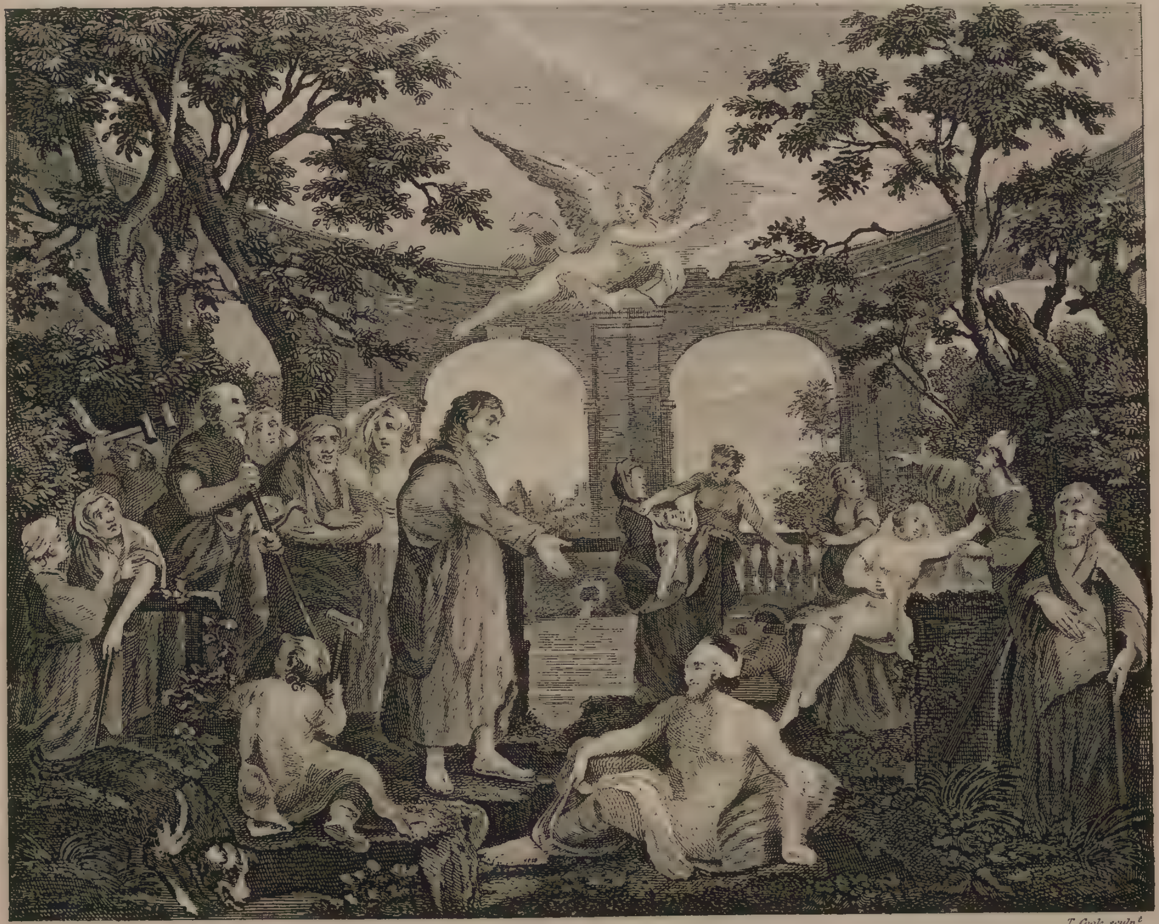
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1809.

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

THIS animated print was Hogarth's subscription ticket for Sigismonda, and is a satire on connoisseurs. It represents Time seated on a mutilated statue, and smoking a landscape, through which he has driven a scythe, to manifest its antiquity, not only by SOMBRE, cloudy tints, but also by a decayed canvass. "From a contempt," says Mr. Walpole, "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from never having studied, indeed having seen few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked his language until he believed it; and, after having asserted as true, that time gives a mellowness to colours, and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false." It must, however, be generally admitted, that Hogarth has admirably illustrated his own doctrine, and given a greater point to his burlesque, by introducing the fragments of a statue, under which is written—

> "As statues moulder into worth."—P. W.

The large jar labelled "Varnish," is characteristic.



Hogarth pinx^t

T. Cook sculp^t

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Sep^r 1st 1807.

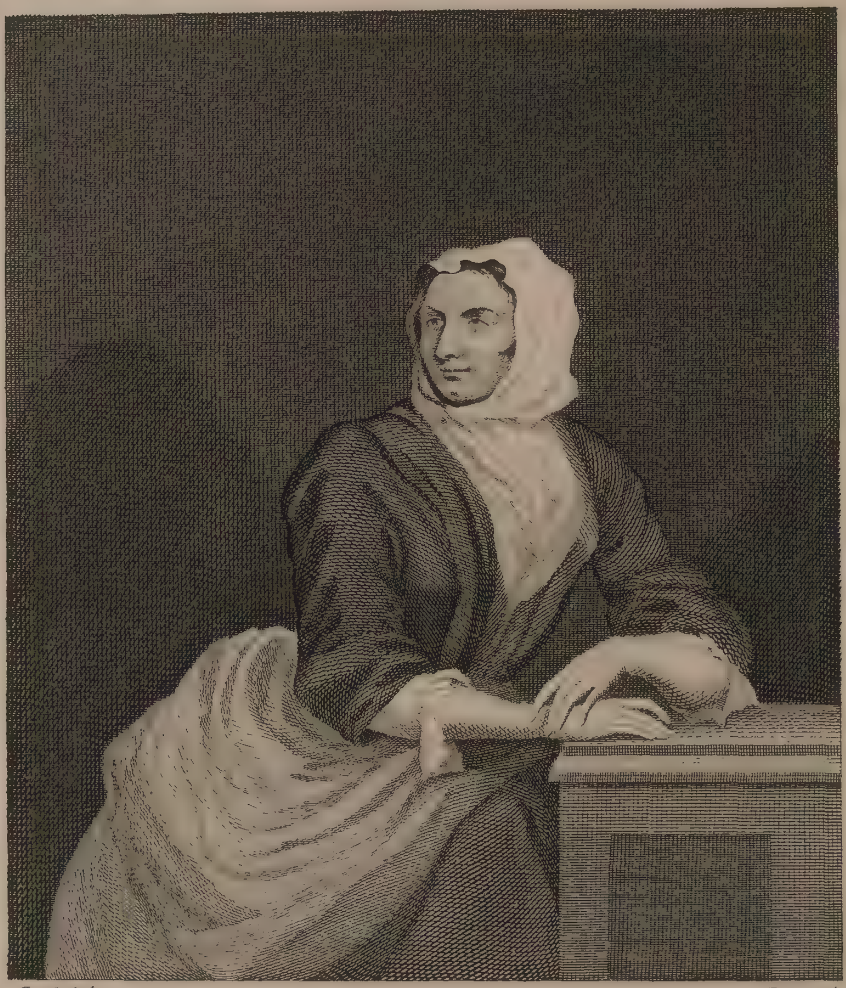
THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THIS print was engraved by Ravenet and Picot, in the same year with the "Good Samaritan." There was likewise a small print from this painting, executed by Ravenet, in 1748. Mr. Walpole justly observes, that "the burlesque turn of our artist's mind mixed itself with his most serious compositions; and that on the 'Pool of Bethesda,' a servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man (perhaps woman), who sought the same celestial remedy."

On the top of the staircase of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and just under the cornice, is the following inscription, "The Historical Paintings of this staircase were painted and given by William Hogarth, and the ornamental paintings at his expense, A. D. 1736." Both pictures, which appear of an oblong square in the engravings in the originals, are surrounded by scroll work, which cuts off the corners of them, &c. All these ornaments, together with compartments carved at the bottom, were the work of Mr. Richards. The late Alderman Boydell had the latter engraved on separate plates appended to those above them, on which sufficient space had not been left. While these pictures were in progress, it was announced that "among the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was lately chosen Mr. William Hogarth, the celebrated painter, who, we are told, designs to paint the staircase of the said hospital, and thereby become a benefactor to it by giving his labour gratis."

Hogarth requested that these pictures might never be varnished—they therefore appear to great disadvantage. The decoration about them having within these few years past been highly glazed.

The "Pool of Bethesda" has suffered much from the sun; and the "Good Samaritan," when cleaned about the year 1780, was pressed so hard against the straining frame, that several creases were made in the canvass.



Hogarth pinxt. *T. Cook sculpt.*

SARAH MALCOLM.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, March 1st 1807.

SARAH MALCOLM.

THIS woman was executed on Wednesday, the 7th of March, 1733, for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, Elizabeth Harrison, and Ann Price. The portrait of this murderess was painted by Hogarth, to whom she sat for her picture two days before her execution, having previously dressed herself in red for that purpose.

The circumstances attending the conviction and execution of this woman are briefly these:—

"On Sunday, February 4th, 1733, Mrs. Lydia Duncombe (aged 60), and Elizabeth Harrison, her companion, were found strangled, and Ann Price (her maid, aged 17), with her throat cut, at Mrs. Duncombe's apartments, in Tanfield Court in the Inner Temple. Sarah Malcolm (who was a charwoman) was, on the same evening, apprehended on the information of Mr. Kerrel, who had chambers on the same staircase, and who had found some bloody linen under his bed, and a silver tankard in a close stool, which she had concealed there.

"On her examination before Sir Richard Brocas, she confessed to sharing in the produce of the robbery, but declared herself innocent of the murders; asserting, upon oath, that Thomas and James Alexander, and Mary Tracy, were the principal parties in the whole transaction. Notwithstanding this, the coroner's jury brought in their verdict of wilful murder against Sarah Malcolm only, it not then appearing that any other person was concerned. Her confession they considered as a mere subterfuge, no one knowing such people as she pretended were her accomplices.

"A few days after, a boy about seventeen years of age was hired as a servant, by a person who kept the Red Lion ale-house, at Bridgewell Bridge; and hearing it said, in his master's house, that Sarah Malcolm had given information against one Thomas Alexander, his brother James, and Mary Tracy, said to his master:—'My name is James Alexander, and I have a brother named Thomas, and my mother nursed a woman where Sarah Malcolm lived.' Upon this acknowledgment, the master sent to Alstone, turnkey of Newgate; and the boy being confronted with Malcolm, she immediately charged him with being concealed under Mrs. Duncombe's bed, previously to letting in Tracy and his brother, by whom and himself the murders were committed. On this evidence he was detained; and frankly telling where his brother and Tracy were to be found, they also were taken into custody, and brought before Sir Richard Brocas. Here Malcolm persisted in her former asseverations; but the magistrate thought her unworthy of credit, and would have discharged them; but, being advised by some persons present to act with more caution, committed them all to Newgate. Their distress was somewhat alleviated by the gentlemen of the Temple Society, who, fully convinced of their innocence, allowed each of them one shilling per diem during the time of their confinement.

"Though Malcolm's presence of mind seemed to have forsaken her at the time when she lurked about the Temple, without making any attempt to escape, leaving the produce of her theft in situations that rendered discovery inevitable; she, by the time of trial, recovered her recollection, made a most acute and ingenious defence, and cross-examined the witnesses like one bred to the bar. The circumstances were, however, so clear, as to leave no doubt in the minds of the court, and the jury brought in their verdict—guilty.

"On Wednesday, the 7th of March, about ten in the morning, she was taken in a cart from Newgate to the place of execution, facing Mitre Court, Fleet Street, and there suffered death on a gibbet erected for the occasion. She was neatly dressed in a crape mourning gown, white apron, sarcenet hood, and black gloves; carried her head aside with an air of affectation, and was said to be painted. She was attended by Dr. Middleton, of St. Bride's, her friend, Mr. Peddington, and Guthrie, the Ordinary of Newgate. She appeared devout and penitent, and earnestly requested Peddington would print a paper she had given him* the night before, which contained, not a confession of the murder, but protestations of her innocence, and a recapitulation of what she had before said relative to the Alexanders, &c. This wretched woman, though only twenty-five years of age, was so lost to all sense of her situation, as to rush into eternity with a lie upon her lips. She much wished to see Mr. Kerrel, and acquitted him of every imputation thrown out at her trial.

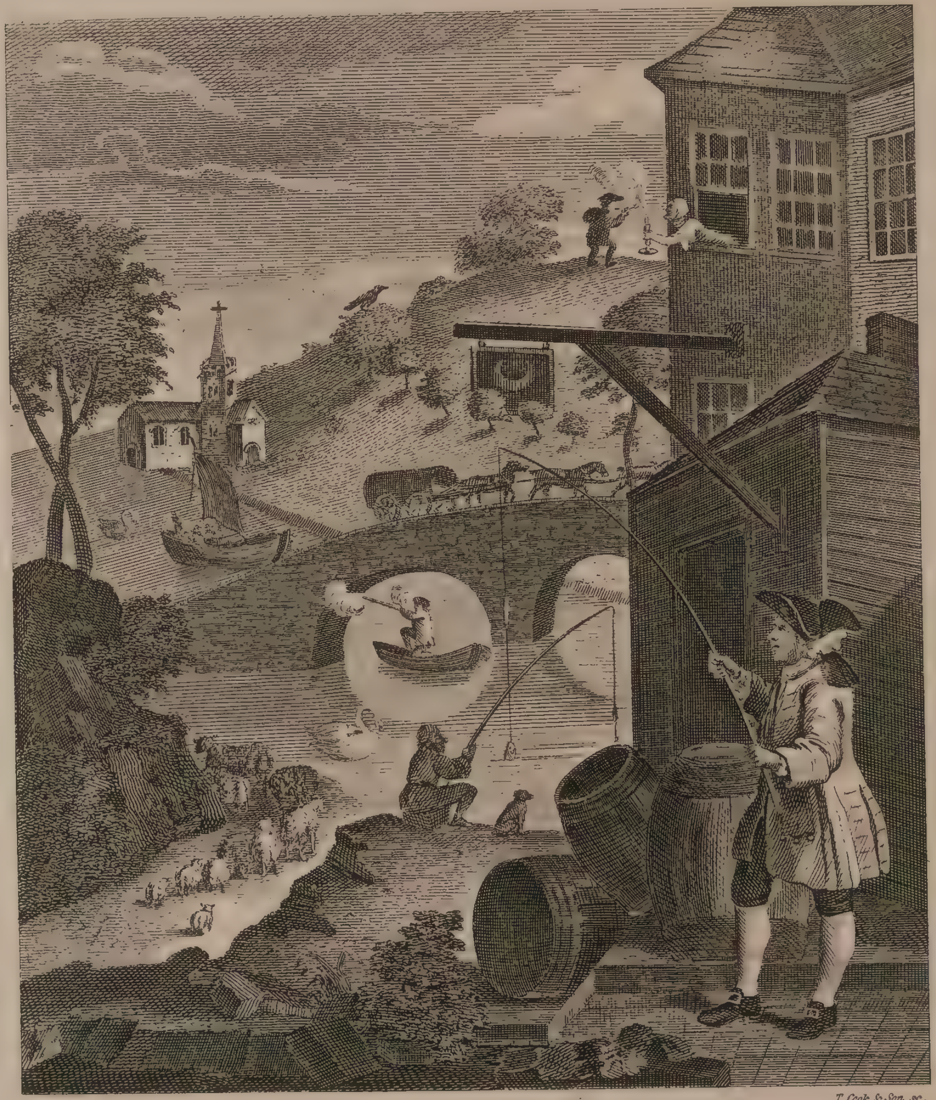
"After she had conversed some time with the ministers, and the executioner began to do his duty, she fainted away; but recovering, was in a short space afterwards executed. Her corpse was carried to an undertaker's on Snow Hill, where multitudes of people resorted, and gave money to see it; among the rest a gentleman in deep mourning kissed her, and gave the attendants half a crown.

"Professor Martin dissected this notorious murderess, and afterwards presented her skeleton, in a glass case, to the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge, where it still remains."

Besides the present portrait, Hogarth executed a full length one of this atrocious offender: from which it should seem probable that the artist painted her twice. There is also a figure of her cut on wood in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1733, slightly differing from our engraving.

---

* This paper he sold for twenty pounds! and the substance of it was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1733, p. 137.



Hogarth pinxt

T. Cook & Son sc.

FRONTISPIECE TO KERBY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov.r 1st 1808.

FALSE PERSPECTIVE.

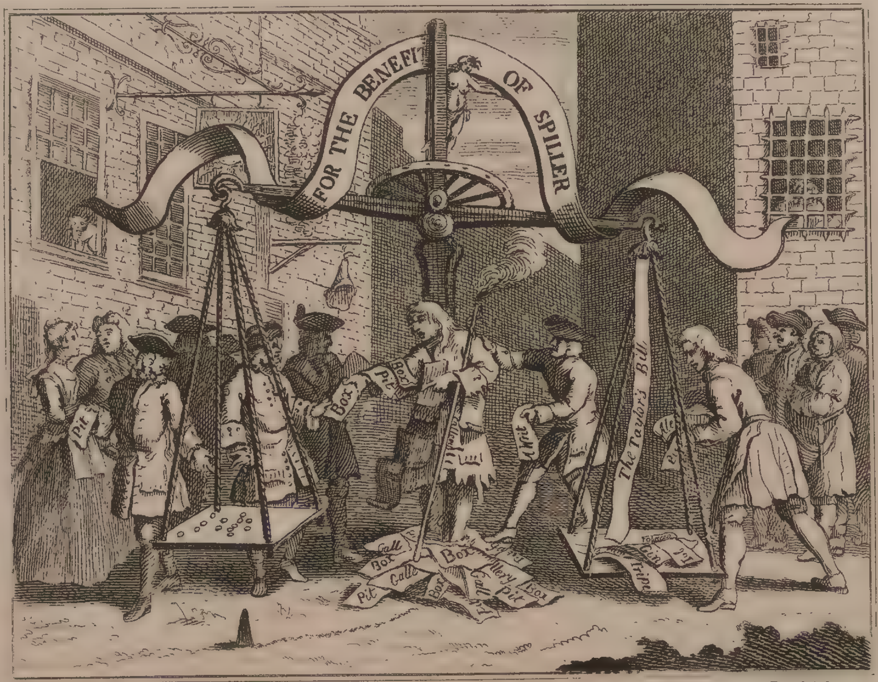
Early in the year 1753, Hogarth presented to his friend Mr. Joshua Kirby, this whimsical satirical design; which arose from the mistakes of Sir Edward Walpole, who was learning to draw, without being taught perspective: an anecdote recorded by Mr. Steevens, on Sir Edward's own authority.

To point out in a strong light the errors which would be likely to happen from want of acquaintance with those principles, Hogarth's design was produced.

A traveller is represented on an eminence, lighting his pipe from a candle presented to him by a woman from a window at least half a mile off. We are also astonished at the representation, near it, of a crow seated on the bough of a tree, without incommoding, by its weight, the tender sprouts issuing from its branches; and our astonishment increases when we recollect that this tree, if weighed in the balance with the bird, would hardly be found to preponderate. The tree on which the feathered animal is so securely stationed, is, however, of a much greater height and magnitude than those which are nearer, and which gradually diminish as they approach the foreground. The sheep, taking an example from the tree, are very large at a distance, and regularly become less by their proximity, the nearest being almost invisible. Both ends of the church, as well as the top and the whole of one side, are clearly seen. To take the view which Hogarth has drawn, we must, at the same time, be above, at each end, and in front of the church; but he does not favour us with a sight of the road on the bridge, which the vessel seems determined to sail over, while the wagon and horses appear floating on the other side. A fellow in a boat nearly under the bridge, is attempting to shoot a swan on the other side of it, though as he is placed, he cannot possibly have a view of it. The wagon and horses which are supposed on the bridge, are more distant than the trees which grow on the farther side.

Many other absurdities are visible in this curious perspective view, which cannot escape observation,—such as the sign-post extending to a house at the distance of half a mile, and the remote row of trees concealing part of the nearer sign of the half-moon; the angler's line interfering with another belonging to his patient brother, though at a considerable distance from each other—the tops and bottoms of the barrels being equally visible.

The favour of this communication was gratefully acknowledged by Kirby, who, in 1754, prefixed it to Dr. Brook Taylor's "Method of Perspective made Easy, both in Theory and Practice," with a dedication to Hogarth, who subsequently furnished him with a serious design for it.


FOR THE BENEFIT OF SPILLER
The Taylor's Bill
Box
Pit
Gall
Gin
Tripe
Pit
Box
Gall
Box
Pit

Hogarth pinx^t

T Cook & Son sc

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, April 1st 1806

SPILLER'S TICKET.

Here we find the talent of Hogarth called forth in the service of humanity, and to the aid of this son of mirth, who, about the year 1728, appears to have been reduced to penury and great distress.

The annexed copy of an unique print was engraved for the benefit of poor Spiller, the Shuter of his day. On this small print the artist has bestowed great attention: the workings of the face of this comedian, although so very diminutive, are yet so nicely discriminated as to become a real portrait. Nor has he failed in displaying that wit and humour in which his greater works so much abound. The anxiety in Spiller to get rid of his tickets, and dread of the impending danger from the urgency of his creditors, is forcibly represented in every turn of his countenance. The conceit of the money scale not preponderating against tradesmen's bills, and leaving the poor comedian no alternative but to linger in a jail, or to be shot at as a soldier, is happily executed, and worthy the pencil of its author. The style of engraving in the original print may be ranked as one of the best of Hogarth's works. As the biography of a player seldom outlives the remembrance of his contemporaries, some information relative to this singular character may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

This theatrical hero was the son of a Gloucestershire carrier, and was born in 1699. The father having acquired some property, apprenticed this his only son to a Mr. Ross, a landscape painter. In his profession he is said to have made some progress; but, as no specimens of his talents have been handed down, to our knowledge, we cannot speak concerning his merits in that line. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he engaged in a strolling company, where comedy being his *forte*, he sometimes burlesqued Alexander the Great, and other characters of that sort. In London his comic talents were better understood and more amply encouraged. We find him in many of his humorous parts rivalling Pinkethman, of facetious memory, and of whom Sir Richard Steele observes, "that Pinkey made a living of his face."

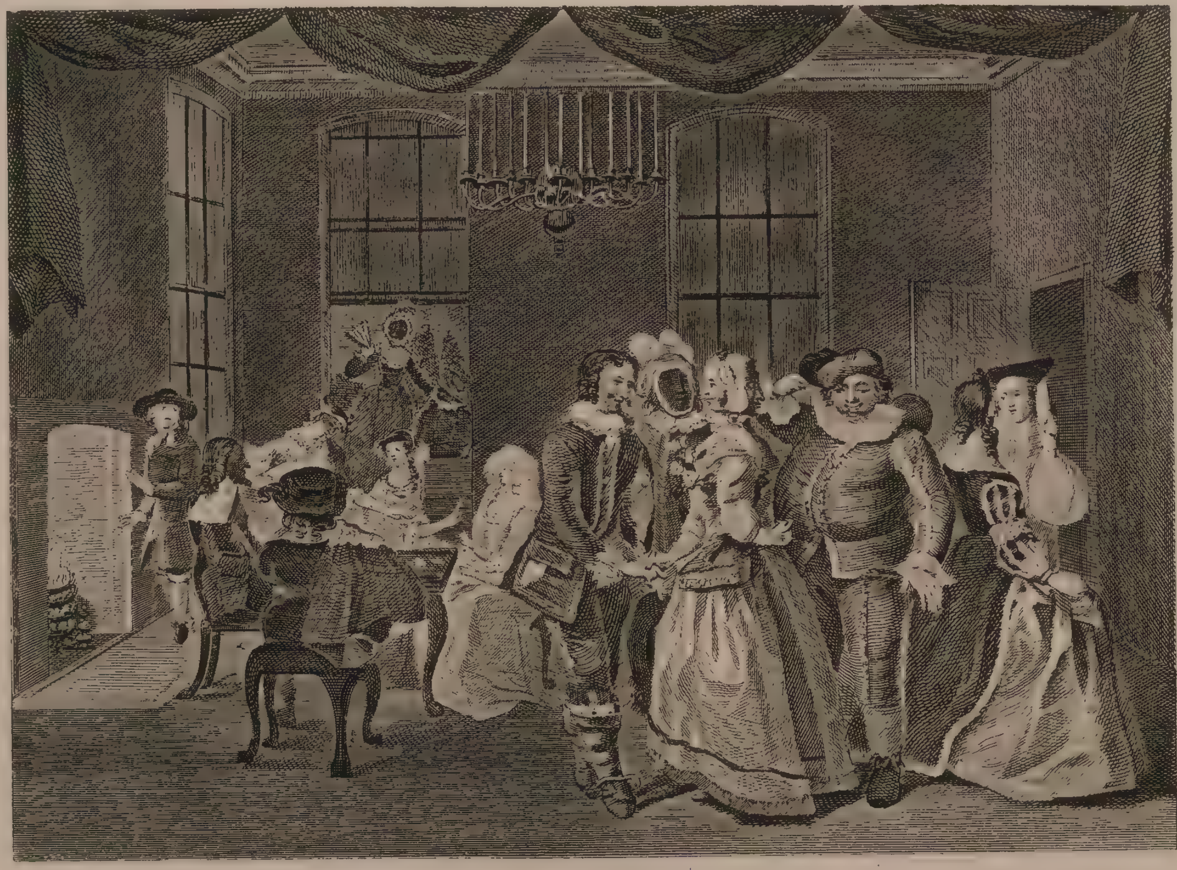
Spiller was not only the rival of Pinkethman, but we are told he once picked his pocket, when asleep, at the Gun Tavern, Billingsgate, of his part, the character of the Cobbler, written for him by Johnson, and which he was then studying.

With this treasure, Spiller hastened to his friend Bullock, the comedian, and manager of Lincoln's-Inn Fields Theatre, who was likewise an author. Bullock received it graciously, and without scruple applied the theft to his own use, by preparing a piece on the same subject, called "The Cobbler of Preston," and this he was enabled to produce a fortnight before the other house could prepare their drama for the stage.

In such repute was Spiller held as a comedian when he was only twenty-three years of age, that we are told plays were written expressly for him.

He was famed for a species of low wit, perhaps more in taste of those than of the present times. The following coarse jest is imputed to him, and may serve as a specimen. Being one day upbraided for his poverty, when his salary was superior to most of his fellow-comedians, particularly by a certain Italian female, who made a considerable figure on a small theatrical stipend, he observed, that "what made her rich, kept him perpetually in want."

The wit of Spiller seems not to have been the effect of wine only; for in his sober moments, and even in pain, the effusions of it would sometimes break forth; and we are told that one day, behind the scenes, in a raging fit of the toothache, on the barber of the theatre offering to relieve him, he replied, "I cannot spare one tooth now, friend; but after the 10th June (the time of the house shutting) you may have them all; I shall then have no further occasion for them, as I shall have nothing to eat."

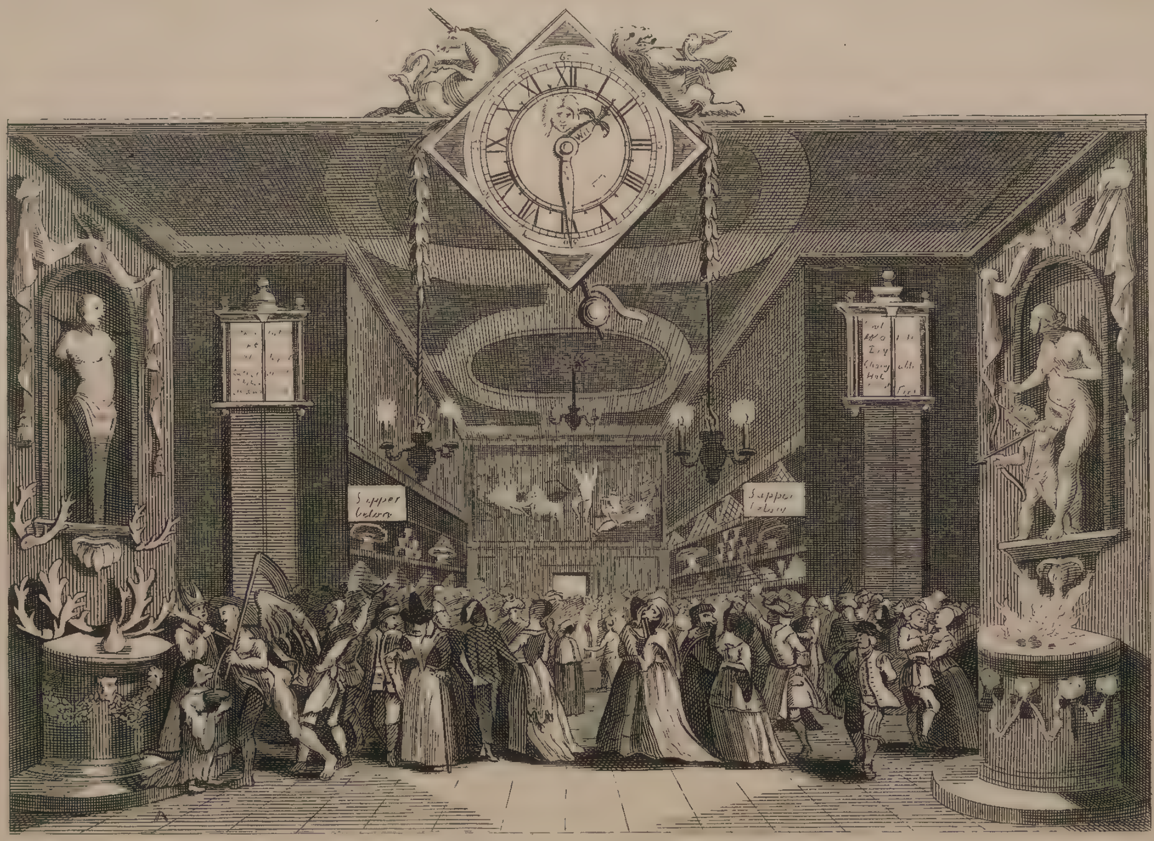


MASQUERADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE ROYAL MASQUERADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THIS very interesting scene, which occurred in 1755, is thus anticipated by Mr. Walpole, December 24, 1754. "The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince, (the Czar Paul I.) The King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal nephew (Henry Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded), who replied, "Not for half Russia."

The print abounds with portraits of personages of the first distinction; of whom several may be identified by the following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 25, page 89:—"The Russian ambassador gave a most magnificent ball at Somerset House. His Majesty came a little after eight o'clock, dressed in a black domino, tie wig, and gold laced hat. Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, was in a blue and silver robe, and her head highly ornamented with jewels. The Prince of Wales was in a pink and silver dress. Prince Edward in a pink satin waistcoat, with a belt adorned with diamonds. Princess Augusta in a rich gold stuff. The Duke of Cumberland was in a Turkish dress with a large bunch of diamonds in his turban. A noble lady shone in the habit of a nymph, embroidered over with stars studded with brilliants to the amount of £100,000. In short, the dresses of the whole assembly were the richest that could possibly be devised upon such an occasion, and the whole entertainment, particularly the dessert, was the most elegant that expense could furnish. Few exhibitions of this kind have equalled it—none have excelled it. The number of persons present was upwards of one thousand."



Supper below
Supper below
A

Masquerade Ticket

A. a ſacrifice to Priapus. B a pair of Lecherometers ſhewing y^e Companys Inclinations as they approach em. Invented for the uſe of Ladys & Gentlemen by y^e Ingenious M^r H------r

LARGE MASQUERADE TICKET.

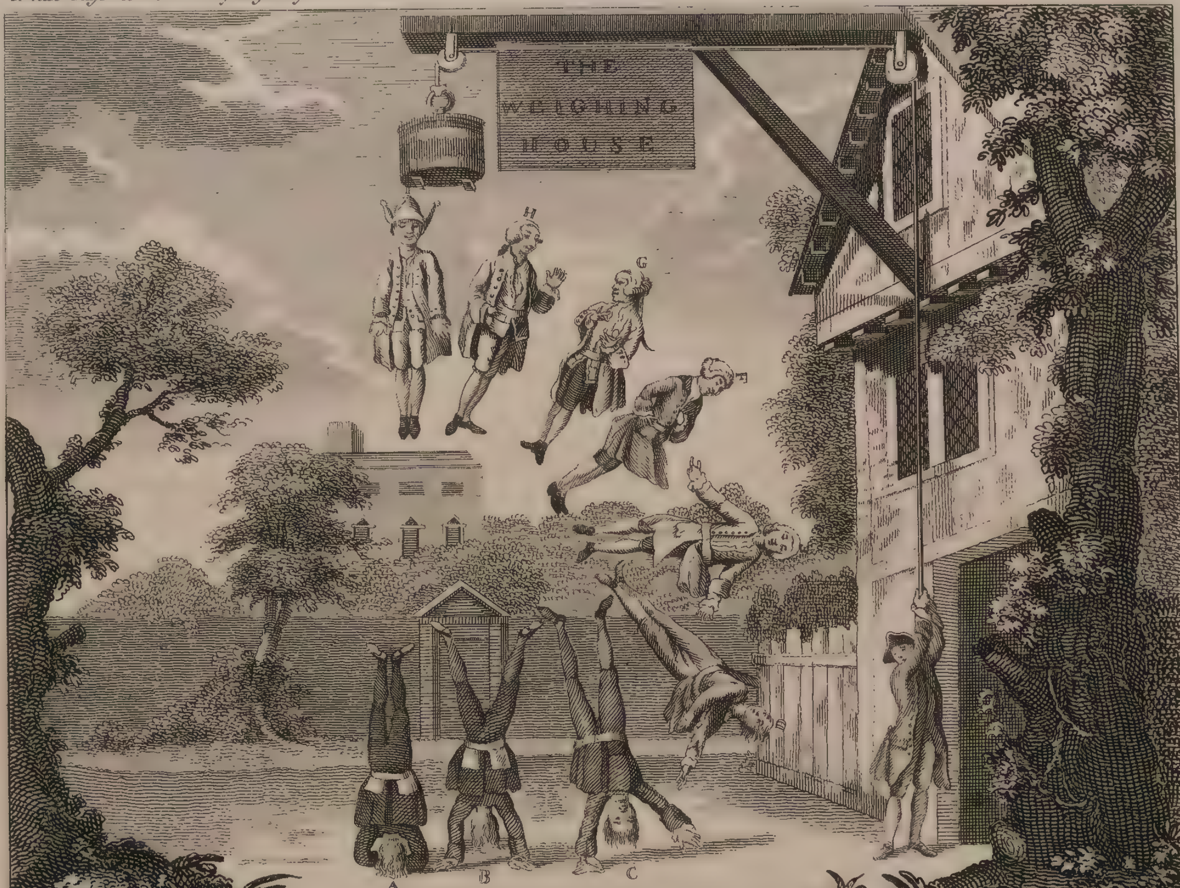
As the Print called the Masquerade Ticket represents a large company eagerly pressing to the door of a masquerade, we have here the interior of the room, crowded with a countless number of grotesque characters.

The titular divinity of the gardens being considered as the god of their idolatry, his Term is entitled to the first notice. The arched niche in which it is placed is terminated by a goat's head, ornamented with a pair of branching antlers, and decorated with festooned curtains. Beneath is an altar, the base of which is relieved with ram's heads and flowers; and three pairs of stags' horns are fixed to the top. As a companion to it, the united statues of a Venus and Cupid, both of them masked, are placed on the opposite side of the print. Cupid, who is a very well drawn figure, has bent his bow to shoot at random; and Venus seems contemplating the rise and fall of the mercury in one of those instruments, which the reference informs us is to show the inclinations of all that approach it. The niche in which the Divinities are placed, is not only decorated with curtains, but crowned with cooing doves. An altar beneath has on it three or four bleeding hearts, which, being close to the blaze, are in the way of being broiled. On the base are queue wigs, bag wigs, &c.

The motley crew, who make up the crowd, it is not easy to describe, for every one present assumes a false character. Here we have priests of all persuasions—brahmins, friars, drones, monks, and monkeys not a few. The figure of Time, with his scythe, eagerly pressing towards the altar with ram's heads, is arrested in his course by a sort of slaughterman, with a mask, shaven crown, and short apron, who violently grasps his wing with one hand, and with the other lifts up a hatchet, which, with fatal force, he aims at his head. For sanctuary, this feeble figure lays hold of one of the horns of the altar; but is frustrated in his attempt to reach the steps by a Bishop, who, with a sacrificing knife, coolly stabs him to the heart; while a monkey, in the habit of a chorister, holds a basin to catch the blood, the fumes of which he snuffs up with ineffable delight. This Mr. Ireland supposed to be a metaphorical view of a Prelate killing time at a masquerade. Next to this group is a Mother Shipton, hooking on the arms of a Clown; and near them a

Harlequin, endeavouring to draw the attention of a graceful Columbine from a turbaned Turk, who attempts to seduce her from her party-coloured gallant. A female, with the mask of a monkey's head, salutes a man in a black veil; and, while an old Capuchin, with the face of an ape, whispers soft things to a young girl, a fellow, something like the famed Siddy Doll, draws up her head-dress to a point like a fool's cap. A man in the right-hand corner, solicitous to give a glass of wine to one of the sisterhood, lifts up her veil for the purpose of her drinking it

To face Page 23. Vol. I. Physiognomy.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

A. *absolute Gravity.* **B. Conatus** *against absolute Gravity.*
C. *partial Gravity.* **D.** *comparative Gravity.*
E. *horizontal, or good Sence.* **F.** *Wit.* **G.** *comparative Levity, or Coxcomb.* **H.** *partial Levity, or pert Fool.* **I.** *absolute Levity, or Stark Fool.*

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan.y 1.st 1809.

THE WEIGHING-HOUSE.

THIS print was designed by Hogarth, and engraved by Sullivan, to illustrate a humorous pamphlet, which was published early in 1763, by the Rev. Mr. Clubbe, Rector of Whatfield, and Vicar of Debenham, under the title of "Physiognomy: being a sketch of a larger work upon the same plan; wherein the different tempers, passions, and manners of men, will be particularly considered." In return for the compliment paid to the author by this design, the pamphlet was thus very handsomely inscribed:—

"To WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.

"SIR,

"The author begs leave, with the greatest respect, to put the following performance into your hands, some parts of which, he flatters himself, may amuse you, and the dullest, he hopes, will at least lull you to rest; a favourable circumstance that attends few pamphlets—for how many have we in the compass of a year, that, like the clickings of a spider behind the wainscot, neither keep us quite awake, nor let us sleep sound!

"His pretensions, which must also be his apology for taking the liberty, he derives from the nature of his subject; for (though at an immense distance in the execution) he fancies he bears some kind of a relation to you in his design, which is, to ridicule those characters that more serious admonitions cannot amend.

"How happy you are in your portraits of folly, all, but the subjects of them, confess; and your more moral pieces, none but the abandoned disapprove. We cannot, perhaps, point to the very man or woman who have been saved from ruin by them, yet we may fairly conclude, from their general tendency, many have; for such cautionary exhibitions correct without the harshness of reproof, and are felt and remembered when rigid dogmatizings are rejected and forgotten.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

"Your Harlot's and Rake's Progress strike the mind with horror and detestation! Every scene, but the first of Innocence, is an alarming representation of the fatal consequences of immorality and profuseness! You very justly give them not a moment of rational and true enjoyment. And herein you excel the very ingenious author of the Beggar's Opera, who suffers his profligate crew to be happy too long, and takes them off at last without leaving sufficient abhorrence behind among the spectators.

"Your yet more serious pieces are elevated and sublimed into a beauty of holiness, fit for the sacred places of their destination.

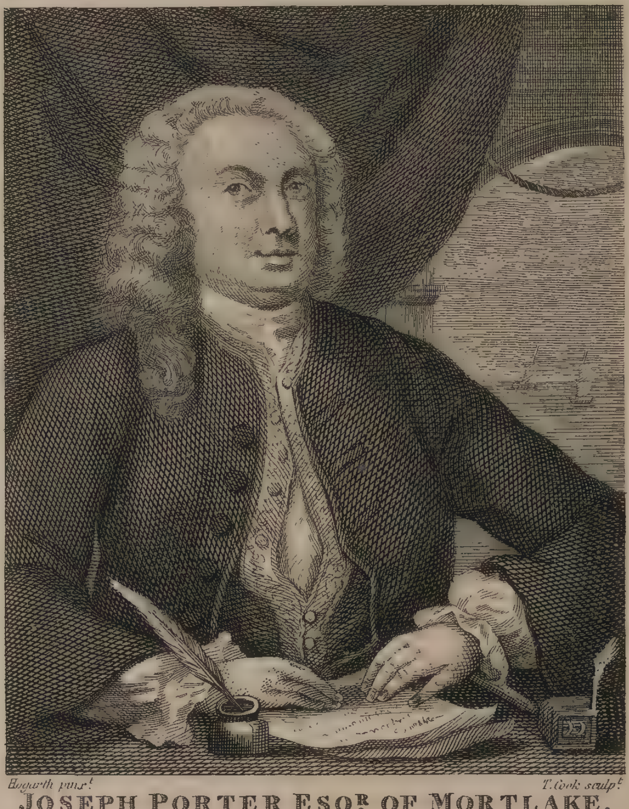
"Your pieces of mere amusement are so natural and striking, that a man cannot look at them without fancying himself one of the company: he forgets they are pictures, and rushes into their diversions as in real life.

"In truth, Sir, you have found out the philosopher's wished-for key to every man's breast, or you have, by some means or other, found a way to break open the lock. Zopydus could hit off (if it was his own sagacity) a failing or two in a modest philosopher, who was ready to confess before he was accused; but you have brought to public view the lurking wickedness of man's heart intrenched in hardiness and obstinacy, and enveloped in the sanctimonious veil of studied and deep-covered hypocrisy.

"While you, Sir, live, which the author hopes will be many years, he thinks to postpone the commencement of his scheme of weighing men's understandings, passions, &c.; for no man would slowly trace by a mechanical apparatus, what you can instantaneously discover by intuition.

"The author begs to be considered as one among your many, many thousand admirers; and to subscribe himself, Sir, your devoted and most obedient humble servant,

"N. N."



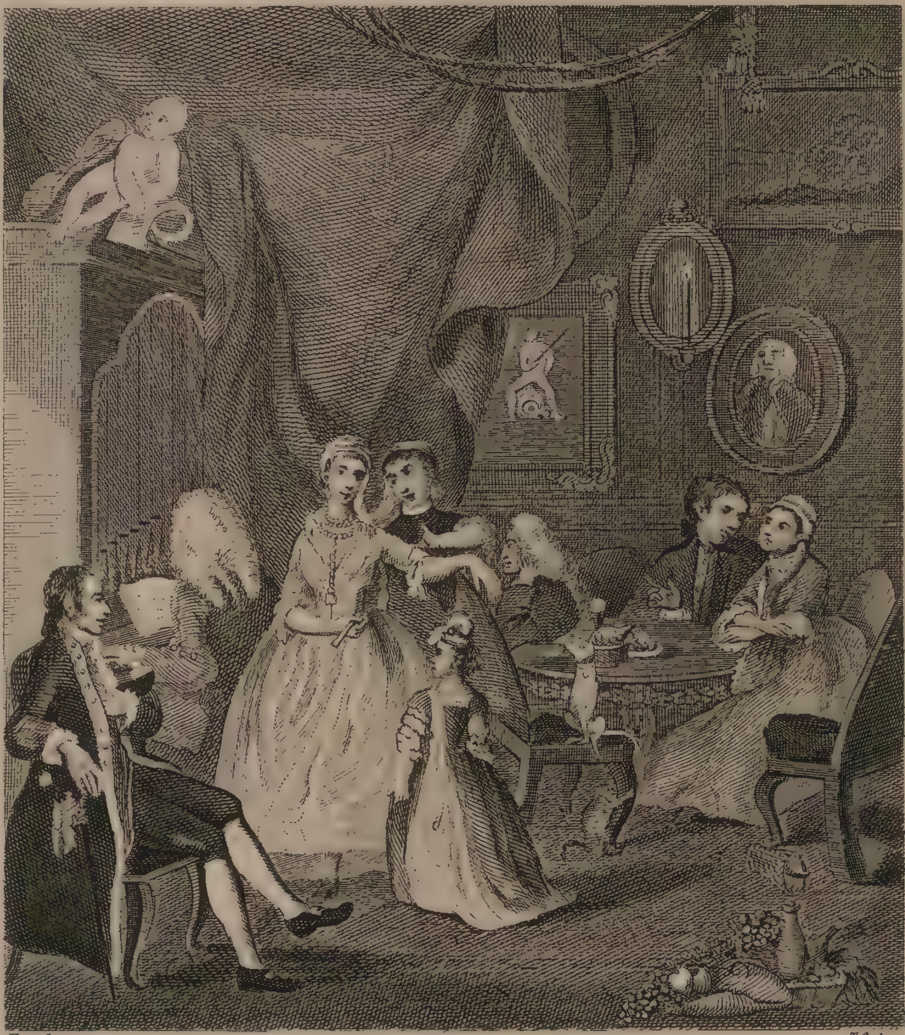
Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

JOSEPH PORTER ESQ^{R} OF MORTLAKE,
From a Drawing taken from the Original Picture in 1807.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st 1809.

JOSEPH PORTER.

Portrait of Joseph Porter, Esq., of Mortlake, a Hamburgh merchant.



Hogarth pinx. T. Cook sc.

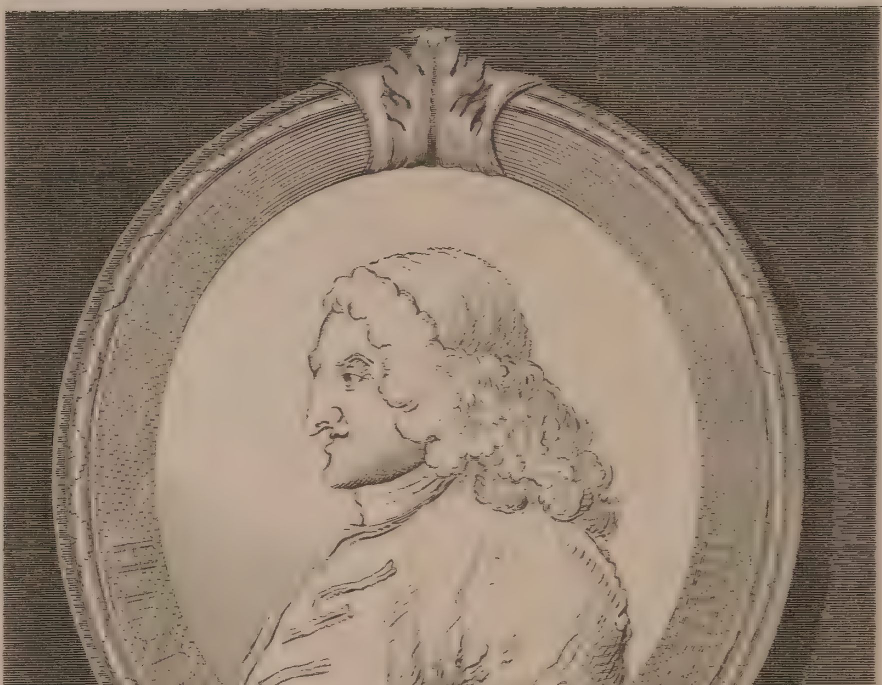
A MUSICAL STUDY.

from an original Painting in the possession of M^r. Nichols.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Nov. 1st 1809.

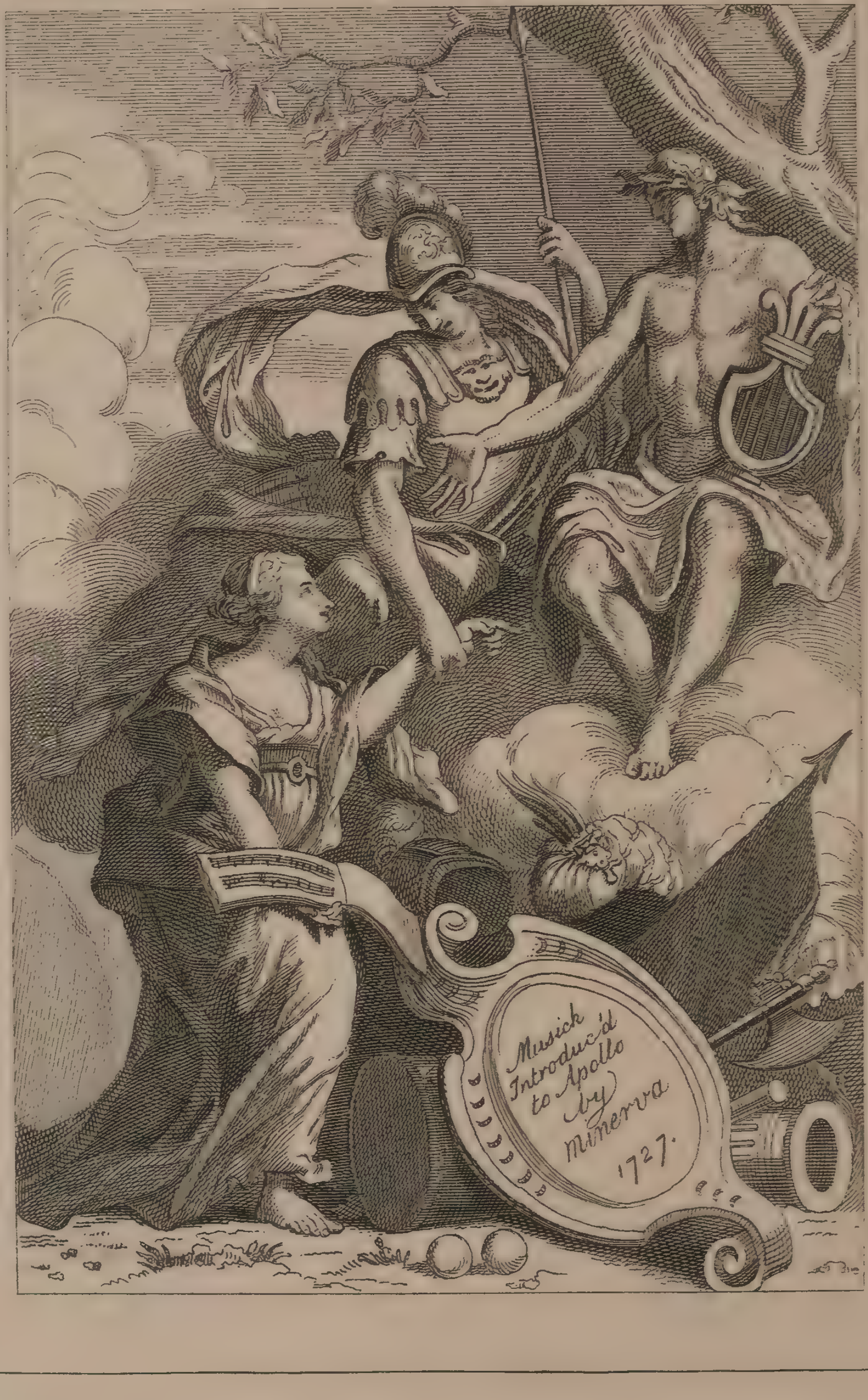
A MUSICAL STUDY.

A MUSICAL study. Handel at the harpsichord, &c., with portraits of Farinelli, Mrs. Fox Lane, and a family of distinction in Cheshire.



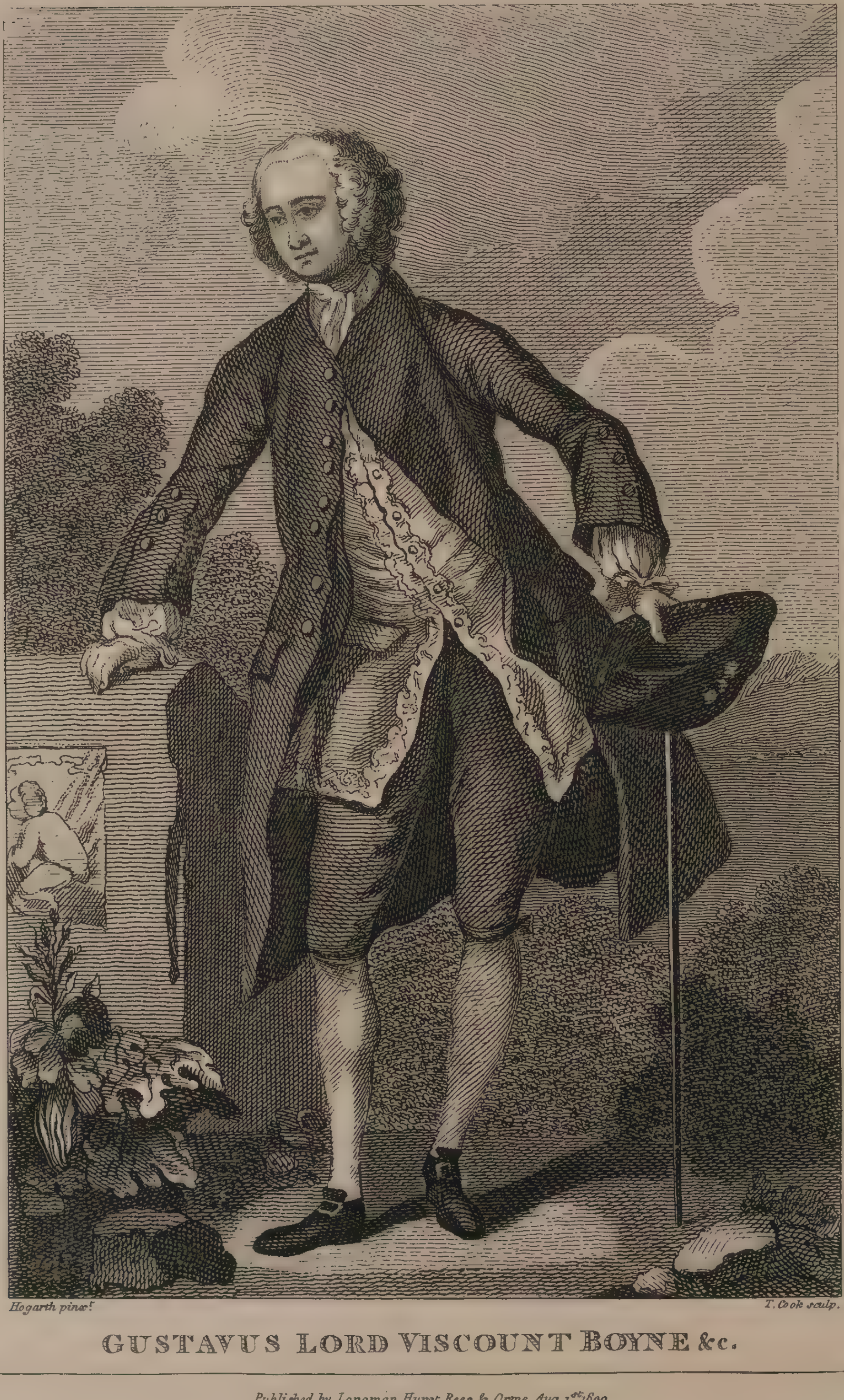
HENRY FIELDING.

Henry Fielding, Ætatis 48. This head was begun and finished by our artist in the presence of his wife and another lady. He had no assistance but from his own memory; which, on such occasions, was remarkably tenacious.


Musick
Introduc'd
to Apollo
by
Minerva
1727.

MUSIC INTRODUCED TO APOLLO BY MINERVA.

Music introduced to Apollo by Minerva. Frontispiece to some book of music, or ticket for a concert. I can venture to affirm from unquestionable authority, that this print is a mere copy from the frontispiece to a more ancient book of music. The composer's name has escaped my memory.



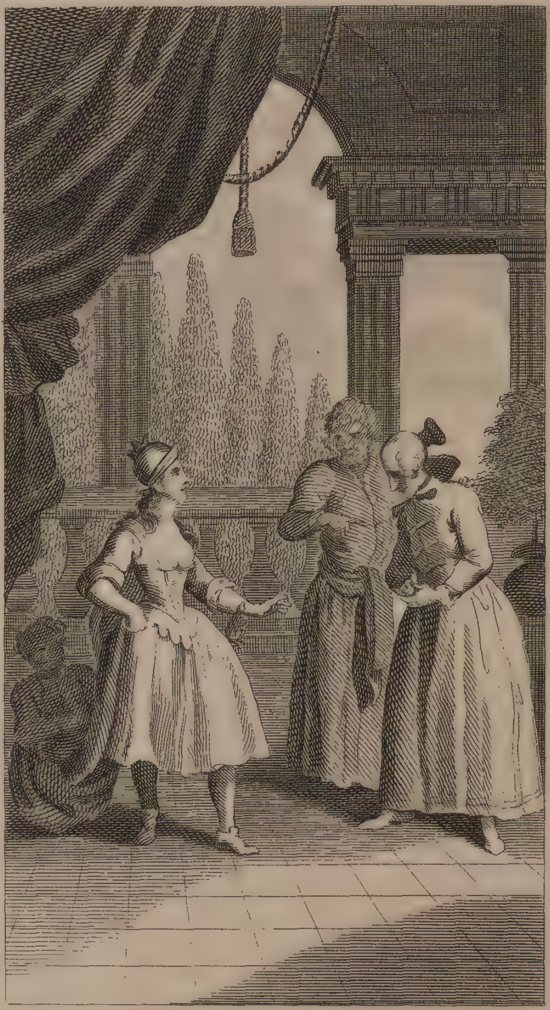
Hogarth pinx^t. T. Cook sculp.

GUSTAVUS LORD VISCOUNT BOYNE &c.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Aug. 1st 1809.

VISCOUNT BOYNE.

The Right Honourable (Gustavus Hamilton) Lord Viscount Boyne, &c., &c. Whole length.



Hogarth pinx^t *T. Cook & Son sc.*

GULLIVER PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF BABILARY.

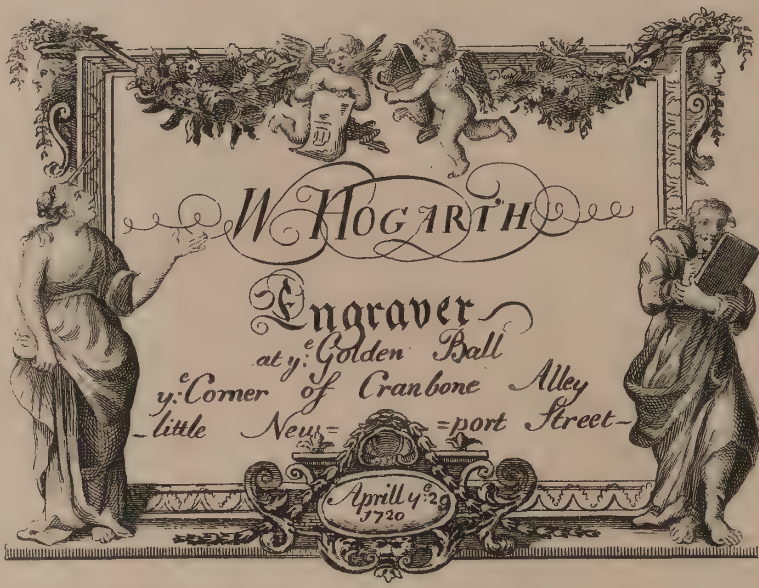
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov^r 1st 1808.

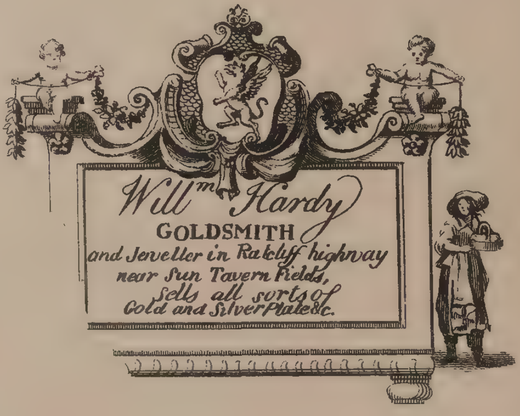
GULLIVER PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF BABILARY.

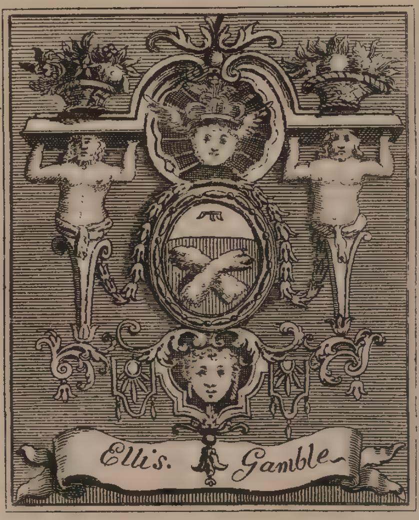
It is the frontispiece to the "Travels of Mr. John Gulliver," son of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, a translation from the French,* by Mr. Lockman. This is a wretched design, but there is as much merit in the print as in the work to which it belongs.

---

* The original work is ascribed to the celebrated "Abbé de St. Fontaine." A translation, to that very ingenious gentleman, Mr. Lockman.


W. HOGARTH
Engraver
at ye: Golden Ball
ye: Corner of Cranbone Alley
little New=port Street
Aprill ye: 29 1720


Willm Hardy
GOLDSMITH
and Jeveller in Ratcliff highvay
near Sun Tavern Fields,
Sells all sorts of
Gold and Silver Plate &c.


Ellis. Gamble

SHOP BILL.

"W. Hogarth, Engraver, at ye Golden Ball, ye corner of Cranbourne Alley, Little Newport Street. April ye 29, 1720."*

"William Hardy, Goldsmith and Jeweller, on Ratcliff Highway, near Sun Tavern Fields, sells all sorts of Gold and Silver Plate."

CARD,

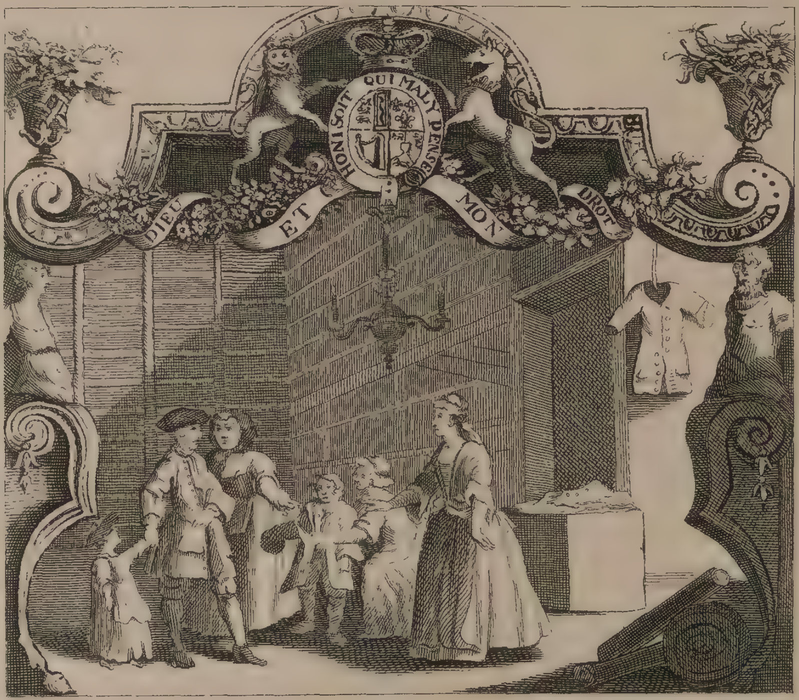
FOR ELLIS GAMBLE,

Is one of Hogarth's earliest productions. When the nature of the profession in which he was destined to drudge is considered, this early attempt at an exertion of taste must be admitted as a strong mark of genius in his uncultivated mind. The introducing of the head of Mercury above the shield is happily applied to the nature of a busy trade in which his employer was closely engaged; and is an idea rather above the capacity of young artists in general at so early a period, especially when placed in this humble branch of the profession. The ornaments introduced have a superior degree of invention, and even elegance, particularly in the disposition of the festoons of husks and leaves that are suspended round the shield.

* "This small card has an abundant share of merit in its execution; nor has it less in the taste of its decoration. The female figure is looking up towards a boy, who is probably meant allegorically to express design or invention, and the figure of the old man writing, on the opposite side, possibly that of history.

"These allusions presage, in no small degree, that dawn of thinking and quickness of imagination which, at a later period in life, we find ripened into so vigorous a mind as to display its effusions at least in one line of his profession, without competition.

"An impression of it has been sold for the enormous sum of £25."


HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

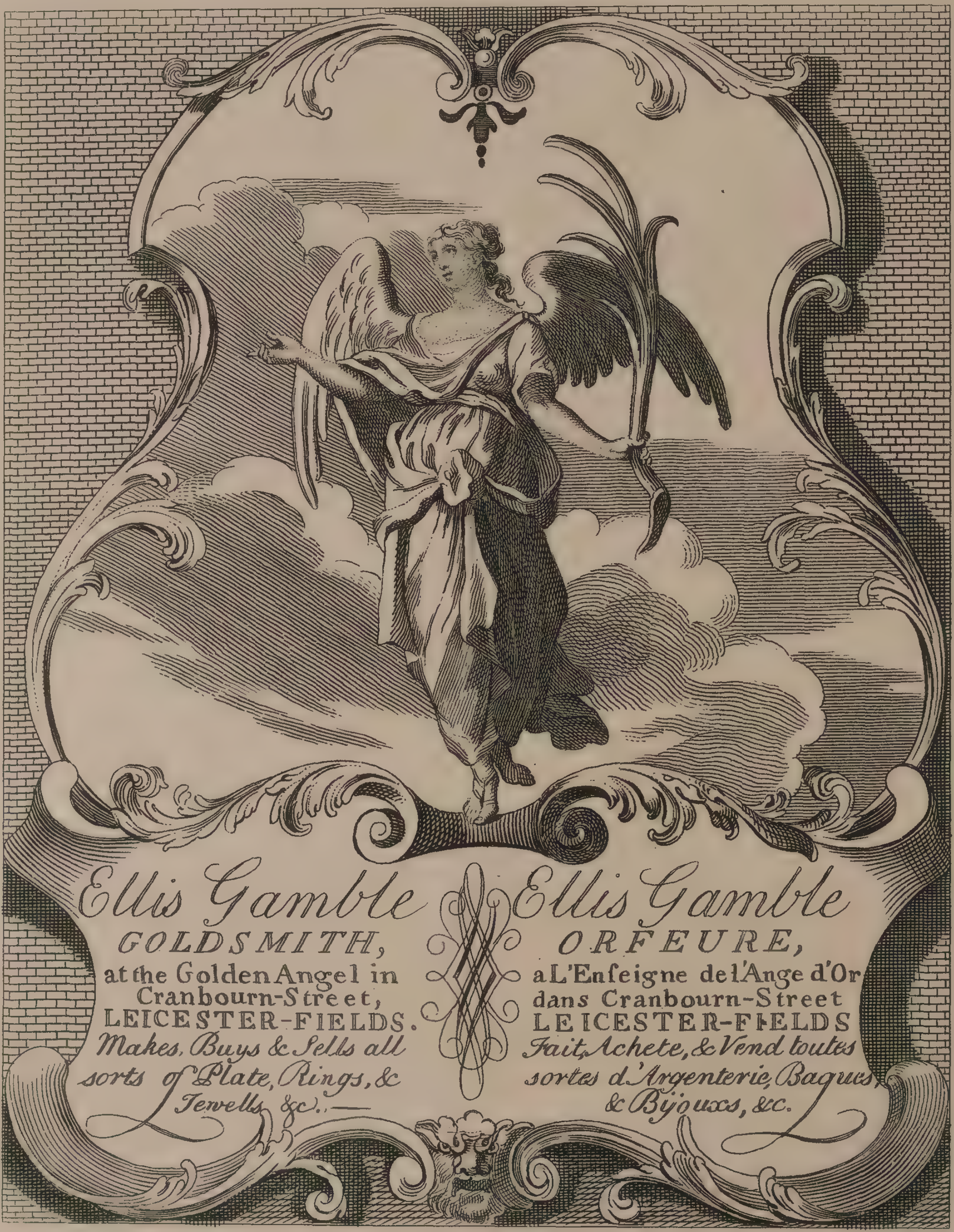
Mary & Ann Hogarth

from the old Frock-shop the corner of the
Long Walk facing the Cloysters, Removed
to y^{e} Kings Arms joyning to y^{e} Little Britain-
gate near Long Walk Sells y^{e} best & moſt Faſhi-
onable Ready Made Frocks, sutes of Fuſtian,
Ticken & Holland, stript Dimmity & Flan̄el
Waſtcoats, blue & canvas Frocks & bluecoat Boys Drã^{rs},
Likewise Fustians, Tickens, Hollands, white
stript Dim̄itys, white & stript Flanels in y^{e} piece;
by Wholeſale or Retale, at Reaſonable Rates.

SHOP BILL,

MARY AND ANN HOGARTH.

A Shop Bill for his two sisters, who for many years kept a linen draper's, or rather, what is called a slop shop.



Ellis Gamble
GOLDSMITH,
at the Golden Angel in
Cranbourn-Street,
LEICESTER-FIELDS.
Makes, Buys & Sells all
sorts of Plate, Rings, &c
Jewells &c.—

Ellis Gamble
ORFEURE,
a L'Enſeigne de l'Ange d'Or
dans Cranbourn-Street
LEICESTER-FIELDS
Fait, Achete, & Vend toutes
sortes d'Argenterie, Bagues,
& Bijouxs, &c.

SHOP BILL,

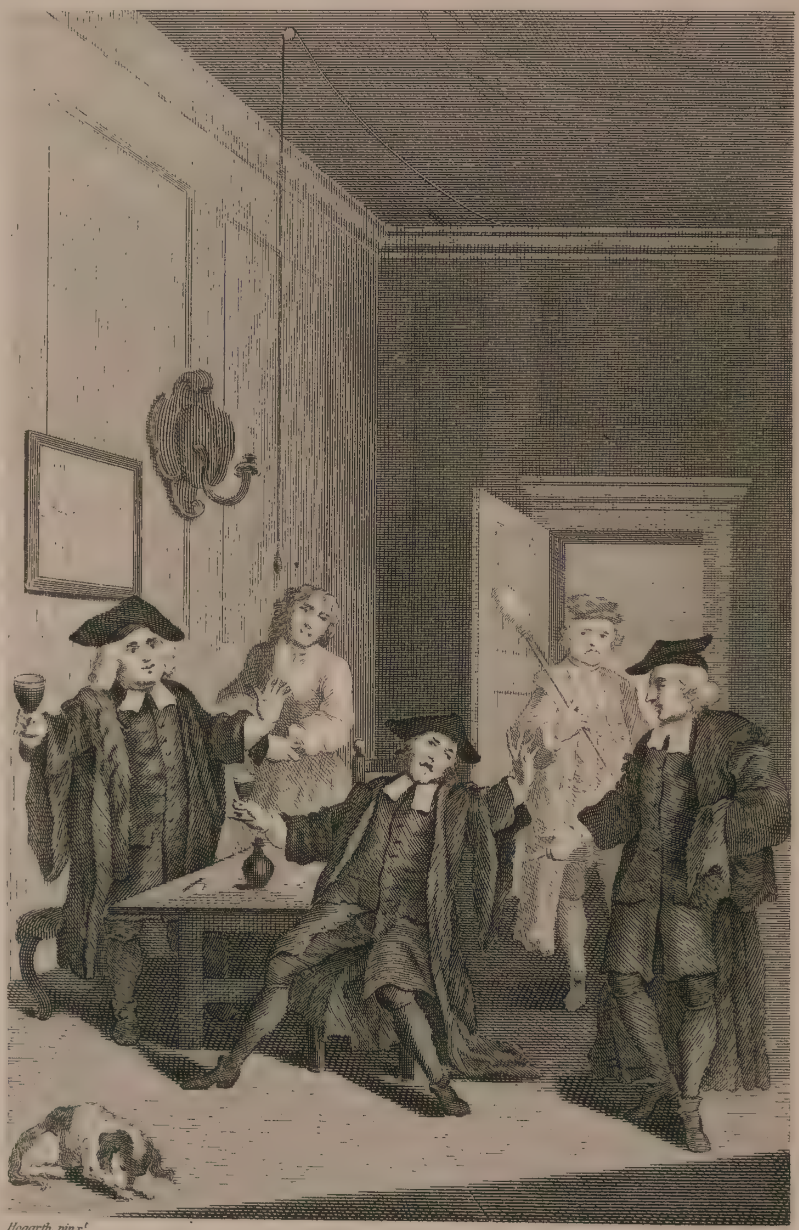
FOR ELLIS GAMBLE,

(THE LARGE ANGEL.)

A Shop Bill for Ellis Gamble, a large angel,* holding a palm in his left hand

---

* Being intended for more general use than the small card, the strokes of the graver are much more bold and firm: either by accident or design, the right hand of the angel has a finger too many.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

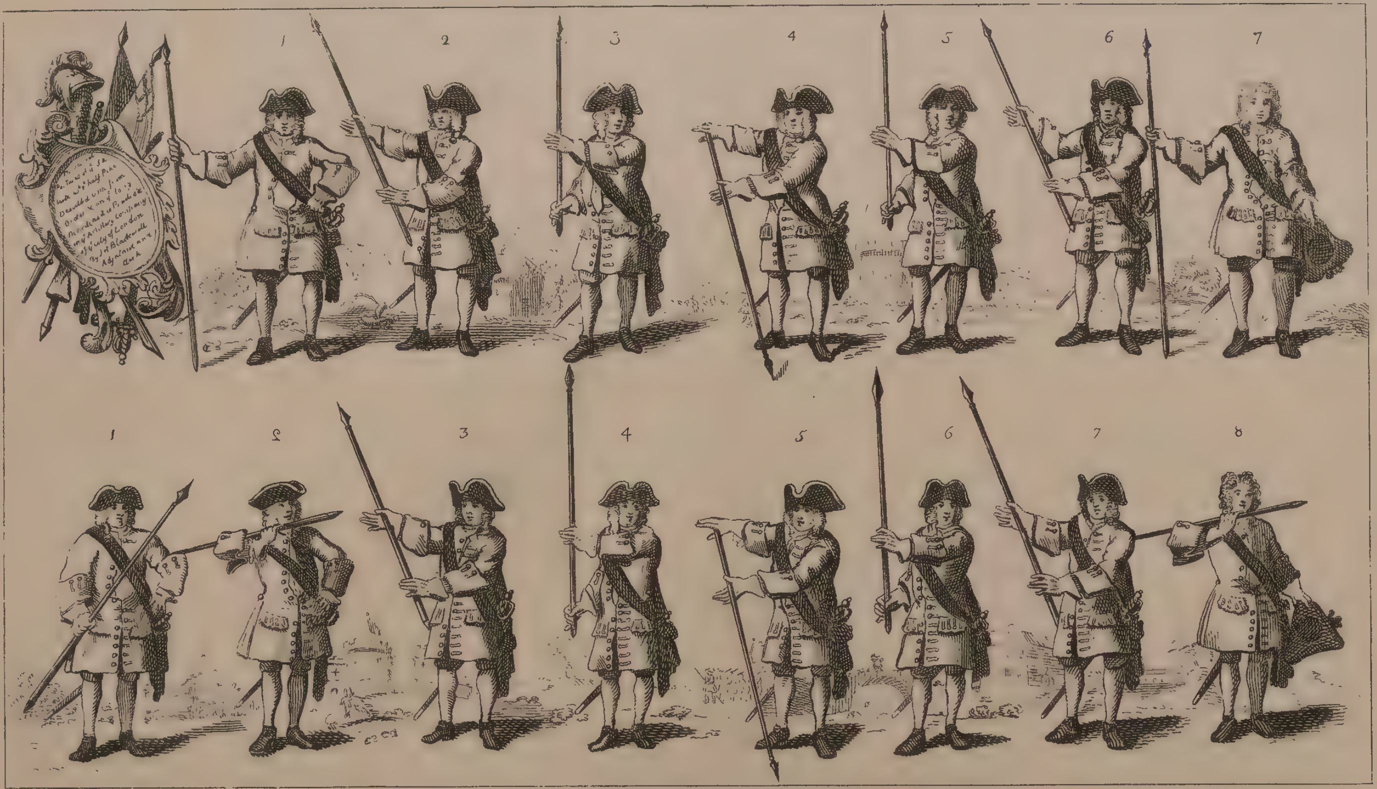
T. Cook sculp^{t}

HUMOURS OF OXFORD, 1729.

Published by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Nov^{r} 1st 18

HUMOURS OF OXFORD.

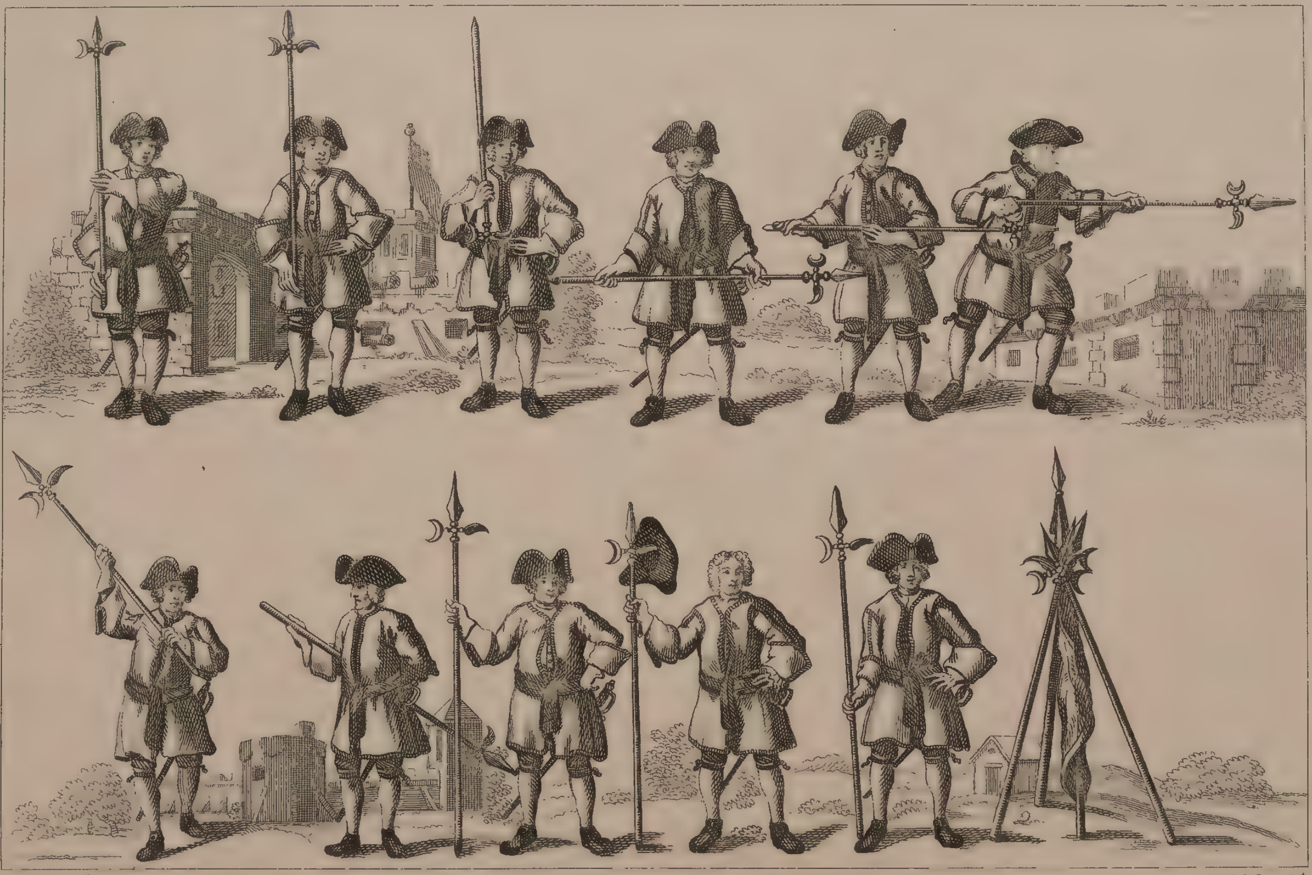
"FRONTISPIECE to the Humours of Oxford," a Comedy, by James Millar. The Vice Chancellor, attended by his beadle, surprising two Fellows of a college, one of them much intoxicated, at a tavern.


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Describ'd with y^e
Artillery Company
City of London
By J. Blackwell
Adjutant and Clerk

Hogarth pinx^t. *T. Cook sculp^t.*

BLACKWELL'S MILITARY FIGURES.
PLATE I. PIKEMEN.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, July 1^st 1809.



Hogarth pinx^{t} T. Cook sculp^{t}

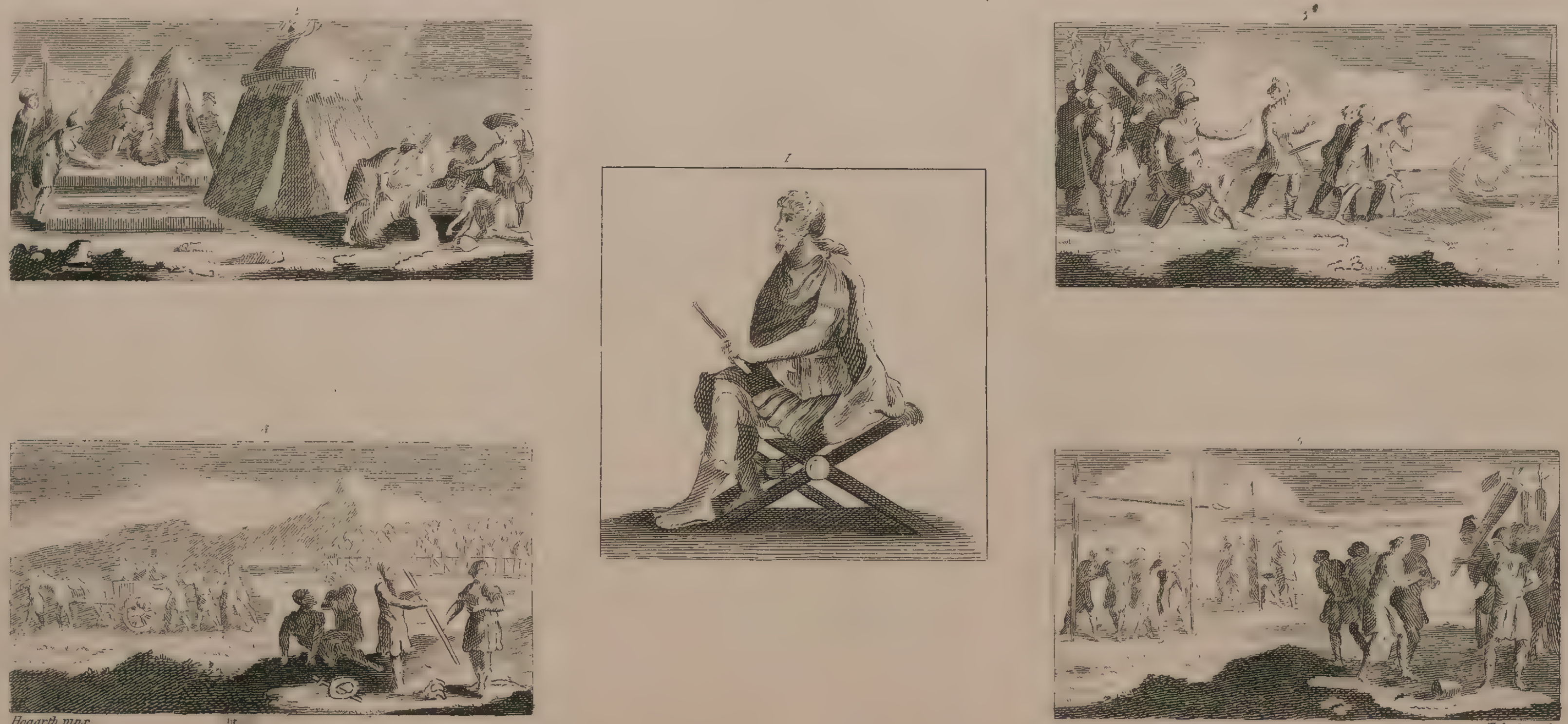
BLACKWELL'S MILITARY FIGURES,
PLATE II. HALBERD MEN.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, August 1st 1809.

BLACKWELL'S MILITARY FIGURES.

PLATES 1 & 2.

TWENTY-SIX figures on two sheets, engraved for a compendium of military discipline, as it is practised by the Honourable the Artillery Company of the City of London, for the initiating and instructing officers of the trained bands of the said City, &c. "Most humbly dedicated to his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, Captain General of the Honourable the Artillery Company, by John Blackwell, Adjutant and Clerk to the said Company."



Hogarth pinx

T. Cook sculp.

SPECIMENS OF BEAVER'S MILITARY PUNISHMENTS. 1725.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Oct. 1. 1809.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

In the year 1725, Hogarth engraved a number of plates for a work entitled "The Roman Military Punishments, by John Beaver, Esq., of London," from the Happy Revolution. Anno 37, (i. e. 1725.)

The work was finished; but from the preface we have reason to believe the whole of it was never published. He says the first (viz. The Roman) I now send into the world—as a man going to the water, dips his foot to feel what reception he is likely to meet with, by that rule resolving either to publish the second part, or sit down contented, with the private satisfaction of having, by my studies, rendered myself more able worthily to discharge the duties of my office.

PLATE II.

Describes the Roman soldiers portioning out each man's allowance of corn and other provisions, and at a table adjoining, counting out money for the pay of the troops.

PLATE III.

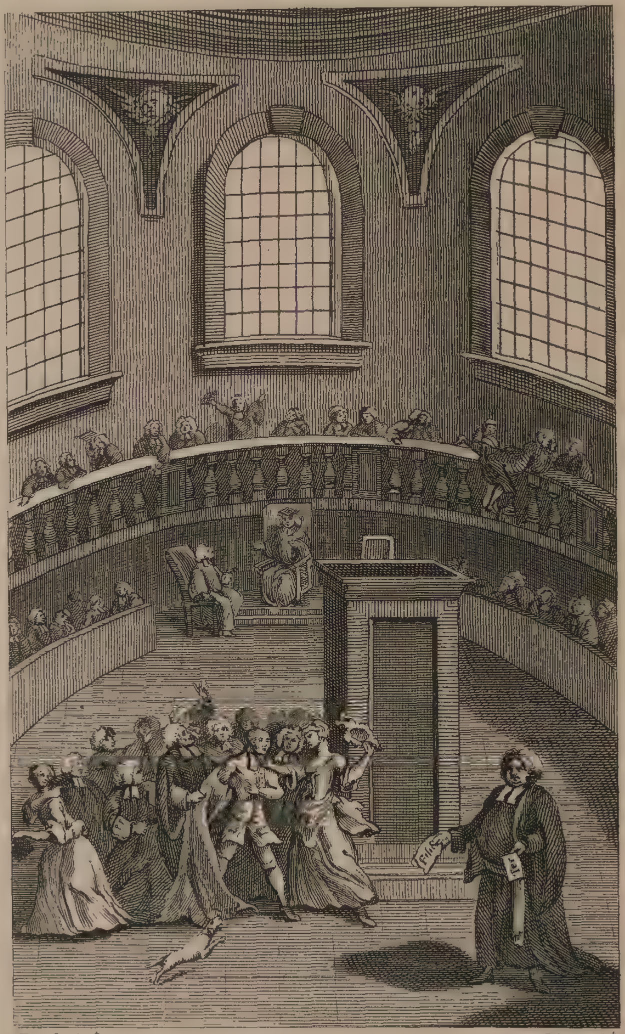
Represents Roman soldiers going from sale into a state of slavery.

PLATE IV.

Illustrates the Roman method of encamping without the entrenchments; the manner of degraded soldiers marching, with the baggage, among the captives; and the mode of breaking or taking away their spears.

PLATE V.

Describes a scene of banishment—a punishment frequently inflicted amongst the Romans among those who had transgressed the laws.



Hogarth pinx^t　　*T. Cook sculp^t*

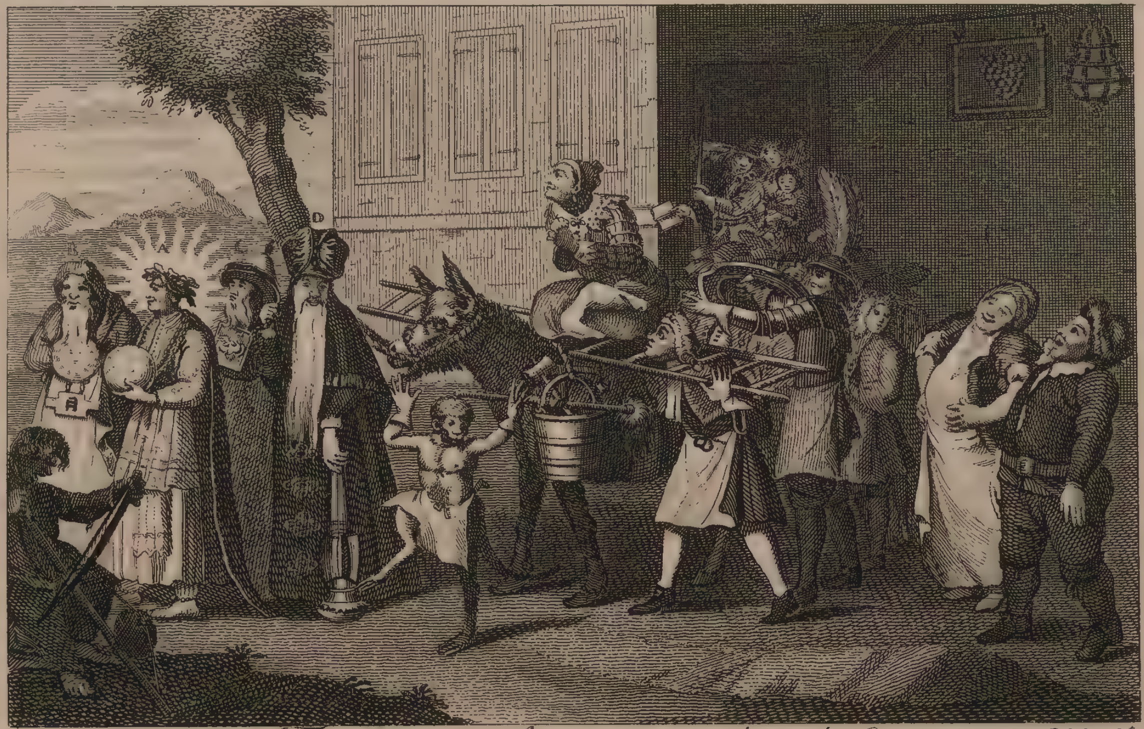
FRONTISPIECE TO THE TERRÆ FILIUS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Jan^y 1st 1808.

TERRÆ FILIUS.

Frontispiece to the Terræ Filius. This work was printed in two volumes, 12mo., at Oxford, and is a satire on the tory principles of that University.* It was written by Nicholas Amherst, author of the "Craftsman," and was originally published in one volume.

* As the book does not abound in subjects for the pencil, Hogarth has selected a scene which contains advice to all gentlemen schoolboys, &c., who are designed for the University of Oxford.



Hogarth pinx^{t}

T. Cook sculp^{t}

The Mystery of MASONRY brought
to Light by the GORMAGONS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, May 1st 1809.

THE MYSTERY OF MASONRY BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY THE GORMAGONS.

A. Chin Quan Keppo, First Emperor of China.
B. Sage Confucius.
C. In Chin, present Œcumenical Volgi.
D. The Mandarin Hang Chi.

Under the original plate are the following lines:—

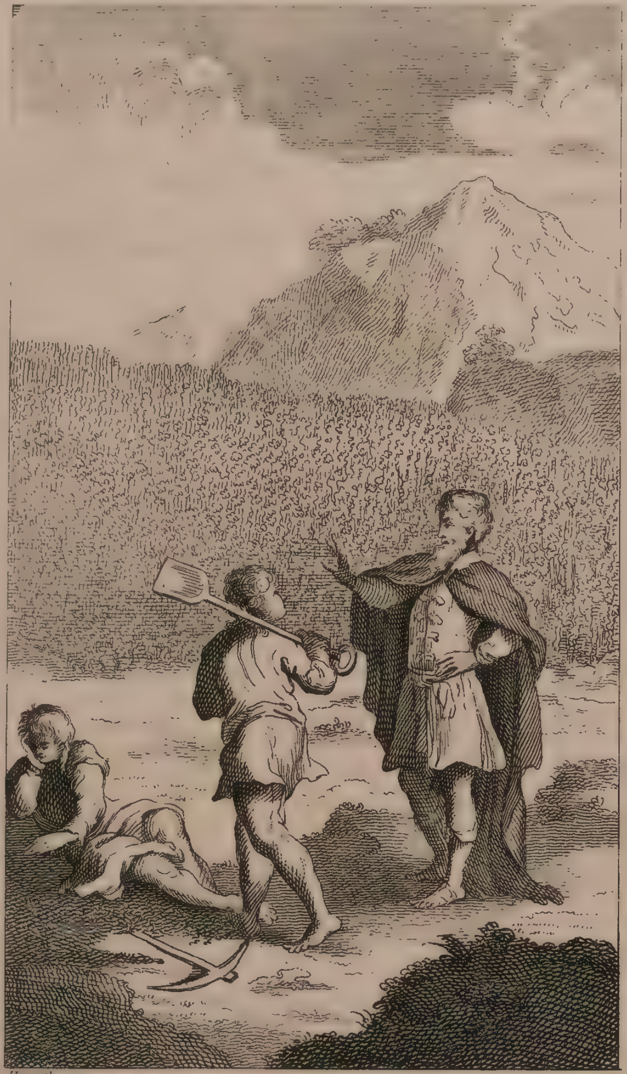
From eastern climes, transplanted to our coasts,
Two oldest orders that creation boasts
Here meet in miniature, exposed to view,
That by their conduct men may judge their due.

The Gormagons, a venerable race,
Appear distinguished with peculiar grace,
What honour, wisdom, truth, and social love!
Sure such an order had its birth above.

But mark, Free Masons, what a farce is this,
How wild their mystery, what a *Bum* they kiss,*
Who would not laugh who such occasions had,
Who would not weep to think the world so mad?

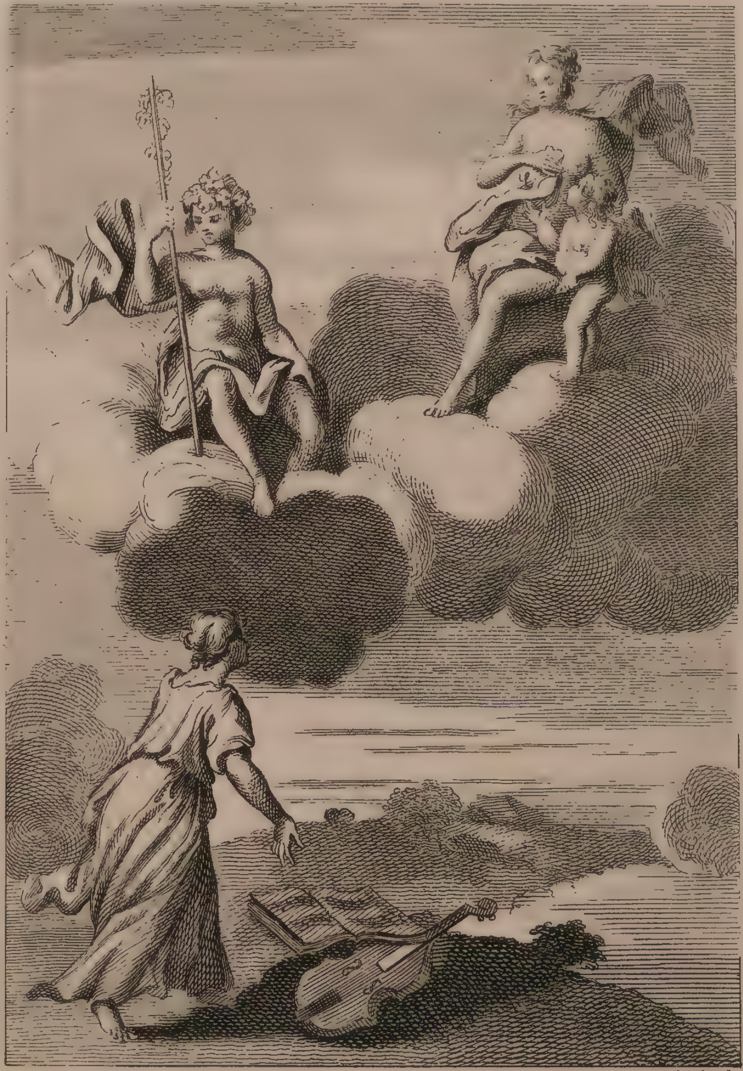
---

* On this occasion the print exhibits a trait of humour that may hitherto have escaped observation. To render the part presented for salutation more tempting, it has patches on, such as women wore when the plate was published, which I should suspect was about 1742, when the procession of Scald Miserables had been produced to parody the cavalcade of the Free Masons, who ever afterwards discontinued their annual processions.



Hogarth pinx

FRONTISPIECE TO THE HAPPY ASCETIC, 1724.



I. Cook sculp.

FRONTISPIECE TO LEVERIDGE'S SONGS, 1727.

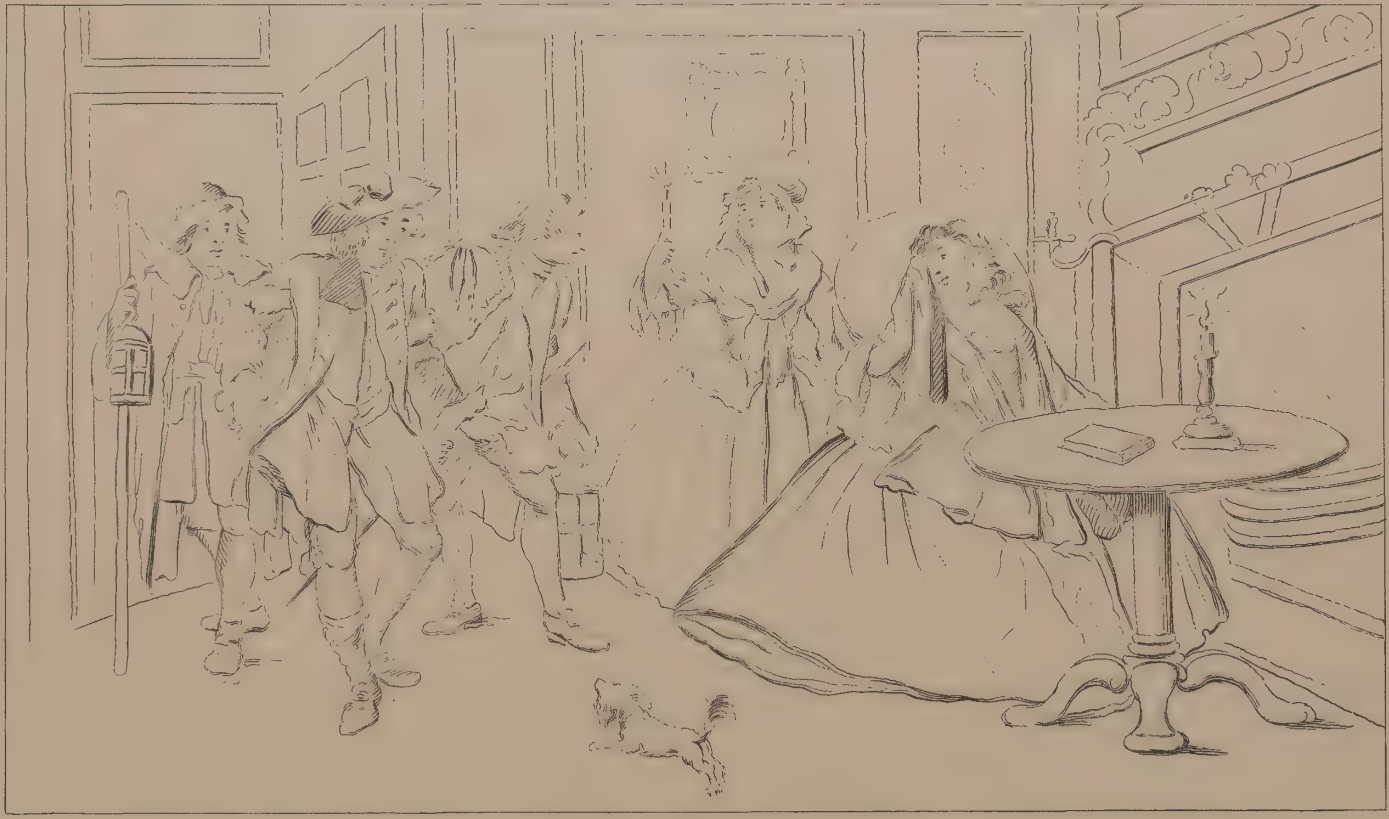
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Oct. 1st 1809.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE HAPPY ASCETIC, 1724; AND TO LEVERIDGE'S SONG, 1727.

THIS plate was engraved by Hogarth in 1724, for a sixth edition of a work called the Happy Ascetic, or the best exercise, together with prayers, &c., by Anthony Horneck, D. D. It was judicious in the proprietor of this dull work of the doctor's, to call in the talents of our Artist to decorate his new edition, the scarcity of which, at present, can only be imputed to the excellence of the frontispiece. Former editions of this book are everywhere to be found lying on stalls, at the usual price of waste paper. The whole print is etched with infinite taste; but in the figure of the boy, he has been peculiarly happy, both in the drawing as well as the etching of the figure.

FRONTISPIECE TO A COLLECTION OF SONGS, WITH THE MUSIC, BY MR. LEVERIDGE.

THIS design consists of a Bacchus and Venus in the clouds, and a figure with musical instruments, &c., on the Earth soliciting their attention.

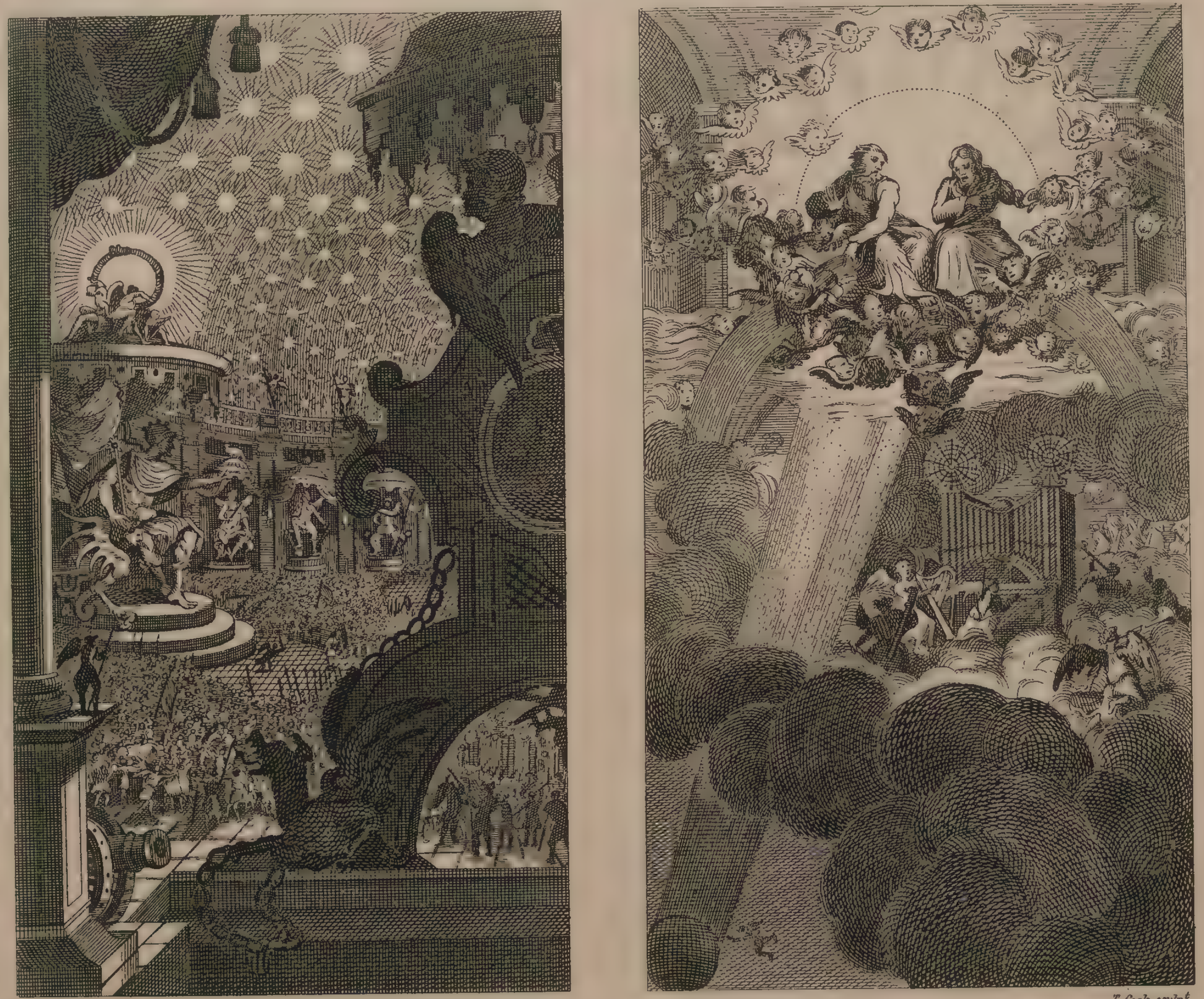


FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH COMMUNICATED BY MESSRS. BOYDELL.

[illegible] bury Square, London.

NIGHT SCENE.

Original sketch furnished by Messrs. Boydell, whose liberality in this, and many other instances, it would be injustice not to acknowledge.



Hogarth pinx^t.

T. Cook sculp^t.

TWO PLATES FOR MILTONS.

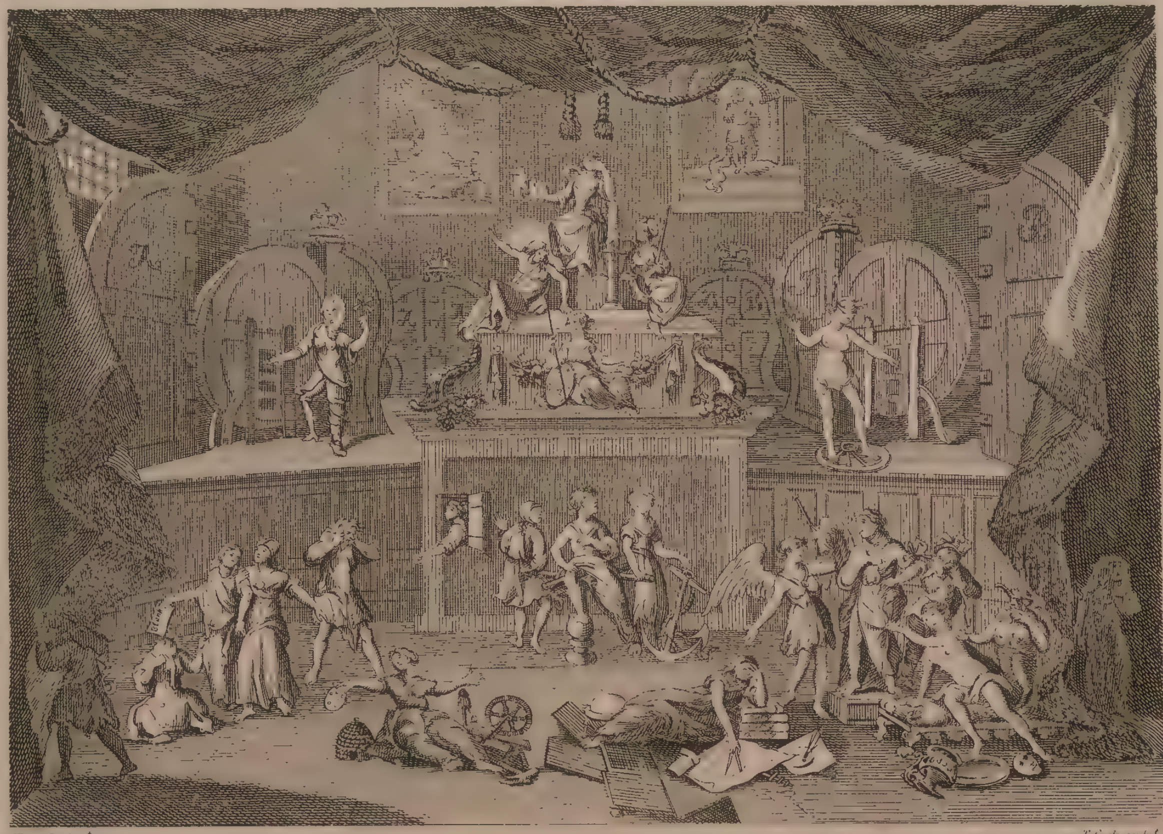
Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme. May 1^st. 1809

TWO PLATES FOR MILTON.

IF the first of the present designs was made for the first book of "*Paradise Lost*," one might almost swear that Hogarth had never read it, or he could not have fallen into the strange absurdities and incoherencies his engraving displays. We have, on one side, a demon exalted in a kind of pulpit, at the foot of which another infernal spirit lies bound in chains, while a cannon is pointed at his head. At a distance, in the centre of an arcade adorned with statues, is a throne, with a personage seated on it. Over his head are little beings, supporting an emblem of eternity; stars, &c., appear above them.

Whether this dignified character was designed for a "spirit of health or goblin damned," it would be difficult, from his figure and attributes, to determine. Several works of fancy might be named with which the present representation would as naturally connect as with the first book of Milton's poem.

The second plate exhibits two celestial characters, of equal age; they sit aloft in the clouds, and listen to a concert of angels, playing on various instruments; and, among the rest, on a clumsy organ. A ray of light darts down on a distant orb, designed, I suppose, for the new-created world, towards which the figure of a little being, scarce bigger than a bird, though meant for Satan, is seen, directing its flight.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

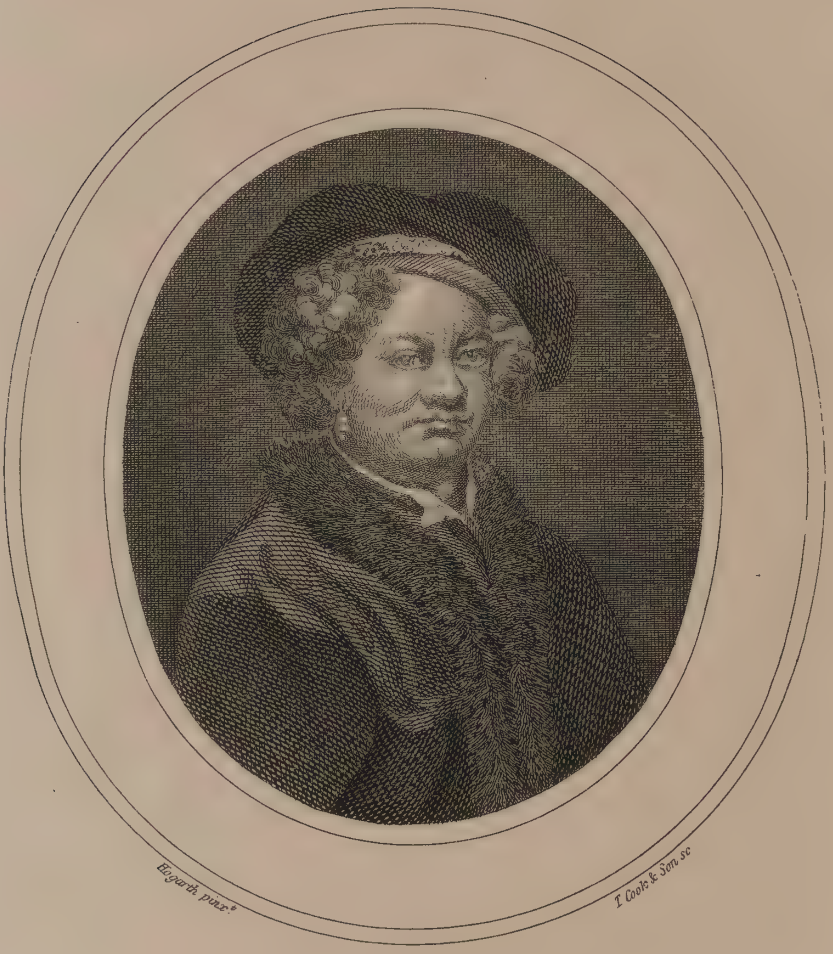
THE LOTTERY.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, March 1.st 1808.

THE LOTTERY.

THE following explanation was engraved, under the original:—"1. Upon the pedestal, National Credit, leaning on a pillar, supported by Justice. 2. Apollo showing Britannia a picture, representing the Earth receiving enriching showers drawn from herself (an emblem of state lotteries). 3. Fortune drawing the blanks and prizes. 4. Wantonness drawing ye numbers. 5. Before the pedestal, Suspense, turned to and fro by Hope and Fear. 6. On one hand, Good Luck, being elevated, is seized by Pleasure and Folly—Fame persuading him to raise sinking Virtue, Arts, &c. 7. On the other hand, Misfortune, opprest by Grief—Minerva, supporting him, points to the sweets of Industry. 8. Sloth hiding his head in ye curtain. 9. On the other side, Avarice hugging his money. 10. Fraud tempting Despair with money at a trap-door in the pedestal."

Had not Hogarth, on this occasion, condescended to explain his own meaning, it must have remained in several places inexplicable.



Hogarth pinx^t

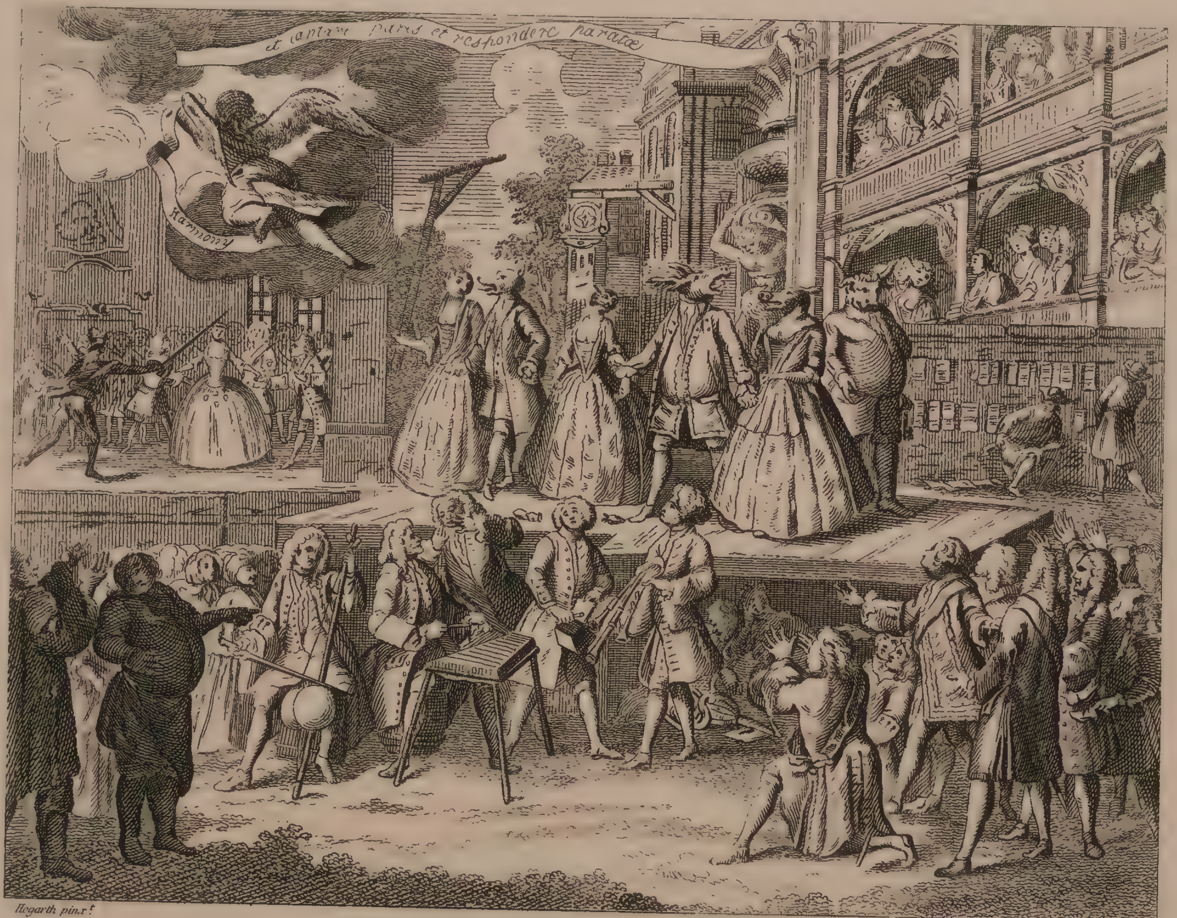
T Cook & Son sc

Mr. PINE.

Published by Longman, Hurst, [illegible]

MR. PINE.

Mr. Pine, the celebrated engraver,—in the manner of Rembrandt.


et cantare pares et respondere paratæ
Harmony

Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook & Son sc.

THE BEGGARS OPERA.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, May 1st 1808.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

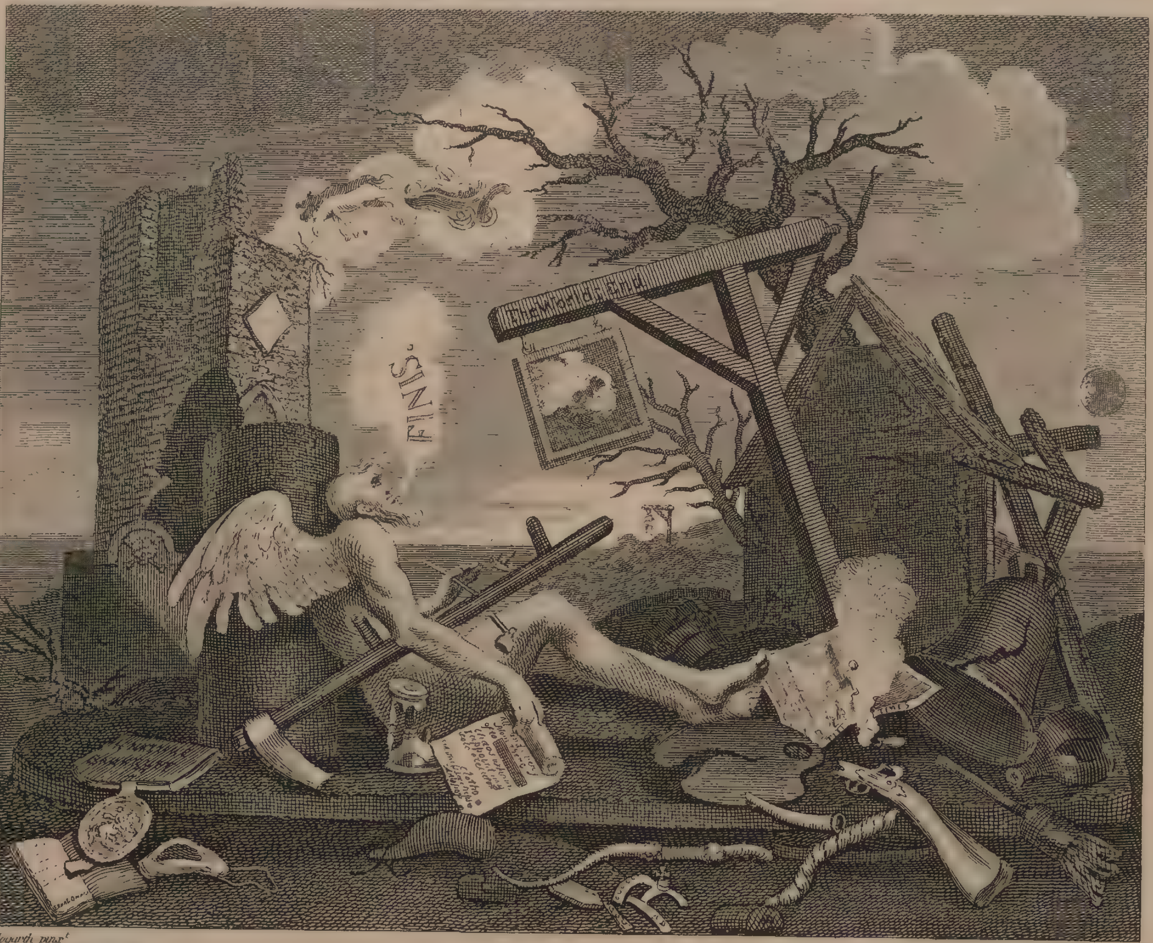
THE title over this print was in capitals, disproportionably large—

> "Britons, attend—view this harmonious stage,
> And listen to those notes which charm the age;
> Thus shall your taste in sounds and sense be shown,
> And 'Beggar's Op'ras' ever be your own."

No painter or engraver's name. The plate seems at once to represent the exhibition of "The Beggar's Opera," and the rehearsal of an Italian one.

In the former all the characters are drawn with the heads of different animals; as, Polly, with a cat's—Lucy, with a sow's—Macheath, with an ass's—Lockit, and Mr. and Mrs. Peachum, with those of an ox, a dog, and an owl.

In the latter, several noblemen appear conducting the chief female singer forward on the stage, and perhaps are offering her money or protection from a figure that is rushing towards her with a drawn sword. Harmony, flying in the air, turns her back on the English playhouse, and hastens towards the rival theatre. Musicians stand in front of the former, playing on the Jew's harp, the salt-box, bladder and string, bagpipes, &c. On one side are people of distinction, some of whom kneel as if making an offer to Polly, or paying their adorations to her. To these are opposed a butcher, &c., expressing similar applause. Apollo and one of the Muses are fast asleep beneath the stage. A man is easing nature under a wall hung with ballads, and showing his contempt of such compositions by the use he makes of one of them. A sign of the star, a gibbet, and some other circumstances less intelligible, appear in the background.



Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.t

THE BATHOS.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Nov.r 1.st 1807.

SCHOOL OF
FINE ARTS
UNIVERSITY
OF PENN-
SYLVANIA.

UNIVERSITY
of
PENNSYLVANIA
LIBRARIES

Fine Arts Library
University of Pennsylvania

Please return this book as soon as you have finished with it. It must be returned by the latest date stamped below.

DOES NOT CIRCULATE

W

M-608

~~N/1198/00214/8000X~~

3 1198 03717 7834
N/1198/03717/7834X